February, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

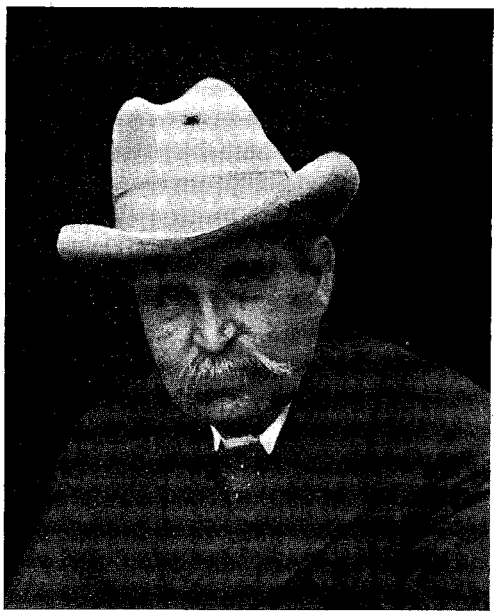
A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.* ☙ ☙

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Educational Balloons in Fiction

One of the most lifelike characters of recent fiction is Babington, the plausible college president who figures in *The Torch* by H. M. Hopkins (reviewed in another column), and because he is so lifelike many are making guesses as to his identity and half-expecting libel suits. But pieces of at least twenty college presidents went to the making of that personage, along with sundry chips of sinful human nature wherever found, and we recognise in him many persons whom Mr. Hopkins never saw. That is the beauty of Babington, and of any other well-drawn elemental character of fiction, and it shows the uses of the imagination. You will find Babington in the last report of the Commissioner of Education slightly exaggerating the figures of attendance for his own particular university. You will see him again in the newspapers next summer when extracts from the baccalaureate addresses begin to trickle in. "Young men, you are standing on the threshold. Gird on the armour of righteousness. Go forward and not back. Look up and not down." That is Babington, gentlemen of the alumni, and you will meet him at your annual dinner, where he will urge you to "keep in touch" with university ideals, and congratulate you on the completion of the new grand stand and on the size of the entering class. Great things have happened under Babington—an era of expansion, he will say—as you can see from any recent catalogue. Twice as many students as last year and half as much Latin and Greek, and but for him there would be no summer school of horseshoeing, no butter class or dental department, no marble natatorium, brownstone dormitory, fish-hatchery or cremation plant. It was Babington who said the other day that the university should aim at nothing but the training of specialists. On no other plan can the university grow big so fast, and rapid bigness is the soul of Babington and the key of educational progress—the football key—and why the trustees keep him and the papers print him and the millionaires endow him, and the faculty waits



AUSTIN DOBSON,
Whose "Fanny Burney" is reviewed by Richard Garnett elsewhere in this issue.

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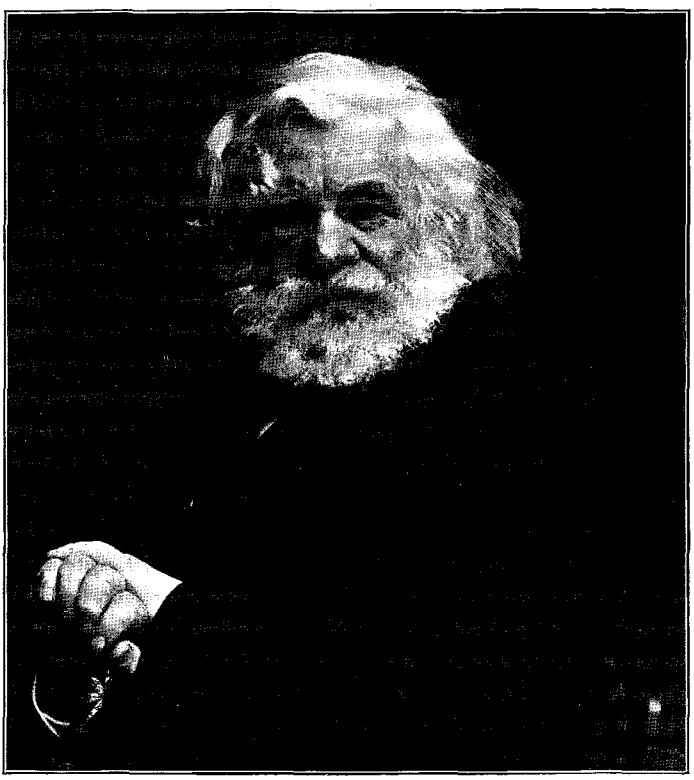
for a chance to prick him, which almost always comes. Then down goes Babington, but not for long. It is a land of blessed chances with many things waiting for expansion. Out of nearly eight hundred universities surely some would like to swell. And the *popularis aura* is always blowing somewhere (and is especially fresh upon the prairies) and to all punctured and deflated Babingtons democracy is kind. He will rise again if only to run for Congress. There is nothing tragic in the tale. Nor is there anything particular about it—not a personal fling in the whole story—and if certain things look familiar, as in the fight for academic freedom, the resemblance is purely adventitious. Still less is it a sneer at tendency, but a summary of educational temptations, perhaps even American temptations. We never met a Babington all at once or a Choke or a Chollop or a Colonel Buncombe, but we can fancy from certain fragments what the whole of him would be like.

The Late Parke Godwin

Parke Godwin, who died at his home in New York City January 7th, was one of the last links connecting literary and journalistic America of the twentieth century and the first half of the nineteenth. His personal recollections went back considerably farther than those of such men as Edmund Clarence Stedman and Edward Everett Hale, and he had known intimately the conditions and types which Dickens satirised so mercilessly in *Martin Chuzzlewitt*. One of his last appearances in public was at the reception given to him by the Authors Club of New York last winter. His speech on that occasion was mainly made up of odds and ends of reminiscence which amazed while it delighted many of those who heard him. It seemed strange to be listening to a man who had been so closely identified with the remote past; who could tell you how one day a young poet came into his office with a roll of manuscript for sale



THE LATE PARKE GODWIN.

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and that the name of the young poet was Edgar Allan Poe. With all the great men of letters of that time—Poe, Hawthorne, Irving—Parke Godwin had rubbed elbows. When, at the age of twenty he began to take an active part in the editing of the *Evening Post,* journalism was in a state of transition. The reaction against the blanket sheet newspapers was not yet in full swing. Of the New York morning papers which exist today, the *Sun* had been started three years before, and a year before James Gordon Bennett had printed the first issue of the he returned to New York, made the acquaintance of his future father-in-law, William Cullen Bryant, and became assistant editor of the *Evening Post.* He remained with that paper until 1853; then, after an absence of twelve years, again became its editor in 1865. Meanwhile he had been busy writing books and contributing to various periodicals. He did much work for the *Democratic Review* and was at one time the editor of *Putnam's Monthly.* Among his best known books are *Constructive Democracy, Popular View of the Writings*

PARKE GODWIN IN EARLY LIFE.

Herald, but the *Tribune* and *Times* were not yet thought of; Horace Greeley was drifting about from paper to paper, and Henry Raymond was a youngster from whom Dickens is said to have drawn the character of Mr. Jefferson Brick.

Born at Paterson, N. J., in 1816, Parke Godwin was graduated from Princeton in the class of 1834. Afterward he studied law, was admitted to the Kentucky bar, and established an office in Louisville, but did not practise. Instead

of Charles Fourier, Vala, a Mythological Tale, Cyclopædia of Biography, A Handbook of Universal Biography, History of France, and *Out of the Past,* a volume of essays printed in 1870. While never a member of the Brook Farm Community, he was an earnest helper from the outside, and edited its newspaper, *The Harbinger,* which was published in New York City. At the time of his death Mr. Godwin was a member of the Century, the Players, the Authors, and the City Clubs of New York.

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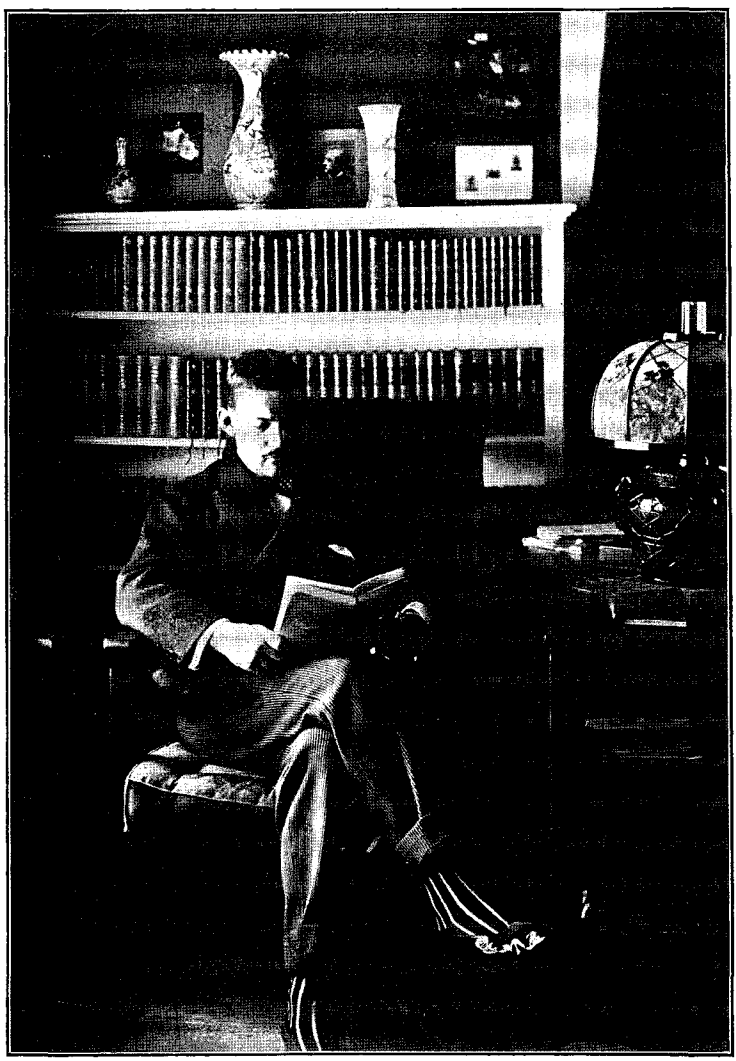
On the Use of Quoted French

Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl's volume of charming little Parisian stories entitled *Zut* has already been reviewed in this magazine, but further reference is to be here made of it because it serves as an illustration of both the proper and the improper use of quoted French. Mr. Carryl's pages are sown thick with Gallic words and phrases, and we suppose that his intention was to add thereby to the perfection of his local colour. The means was perfectly legitimate and, on the whole, it was effective; yet none the less, Mr. Carryl has rather overdone the thing. A French phrase may be properly introduced in English narrative either when it expresses something for which there is no exact English equivalent, or when it is very much neater and more pungent than the corresponding phrases in English, or when in its peculiar associations it is redolent of France. Thus when Mr. Carryl mentions a *horizontale* the word conveys a notion that could not be exactly conveyed by our blunter tongue; *eiffelesque* smacks of the very innermost adyta of Parisian speech; while *sans-toit* brings to mind delicious memories of Murger of which "attic bedroom" is utterly devoid. And so *atelier*,



GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

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A RECENT GLIMPSE OF ROBERT BARR.

terrasse, pourboire, épatant, matelote, schampoing and *piou-piou* are all right for one reason or another; but what is gained by calling a grocer an *épicier* or an elevator an *ascenseur?* Take the opening of *Zut:*

"Side by side, on the Avenue de la Grande Armée, stand the *épicerie* of Jean-Baptiste Caille and the *salle de coiffure* of Hippolyte Sergeot."

The effect of this is positively macaronic. The fact is that Mr. Carryl's stories do not need this mechanical insertion of linguistic tags, for their author has in much more subtle ways caught and infused into his pages the

ROBERT BARR SURROUNDED BY HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

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true Parisian atmosphere. When one has succeeded in doing this, he must not bother about making his narrative bilingual.

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Reminiscences of Literary Paris

A large volume by Mr. A. B. N. Peat, entitled *Gossip from Paris,* published by the Messrs. Appleton, is crowded with all sorts of good things, rather badly arranged, because the editor has unfortunately let them appear in the form of a diary. They relate to every phase of Parisian life under the Second Empire, and naturally the literary and theatrical anecdotes are numerous. It is characteristic of Alexander Dumas that there should be more stories told of him than of any other writer. None of them, however, is especially striking. The following he probably invented. Once, while travelling in Russia and being offered a bear steak for his dinner, he accepted the novelty, and, after eating the whole, remarked on its excellence to the master of the hotel. The latter replied, "Ah, he was an awful beast, and hard to catch; but our best shot killed him last night. He had eaten the young man's father, whole, in the morning!"

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Here is a tale showing one of Rossini's well-known traits—persistence in acquisition. It appears that King Louis of Portugal promised to send Rossini a pipe of port, of a vintage of which specimens have been preserved only in the royal cellars. The wine had not arrived, but the great *maestro* was not a man to allow a promise to be forgotten. Accordingly he took up his pen and indited to his Portuguese Majesty the following reminder: "You promised me some port wine, Sire, and it has not arrived. Your Majesty has certainly not forgotten your promise, for Sovereigns never forget; but allow me to remind you that I am old, and that at my age there is no time to be lost."

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Another anecdote belongs to the humours of collaboration:

WARWICK DEEPING.
The author of Uther and Igraine.

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A good story is told of a telegraph clerk to whom a *commissionnaire* delivered a written message he had been desired to despatch. On reading it, the clerk stared and inquired by whom the message was sent, to which the messenger replied, "A gentleman living in the Rue la Fontaine." The clerk requested the man to step into his office and take a seat. Meanwhile a policeman was summoned and the message shown to him. It ran thus: "I have thought of a better and more expeditious mode of killing Faure," signed "Méry." The agent started for M. Méry's residence. He was in bed, but was in the act of announcing to his collaborator, M. Duville, with whom he was writing *Don Carlos,* for which Verdi was composing the music, that he had thought of another mode of despatching the Marquis of Rosa (which part was to be acted by Faure) than by a pistol-shot, as in Schiller's tragedy, and had telegraphed to that effect to him.

Mr. Peat's book was lately reviewed in *The Nation;* and the all-wise reviewer ended his notice with the scornful remark: "The misprints are almost unpardonably thick." This offhand criticism was interesting in the light of the same reviewer's allusion to a gentleman whom he called "the now-forgotten Vicomte Touson de Jerrail." Who would suppose that this mysterious person is our old friend the Vicomte Ponson du Terrail? The truth is that it is a little dangerous to go around flinging stones at typographical errors, even when you read your own proof-sheets with superhuman care. The *Evening Post* of this city, of which *The Nation* is an annex, not long ago alluded to Mr. Roosevelt's absorption in classical study in the midst of the Philadelphia convention of 1900; and it spoke of him as deep in an author whom it described as "Heroditus." Now this involved a double error, for it was not "Heroditus" that Mr. Roosevelt perused while "resting," but Thucydides. The author of *Alone in Cubia* prefers Thucydides. After he has studied him some years longer and learned from him the secret of literary brevity, he will be able to send a message to Congress containing somewhat fewer than 70,000 words. More recently still, the *Post* editorially

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH ("Q").
A review of Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Hetty Wesley" will be found elsewhere in this issue.

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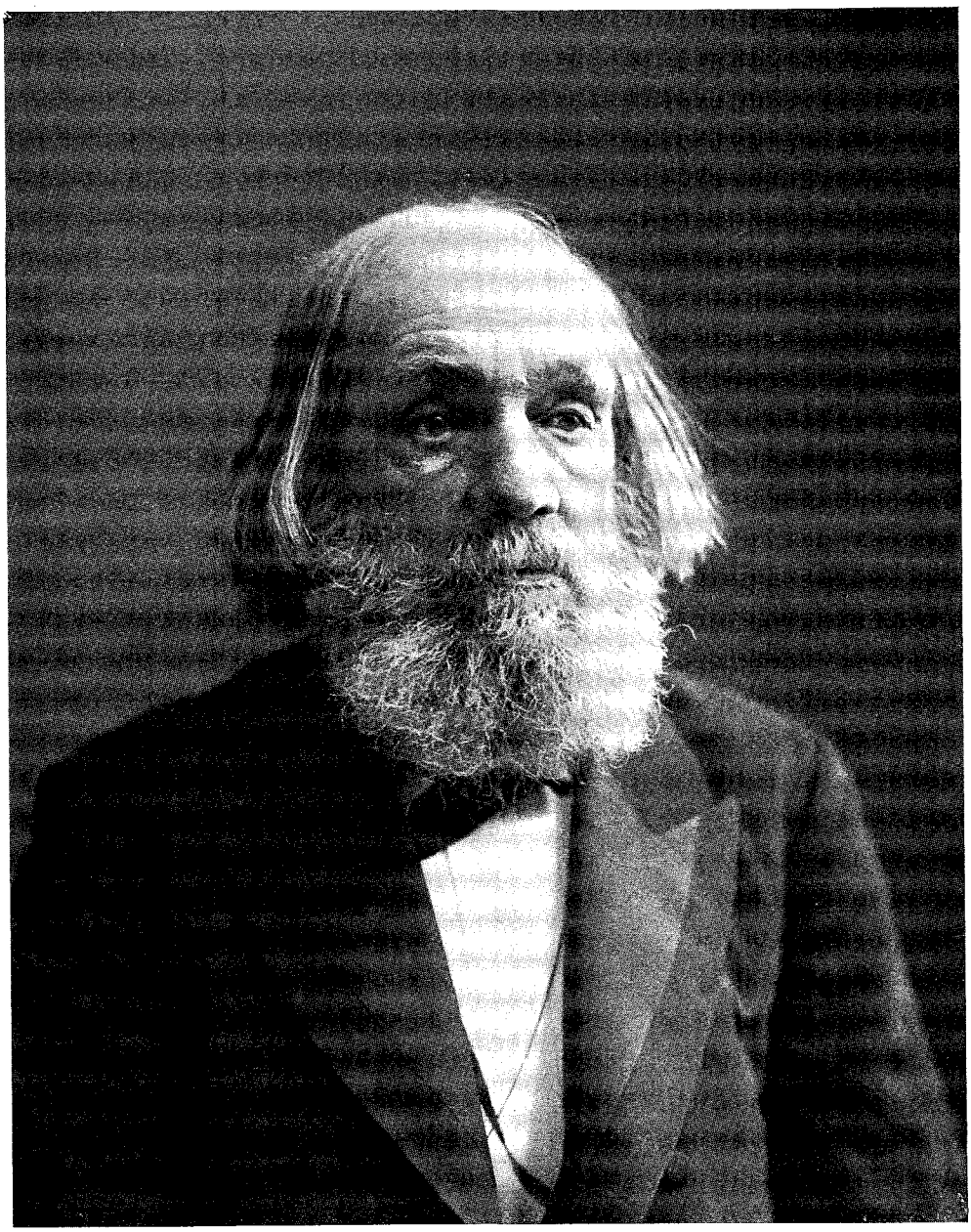
twisted the tail of a famous Vergilian quotation by disguising it as *dux fœmina facta,* which was again a double-ender, for down in the office of the *Post* they still write the word *'fœmina.'* And yet how much fun Mr. Godkin used to poke at Bourke Cockran's *censor mores!*

The Actor and the Empress

This story concerns an actor, another actor, an author, and incidentally, an empress. Also an heir apparent who has since become a great king. The first actor is a mummer of distinction, whose talents are widely acclaimed, but whose



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
A review of Dr. Hale's "We, The People" will be found elsewhere in this issue.

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eccentricities of speech and deportment have at times exasperated even the most genial of those with whom he has been thrown in contact. One such was the author, who wrote a short novel which was for many months one of the much discussed successes of the country, and in the dramatic version of which the actor in question starred for an entire season. Although one of the most even tempered of men, there were little irritations, peremptory calls for minor changes, and unreasonable exactions, which were more than the novelist could bear with complacence, and the routine of rehearsal was continually being interrupted by some trivial disagreement. These estrangements, however, seldom lasted for any great length of time, and to celebrate the reconciliation after one of them, the author invited the actor and two intimate friends of them both to a little dinner in the grill room of a club of which all four were members. The oysters were ushered in amid mutual explanations and apologies, healths were drunk, and the period of protestations of undying friendship was fast approaching, when the pleasant harmony was suddenly disturbed by the abrupt interruption of mummer number two, who entered the grill room accompanied by an English guest, a member of the London Board of Trade, and made his way towards the table where the four were dining, announcing in a great voice that shook the ceiling that he wanted his friend to meet some "nice American boys." Now the distinguished actor who was seated had long cherished for his less noted fellow professional the most intense dislike. He had scowled when the latter came in the room, and muttered savagely: "Beast! beast! I do not understand why they allow such beasts in a gentleman's club." The familiar intrusion and remark were consequently more than his nerves could bear, and bringing his fist heavily down on the table: "By dash, sir!" he said, "I'd have you know, sir, that I, for one, am not a *nice American Boy!*"

In the embarrassed silence and consternation that followed, the author tactfully came to the rescue with a few polite commonplaces and an order to the attendants that additional chairs and glasses be brought. The great actor glowered gloomily at the intruders, and the nervous tapping of his fingers on the table showed the state to which their presence wrought him up. But he kept silence. He was awaiting his opportunity. Meanwhile, the others at the table had fallen into conversation and the second actor, who had not been greatly disturbed by the rebuff, began to take the lead in the talk. He was a Thespian of the old school, the old school of ranting and heavy men. He felt in an expansive mood, told eloquently of himself, his triumphs, his great parts, his remarkable Hamlet and his extraordinary Iago. He compared himself genially to the great actors of the last generation in a manner that caused the distinguished mummer on the other side of the table to grind his teeth savagely. Then he waxed anecdotal, told of little incidents of his stage career. "It was in 1874. I was playing in Her Majesty's Theatre in London. A wonderful part—wonderful. One night when I was going in through the wings I ran against some one in the dim light. I looked up. To my astonishment it was the Prince of Wales. Yes, gentlemen, it was His Royal Highness. I bowed profusely and said: 'Your Royal Highness, I crave your pardon.' To which he replied most graciously: 'It is I who should apologise for having interfered with the entrance of a great artist' —and speaking of His Royal Highness, gentlemen, reminds me of when we were playing in Paris in 1869. I was breakfasting at my hotel one morning when there came to me a courier, dressed in the imperial livery, bearing a note the purport of which was that their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress of the French, desired my presence at dinner that evening. Yes, gentlemen, the Emperor, and the Empress Eugenie. And that evening a magnificent equipage drew up for me in the hotel courtyard. I entered it. I was whirled off to the Tuileries. I was ushered in. And, gentlemen, I—I who am sitting here with you to-night, had—the honour—of taking—the Empress—down to dinner." He paused, looked around the table triumphantly, and then added sententiously: "I cannot say that I was narvous." The great man on the other side of the table started. His chance had come. A smile

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Gen. Lew Wallace

GEORGE BREHM'S IMPRESSIONS OF SOME LITERARY HOOSIERS.
Courtesy of Indianapolis Morning Star.

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Newton Booth Tarkington

GEORGE BREHM'S IMPRESSIONS OF SOME LITERARY HOOSIERS.

Courtesy of Indianapolis Morning Star.

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Charles Major

GEORGE BREHM'S IMPRESSIONS OF SOME LITERARY HOOSIERS.
Courtesy of Indianapolis Morning Star.

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of satisfaction broke over his face and he leaned far over and inquired sweetly: *"Was the Empress narvous?"* Then, without waiting for an answer to his query, he rose, bowed, and strutted majestically from the room.

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Plagiarising One's Own

Whether it be legitimate for a man to make use a second time of ideas and episodes that he finds when looking back over his early published work, those authors who are accused of thus plagiarising from themselves have the consolation of knowing that literature can show them some very illustrious examples. For instance, at every turn in Thackeray's later work you may find a familiar echo of the Thackeray of the Paris correspondence days, of *Fraser's* and of *Punch*. The social philosophy of *The Book of Snobs* runs through every chapter of *Vanity Fair, Pendennis,* and *The Newcomes*. The school boy fight between Cuff and Dobbin is almost word for word one of Thackeray's early and fugitive sketches. The same thing is to be found here and there in the works of Victor Hugo and of Daudet, and recurs at every turn in the longer romances of de Maupassant. There is a volume of fragmentary sketches called *Le Père Milon* which is comparatively little known in this country even to those who are devoted to the writings of Guy de Maupassant; and yet, as a writer in a recent number of *The Revue Bleue* points out in this volume will be found countless suggestions of episodes and characters of *Bel-Ami, Une Vie, Fort comme la Mort,* and *Notre Cœur*.

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Le Père Milon contains no less than four distinct sketches which were later embodied in *Une Vie*. "An Evening in Spring," is an episode of the courting of Jeanne: the promenade of the lovers by moonlight under the trees of the park, the anxious and tender concern of the young man for his sweetheart, and the sudden emotion of the old maid, Aunt Lison, all the details are identical in the early sketch and in the later novel. But the character of Aunt Lison is more carefully studied in the short story. In the novel she becomes only a chance personage and is kept very much in the background. For that reason the episode seems somewhat artificial. The same can be said of La Veillee: a nun and a magistrate sit up with the dead body of their mother and find in an old chest of drawers a bundle of love letters which the adored dead one had received from her lover. In itself this tragic scene is complete and terribly effective. It could only be weakened by incorporation in a tale filled with extraneous events. The same mournful discovery made by Jeanne at the bedside of her mother delays the action of *Une Vie* because nothing that has gone before had prepared us for it, and because nothing that follows has anything to do with it. Again, the "Saut du Berger" of *Le Père Milon* conforms in many respects to the chapter of *Une Vie* in which the Comte de Fourville kills his wife and her lover when they are shut up in a shepherd's hut. There is, however, one difference; in the novel the criminal catastrophe is an episode introduced purely for the purpose of solving the intrigue of Julian and the Comtesse de Fourville; whereas in the short story the entire action moves about a certain character—that of the ascetic priest, fanatical and violent, whose introduction in the novel is merely an episode.

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To give variety to the scene in which he placed his action Maupassant did not confine himself to those landscapes which were to him most familiar, the Norman background in which he had passed the years of his lusty youth. He remembered and made use of also all the places that he visited during his many voyages, Corsica, Sicily, and later Africa and Italy. Being obliged to choose the country where Jeanne should live with her husband during their few short days of happiness, he laid the scene of the honeymoon in Corsica, a land which he knew very well and which he had many times described. Several of his short tales tell the stories of Corsican bandits. The Vendetta, which furnished the writer with material for two tales also is introduced into his portion of *Une Vie*. In addition the impressions of Corsica in the descriptions of the novel and in those of "La Vendetta," of "Bonheur" and of "Bandit Corse" are almost identically the same. One thing above all appears to have struck Maupassant: that strange impres-

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sion of astonishment and almost of fear, which comes to one when one perceives suddenly the strange isle across the sea rearing its weird and shaggy form at early dawn, or in the fading twilight. It is interesting to compare two different descriptions of this startling apparition.

Une Vie, p. 85.

Partout la mer. Pourtant, vers l'avant, quelque chose de gris, de confus encore dans l'aube naissante, une sorte d'accumulation de nuages singuliers, pointus, déchiquetés, semblait posée sur les flots.

Puis, cela apparut plus distinct; les formes se marquèrent davantage sur le ciel éclairci; une grande ligne de montagnes cornues et bizarres surgit: la Corse, enveloppée dans une sorte de voile léger.

Et le soleil se leva derrière, dessinant toutes les saillies des crêtes en ombres noires; puis tous les sommets s'allumèrent tandis que le reste de l'île demeurait embrumé de vapeur.

Le Bonheur, p. 211.

Sur la mer, au fond de l'horizon, surgissait une masse grise, énorme et confuse.

C'est la Corse! On l'aperçoit ainsi deux ou trois fois par an dans certaines conditions d'atmosphère exceptionnelles, quand l'air, d'une limpidité parfaite, ne la cache plus par ces brumes de vapeur d'eau qui voilent toujours les lointains.

On distinguait vaguement les crêtes, on crut reconnaître la neige des sommets; et tout le monde restait surpris, troublé, presque effrayé par cette brusque apparition d'un monde, par ce fantôme sorti de la mer.

In *Bel-Ami* it is the Algerian landscape which is introduced for a brief moment. In his earlier days Maupassant had written a number of Algerian tales. "Marocca" is a story, in the form of a letter, relating African impressions and begins very much like the first letter of "Souvenirs d'un Chasseur d'Afrique" which Madeline Forestier dictates to Georges Duroy for his newspaper. Farther on the book is filled with many far more striking resemblances. The painful and repulsive love affair between Georges Duroy and Mme. Walter is built up entirely from the early short story "Mots d'Amour." In each is to be found the same exasperation on the part of the young man at the too ardent devotion, the advances, the idiotic letters of the woman. Then the emotions of Duroy before the duel which he is obliged to fight with an absolute stranger because of a petty newspaper controversy and the emotions of the hero of "Un Lâche" under similar circumstances are substantially the same and you realise that in each case de Maupassant drew much of his material from the recesses of his own heart. In the short story, as in the novel, there is the same nervous curiosity about the odious opponent, the same disgust at the uselessness and absurdity of the affair, the same terrible dread, not as to the outcome of the conflict, but the fear of showing fear, the doubt as to how he shall comport himself which in "Un Lâche" drives the hero to suicide. The only differences to be found are where in the greater maturity of the novel the writer has substituted a more striking word or phrase. For instance, in the short story: "A single idea weighed on his mind: a duel, and yet this idea awakened in him no definite emotion." In the novel he said: "A single idea filled his mind, a duel to-morrow; and yet this idea awakened in him an emotion that was only vague though powerful." Farther on, thinking of the manner he must assume during the encounter to impress his adversary and the witnesses he says to himself, in the short story: "One must be *'ferme,'*" and, in the novel, replaces this word by one that is more picturesque and vigourous: "Come, one must be *'crâne.'*" Again, compare in the two versions the episode of the hero studying the card of his unknown antagonist:

Un Lâche.

Il examinait ces lettres assemblées qui lui paraissaient mystérieuses, *pleines de sens confus:* "Georges Lamil?" *qui était cet homme?*

Bel-Ami.

Il examinait ces lettres assemblées qui lui paraissaient mystérieuses, *pleines de sens inquiétants:* "Louis Langremont?" *qui était cet homme? De quel âge? De quelle taille? De quelle figure?*

*

The Real Mr. Barnes of New York

Every time we see the announcement of a new yellow-covered novel from the pen of Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter we recall the days when *Mr. Barnes of New York* was the most talked of book in the United States and in Eng-

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land. In discussion that novel is very often used as the basis for comparison between the popular taste of fifteen years ago and the popular taste of to-day. But it must be remembered that the success of *Mr. Barnes* was not made by what we call the shop-girl class of readers. That class undoubtedly existed then, but it was nourished mainly by writers of the stamp of Laura Jean Libbey, and publications like the *Fireside Companion*. The men and women who found most enjoyment in Mr. Gunter's earlier novels were, for the most part, men and women of education and culture, the people you met on board transatlantic liners, and in Continental spas. They did not think of *Mr. Barnes of New York* as having anything to do with literature, they were not reading it with a view to criticising its philosophy or its style, but simply because they found it to be a very good tale which amused them immensely for the time being.

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We were talking with Mr. Gunter the other day about his best known book, and he told us a number of things which we thought entertaining and which we think will prove entertaining also to the readers of THE BOOKMAN. As was the case with all of the author's earlier stories, *Mr. Barnes of New York* was first thought out as a play. The first idea which entered Mr. Gunter's head in connection with the book was that of a drama about the vendetta. To this were due the duel scene at the beginning of the story and the tragic chapters at the end. The character of Mr. Barnes was entirely an afterthought and grew out of a casual remark. Among Mr. Gunter's acquaintances was a well-known New York man by the name of Banks whose main occupation in life seemed to be that of killing time. He was a member of the York Rifle Club and upon a memorable occasion had won an international shoot by showing himself to be absolutely devoid of nerves and scoring bull's-eye after bull's-eye just as if nothing at all depended upon the accuracy of his aim. One day he fell into conversation with Mr. Gunter and the talk turned upon books. "I say, Gunter," drawled Banks, "I'll bet you you couldn't put me in a book and make me interesting." Then and there the author determined to incorporate him in the story which was to be called *A Corsican Vendetta.*

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In the first draft, Mr. Banks or Mr. Barnes was called Thomas Jefferson. This was written in New York. On short notice Mr. Gunter's business called him to San Francisco, and he left for the West, leaving the story behind him. His stay in San Francisco proving much longer than he had anticipated and being unable to get hold of the original manuscript, he began the work of writing the whole tale all over again. Try as he would he could not remember the name that he had given his hero, and chancing to meet a friend from New York by the name of Barnes while he was thinking over the matter, Mr. Thomas Jefferson became Mr. Barnes of New York. Most of the episodes of the story had been thought out long before, but the railway journey from Paris to Nice, during which Barnes starves Miss Anstruther into tractability and friendliness, grew out of the writing of that part of the book. The fine and dramatic description of the bombardment of Alexandria, with which *Mr. Potter of Texas* opens, was originally designed for *Mr. Barnes of New York*. On this subject Mr. Gunter had had information at first hand from a naval officer by the name of William who had watched the bombardment from the deck of the *Richmond*. This the author supplemented with his own knowledge of the city of Alexandria and from the most reliable newspaper accounts of the affair. As a result, Mr. Gunter has often been complimented by British officers who have expressed surprise at the accuracy of his description.

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Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill Retorts

Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill's reply to our invitation to express himself frankly about his critics in the literary pages of newspapers and magazines, while it does not cover very many points, strikes us as being exceedingly original and happy. The only comment that we have to make is to call attention to the fact that the author of *The Minority,* and *The*

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AN IMPRESSION OF THE AUTHOR OF "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SEVENTY YEARS."

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Web has fallen into the old and seemingly incorrigible error about Frankenstein.

"The telephone as a *deus ex machina* is, we suppose, up to date. . . ."—N. Y. *Sun*, May 10, 1902, criticising *The Minority*.

"In spite of his vigourous descriptive powers it begins to look as though Mr. Hill needed a collaborator to hold him to his plot; . . . the process-server as a *deus ex machina* is a strain on the reader's credulity. . . ."—N. Y. *Sun*, December 5, 1903, criticising *The Web*.

COLLABORATION REGARDLESS.

When "Lit'rachure" and I first met
I couldn't have been greener,
No Sun made hay for me—but yet
No *deus ex machina*.
(A compensation for neglect
As fair as one could well expect).

The next offense to which I own
Found critic—no one keener—
Who conjured up by telephone
A *deus ex machina*.
(I'm sure the call cost quite a lot
Such a long distance from my plot!)

My third enmeshed a legal "limb"
No devil could be meaner—
In vain! The critic saw in him
A *deus ex machina*.
(But (happy thought) since he's not mine
Maybe he'll prove a Frankenstein!)

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF J. M. BARRIE.

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Dear Critic:
Next time I am due
Will you please just *once* read me through?
Or if, for this, you're too much pressed
Give your machine-made god a rest?

F. T. H.

Recent Plays and the "Literary Quality"

It is a pity that more of the current plays are not published. We agree with Mr. Bernard Shaw that a good play will stand the test of reading and even in regard to bad plays we have a vicious curiosity to see how they would look in print. "Literary quality" is a strangely misused term. It suggests to many people verbal elaborateness and the need of taking thought, as if there could be no literary quality unless you had a chance to look hard at a sentence and read it twice over. Yet often the reason why a closet play cannot be acted is not because it is too literary, but because it is not literary enough. Stripping a sentence for action as Kipling does his may make it better reading at the same time that it fits it for the stage. On the other hand, the best plays now running certainly have the literary quality in any reasonable sense of the term. The character of Mr. Thomas's prize fighter in *The Other Girl* is quite as much a literary as a dramatic creation, and we would as lief read the lines he gives him as anything of Chimmie Fadden's. Mr. Barrymore's acting simply doubles the pleasure, and there is still a literary quality when you divide by two. The same thing is true of the young reporter of a yellow journal and of the young man who is run down by an automobile and leaves the hospital in a state of etherised loquacity. So agreeable was the mere talk of the characters all the way through, that you hardly noticed the prolongation of the play for an entire act beyond the climax —a crime for which many plays have been pronounced utterly worthless by leading critics of the stage. In other words, here is the best American play of the season and yet it is technically unsound. Words which get close to life read well; and life is so valuable on the

HENRIETTA CROSMAN IN "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS." ACT I.

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stage that we thank any man who gives us scraps of it and forget if he limps in his plot. Again, if you deduct from Mr. Zangwill's *Merely Mary Ann* the qualities that make his books attractive, you will have as cheap a little melodrama as you ever saw. How many times has the forlorn and innocent rustic maiden babbled of green fields without being poetic, and the lover left her without our caring and returned to her without our feeling glad? These ingredients are just what Mr. Zangwill himself as dramatic critic has scoffed at and condemned a play for, as if they accounted for its sins. But there was something in the words that reproduced in you the feelings of the author, something that Miss Robson could take hold of and be carried further than she had ever gone before. Whatever be the right name for this quality, we know that books are hard to read when they lack it, and that when an author writes a play without it actors and stage man-

MARY MANNERING IN "HARRIETS HONEYMOON."

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agers have to work like beavers to make us forget our loss.

Again, Mr. Barrie's *Little Mary* seems so foolish when you try to sum it up, that you feel like apologising for enjoying it. He takes the simple proposition that people eat too much and then lets his fancy run. Reform the British aristocracy and restore England's greatness through a knowledge of food values and a regulation of diet. He plays with the idea as if talking to children and treats it as a mysterious discovery which he does not reveal till the end. To any but a first night audience it is a conundrum of which every one knows the answer and it is a notion which has wearied any man who reads advertisements. But all this only shows that the play is nonsense, and not to like Mr. Barrie's nonsense is paying a high price for one's intelligence. He could make a good play out of a doorknob and two spools. You cannot expect him to grow up like the rest of us

Barrie's Little Mary

PETER F. DAILEY
As Waffles,
in "Waffles, the Amateur Cracker."

LOUIS MANN
As Captain Deadwood,

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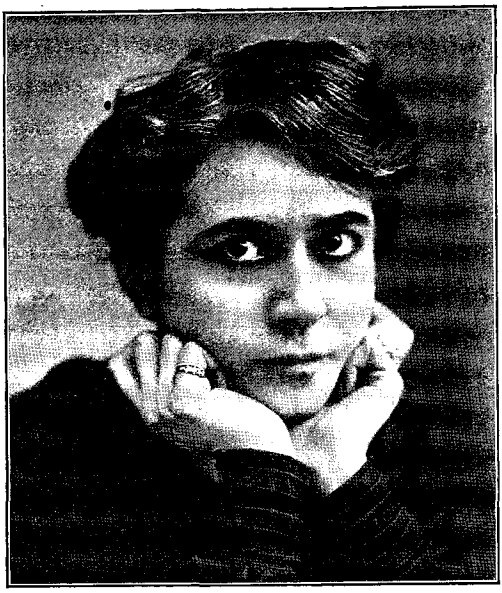

LOUISE CLOSSER AS PROSSIE.

DOROTHY DONNELLY AS CANDIDA.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "CANDIDA." ACT III.

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and have what we call purpose and make sacrifices to opinion and be reasonable and steady and dull. If he happens to have a good idea as in *The Admirable Crichton,* he writes the best play of many seasons, and when as in *Little Mary* he has no idea at all, but only a silly little formula, he has still the power to please. He has a child's gift for self-amusement and an artist's skill in passing it on. The plot is merely an excuse for fancy and the play only a bundle of pleasant details. It does not seem to make much difference what they are about. With Mr. Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, the least word has a purpose, an upsetting, revolutionary design. In *Candida,* as in most of his other plays, he badgers the conventional man, turns on him with his own logic and off goes his dignity and self-esteem. Mr. Barrie takes a convention and gives it a Barrie twist. If he ventures satire, he forgets and falls in love with the object of it before he is half way through. But Mr. Shaw is a better sportsman, being more intent on the game. He knows he can have better fun when half convinced that he is in earnest. So he butts that clever Irish head of his against anything that seems conventional. Some set it down to love of paradox, but it is due rather to affinity for the lonelier side of truth.

Bernard Shaw's Candida

All Mr. Shaw's work is done in an atmosphere of imaginary opposition. He likes to feel the presence of a shocked person when he is writing, and he hates to have any one agree with him on first thoughts. Now, he thinks, as he writes down a sentence, this certainly ought to be unpopular, and when people happen to like it he is sorry he did not say something else. Some years ago he complained that he was growing old and useless because he was coming into vogue. No doubt he is now thinking that there must be something the matter with *Candida,* for when Mr. Arnold Daly tried it timidly on a New York audience one afternoon it was instantly successful and had to be repeated many times. *Candida* is a burlesque with a purpose, a most amusing contest of idea-units. All Mr. Shaw's people are only idea-units and he cares nothing for their irrelevant human side. The intensest of poets (uncompromising veracity) discomfits the robust, conventionally minded, well-meaning parson (self-complacent half-truth), but the parson's beautiful wife (true spiritual insight) while admitting that the poet is the better man still prefers her husband, because he is the weaker and therefore needs her more. Nothing is true that seems to be, and whenever three or four are gathered together in the name of a proposition let us break the meeting up. It is the same spirit as in his essays and *Candida* is of course delightful, with a jack-in-the-box in every sentence. Many regard Mr. Shaw as a higher order of clown. A few insist on his philosophy. It is perhaps easier to explain him as the best of our methodical modern wits, who has made a science of the unexpected and really does surprise. As to his truth, it usually seems a mere chance that he was not arguing on the other side.

Sweet Kitty Bellairs

Subtract these matters of style and there remains only the raw material for a good show. We like *Sweet Kitty Bellairs* because Mr. Belasco is a magnificent stage manager, and *Lord and Lady Algy* because Mr. Faversham makes an ingratiating drunkard, and *The Marriage of Kitty* because Marie Tempest and Mr. Boyne create an atmosphere of good, broad comedy, and Clyde Fitch because we are graceless and read the jokes in last year's newspapers and the advertisements in the elevated trains, and we believe Mr. Louis Mann's imitation of Mr. Holland as the detective, in the burlesque of *Raffles* at Weber and Fields's is the best we have seen. It would be a pity not to have a hospitable heart for these things, but more of a pity to confound them with the other kind.

Literary Quotation

This association of the literary quality of plays or books with what our school rhetorics used to call "elegance" bobs up every little while in newspaper and magazine discussions on the subject of quotation and allusion. Despite the lateness of the hour

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there are people who still think that a writer ought to set out deliberately to give proof of his reading by these means. Quote freely for the sake of literary embellishment, was the heartless advice of an English reviewer a year or so ago, and lately there have been signs of a return to the vile old practice. When a thought is travelling in the same direction there is no reason why it should not jump aboard another man's phrases if it can ride more comfortably thereby, but that is a different thing from collaring great men for the sake of being seen in their company. Those who quote of set purpose, and some of them still survive, will snatch at any kind of a sleepy saying provided it comes from a well-known author, and we know of a man who will cite you Samuel Johnson for the doctrine that, Life is short. The other day a newspaper writer left out quotation marks from a dull remark which an excellent author had happened to make. The debate that followed turned solely on the question of plagiarism, and not a word was said about the sin of remembering the thing at all. There is a queer pride in a verbal memory, and a corrupt delight in tracing another's baldest phrases to their deservedly forgotten source.

BALLADE OF SOUR GRAPES.

Oft do I strive with god-like toil
On clear, Parnassian heights to dwell,
While Smith, the Author, keen for spoil,
Carpenters novels just to sell.
His work is drivel, wot I well,
But still his mill grinds golden grist
The while his sales to millions swell—
The poor, Successful Novelist!

With fiendish cunning, smooth as oil,
He's robbed the master minds pell mell—
Excerpts from Hardy, Howells and Doyle
Are peculated by the ell.
His heroine's a damosel
Just like a thousand more I wist—
How you succeed I cannot tell,
O poor, Successful Novelist!

It fills my breast with wild turmoil
That such fat wit success should spell
While at Fame's doorstep I must broil
With no one there to mind the bell.
In vain my classic goods I yell;
For when I stop I'm never missed,
Though friends acknowledge I excell
The poor, Successful Novelist!

Envoy.

Public, I would such luck befell
That my fair genius I might twist
Like him who claims your I X L,
The poor, Successful Novelist!

Wallace Irwin.

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GEORGE GISSING.

"THE name of Henry Ryecroft, never became familiar to what is called the reading public. A year ago obituary paragraphs in the literary papers gave such account of him as was thought needful: the date and place of his birth, the names of certain books he had written, an allusion to his work in the periodicals, the manner of his death. At the time it sufficed. Even those few who knew the man, and in a measure understood him, must have felt that his name called for no further celebration."

These opening words of the preface to *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft,* the last book by Gissing published during his lifetime, were prophetic of what happened when the man who wrote them actually died the other day, carried away prematurely by the consumption against which he had struggled bravely and uncomplainingly for years. A leading New York daily which prides itself on being rather more "literary" than its rivals disposed of the event in three lines. The rest of the newspapers had little more to say. To the public at large the news carried no significance whatever.

THE LATE GEORGE GISSING.

Gissing was never popular. He knew it and accepted the fact without resentment. Public favour was not his object. At the very beginning of his career as writer, he set up for himself an artistic ideal and pronounced an artistic creed to which he remained faithful to the end. Neither ideal nor creed was of a kind tending to make him one of the public's pampered, much-advertised and much-selling favourites. Both are found in *The Unclassed.*

This was not his first book, appearing four years later than the almost forgotten *Workers in the Dawn.* But it was the first one in which the true temper of Gissing's art found adequate expression. Like his last one, *The Private Papers,* it is largely, if not wholly, autobiographical. The central figure, Osmond Waymark, is Gissing himself. Waymark, who gave up teaching to pursue the literary vocation, just as his creator had done, says:

"Let me get a little more experience, and I will write a book such as no one has yet ventured to write, at all events in England. Not *virginibus puerisque* will be my book, I assure you, but for men and women who like to look beneath the surface, and who understand that only as artistic material has human life any significance."

Gissing wrote not only one book, but many of the kind he promised in that first mature work of his, which appeared in 1884. He wrote *The Nether World, New Grub Street, In the Year of Jubilee, The Whirlpool, Our Friend the Charlatan,* and nearly a score more of novels and short stories. The works just named are those which, in my opinion, reach the highwater mark of his achievement. This means that they must be counted among the strongest pieces of imaginative writing contained in modern Anglo-American literature. But all his works, even those in which his genius seemed to flag and

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lose itself under the harassments of an adverse fate, display, although in less degree, the traits that place him so far beyond and above the common herd of caterers to the literary taste of the public. Sincerity of purpose, shrewdness of observation, depth of sympathy and command of form are some of the qualities common to them all.

If they fail, it is in not being entertaining in the accepted sense of the day. Each of them is a piece of life, terrible at times, but never loathsome, in its reality. They are the creations of a man who had the courage to face life as he found it, and who vowed to describe it as he saw it, not as his readers might like it to appear. Of revolting naturalism in details there is next to none. Even when dealing with the life led by the lowest and most unfortunate of human beings, the women of the streets, Gissing shows a reserve in the handling of his material, without ever missing the desired effect, which might be offered as an object lesson to Continental writers. No, what scares away the reader who comes to his pages in search of amusement only is the note of sadness that sounds through most of them, the assertion again and again of the spirit which once prompted Gissing to declare that:

"Art, nowadays, must be the mouthpiece of misery, for misery is the keynote of modern life."

The man who wrote that, and meant it, could of course never be popular, hardly even with the critics. What better warrant could there be for the charge which a New York morning paper brought against Gissing at the end of a dozen obituary lines—that of "taking a gloomy view of life." I might quote *The Town Traveller* and *The Crown of Life* as evidence against the truth of that charge, but I prefer to let it stand. If his view of life was sombre and sober, there was so much in Gissing's own existence to account for it. Of his life misery was the keynote, indeed.

While a mere lad he had to begin earning his own livelihood. After a period of relatively carefree but utterly uncongenial toiling, the day came at last when the voice within could no longer be silenced. Literature was to be his calling. The start was made under conditions that might have deterred the bravest, and for years his steps were dogged by hunger and many-shaped hardships. He lived in cellars. He ate his meals in places that would have offered a way-wearied tramp chances for criticism. His breakfast consisted often of a slice of bread and a drink of water. Four-and-sixpence ($1.12) a week paid for his lodging. A meal that cost more than a sixpence was a feast. The ordinary comforts of modern life were unattainable luxuries to him. Once when a newly posted notice in the lavatory of the British Museum warned readers that "the basins were to be used for casual ablutions only," he was abashed and startled because of his own complete dependency on the facilities of the place. Through all the hard years he remained alone, foregathering with none of the Bohemian cloisters that abound in London and having only one friend to converse with.

And through all that misery and squalor and soul-breaking poverty he pursued the aim he had set for himself with indomitable, never-flinching persistency and courage, quaking at heart now and then but never imagining himself for a moment a hero or a martyr.

"I had a goal before me, and *not* the goal of the average man," he exulted years later in an hour of retrospection. "Even when pinched with hunger, I did not abandon my purposes, which were of the mind."

And again this of his mental attitude at the time: "How surprised and indignant I should have felt had I known of any one who pitied me."

Homer and Shakespeare were his constant companions in those days, lying within easy reach on the corner of "the filthy deal table" that served as his writing desk. To find money for the purchase of books which to him were a necessity, he had often to forego a meal. For six years he trod the pavements of London, "without stepping once on mother earth" or being able to satisfy his passionate love and longing for God's own nature. At times he suffered from long, savage headaches. Medical treatment was out of the question. All he could do was to lock his door, go to bed, and lie there, without food or drink, till he became able to look after himself again.

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There can be slight doubt that those years laid the foundation of the disease that killed him at the early age of 47. Those were the days of violent radicalism, when he lectured to workingmen's clubs, "knew what it was to feel the heart burn with wrath and envy of the privileged classes," and fought for the freedom of the poor and the ignorant "because he was himself in the bondage of unsatisfiable longing." Echoes of them are found in *Demos* and *The Nether World.*

Then came better days, with "assurance of food and clothing for half a year at the time." He had, to use his own words again, succeeded in pleasing and making himself a profit to the editors and publishers who represented the vague throng of readers—his actual employers. He was able at last to satisfy his fondness for nature and for travelling. Then he married.

The autobiographical character of *The Unclassed* has been mentioned. It is chiefly the story of a young woman whose love for Osmond Waymark gives her strength to reclaim herself from the life of shame into which fate rather than her own fault had forced her. In the end she is married to him, and the happiness of their union seems assured. Gissing's marriage was not happy. Out of it grew the cloud that overshadowed the middle years of his life, retarding his growth, cramping his powers and embittering his mind still further. But he fought and conquered sorrow as previously he had gained victory in his battle with poverty and distress. Of the appearance and mental and moral make-up of the man who finally emerged from that double test, I like to think in the terms employed by Gissing himself for the picturing of Osmond Waymark:

"There was nothing commonplace in his appearance and manner; one divined in him a past out of the ordinary range of experiences, and felt the promise of a future which would, in one way or another, be remarkable. . . . There was a ring in his voice which inspired faith; whatever might be his own doubts and difficulties—and his face testified to his knowledge of both—it was so certain that he had power to overcome them."

Add to this the description of Henry Ryecroft in the preface to *The Private Papers:*

"He had suffered much from defeated ambition, from disillusions of many kinds, from subjection to grim necessity; the result of it was not a broken spirit, but a mind and temper so sternly disciplined, that, in ordinary intercourse with him, one did not know but that he led a calm, contented life."

Just such I like to imagine the man who, to my thinking, has broken important new paths for the English novel, besides treading the old ones with so much success. Many have already followed where he led the way. As early as 1884 he wrote:

"The fact is, the novel of everyday life is getting worn out. We must dig deeper, yet to untouched social strata."

He did what he preached. That was years before the name of Gorky was ever heard of. Having explored the nethermost depths, Gissing ascended a few steps and began to devote his attention to a social stratum of which he speaks in *Our Friend the Charlatan* as:

"That vague multitude between the refined middle class and the rude toilers, which plays such an important part in modern civilisation. Among these people, energy is naked, motives are direct. There the strength and the desires of the people become vocal."

The results of this new venture were *In the Year of Jubilee* and *The Town Traveller,* two of his most remarkable books, in which we are introduced to a class of people that have never before appeared in literature, as it seems to me. Such figures as the three sisters in the former book and the town traveller himself, the sprightly, irrepressible, wide-hearted Mr. Gammon, have about them a freshness and an originality which lend additional bitterness to the thought that the pen of their creator has been laid down forever.

Gissing's drawing of character was never permitted to become caricature. Whether dealing with some titled aristocrat or some grotesque shape from the slums, half man, half beast, he went about his task with the same unprejudiced regard for truth, and for truth

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only. But the final explanation of his success lies in the sympathy which he gave to all his figures.

"The artist should be free from everything like moral prepossession," he wrote once.

This principle may be seen at work throughout his books. There is no judging or sorting of good and bad. Each character is allowed to stand on its merits. The author states facts but does not condemn. Harvey Rolfe in *The Whirlpool*—one of the most attractive figures drawn by Gissing and one of the finest specimens of true manhood that ever captured a reader's heart and fancy—is not treated with more consideration or forbearance than the wretched Harriet Castle in *The Unclassed* or *Our Friend the Charlatan,* the slick Mr. Dyce Lashmar.

Love and art are regarded by this alleged pessimist as the moving principles of life, and only by their pursuit does life get meaning. "Beauty is the solace of life, and love is the end of being," he says in one place. Humour of the conventional kind he never essayed. Yet he is not incapable of comprehending and appreciating the humour that springs spontaneously out of life, as may be seen in *The Unclassed* when O'Gree and his Sally meet and make love in the mummy room of the British Museum for want of a more appropriate trysting-place.

The day will come, I think, and soon enough, when Gissing will be read and treasured according to his desert. In the meantime the admirers of his art—a growing host—will have to bear in mind the manly words he used in *The Private Papers* in reference to himself:

"The world has done me no injustice. Why should any man who writes, even if he write things immortal, nurse anger at the world's neglect? For the work of man's mind there is one test, and one alone, the judgment of generations yet unborn. If you have written a great book, the world to come will know of it."

Edwin Bjorkman.

DOUBTS OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

AFTER reading many pages of dramatic criticism, some of it quite serious and bearing a good French stamp, we are still harassed by doubts as to the limits of the personal equation. Why that air of more than personal certainty, as if taste had a constitution and by-laws, and where is the table of weights and measures by which plays and players are so surely gauged? Many a critic is so sure of his ground that he seems more like a committee framing resolutions than a man writing down what he thinks, and he usually wishes to save or elevate the public, direct, sanctify, and govern it, or hold it on his knee. One of them recently remarked that after labouring in the vineyard for fifteen years without effecting the least improvement in other people's tastes, he had abandoned his didactic mission with a sinking heart. A trained and technical public taster, and yet without a single convert, he now lives as a private person, lonesome but correct. Most critics believe that technical experience gives them a certain authority, and the worst of their worries is the presumption of discordant and haphazard persons like you and me, who feel that there is a broad zone of dramatic matters where it is unsafe for a minute to take the word of another unless we know his birth, breeding, family history, associations in early life, the books he reads, his manners at table, and the sort of wife he enjoys. What is the foot-pound of gentility and where is the trigonometry of grace, and why take a man's word for the charm of the leading lady unless we know the man? It is delightful to express one's views on these points but preposterous for others to accept them. It is pleasant to argue but hideous to convince, and for our part we should loathe a convert the moment we had made him, as a mere tedious duplicate when one of us was enough. There is no authority on life, and if we find a certain play lifelike, it is due mainly to the way we have been brought up. Our great-grandmother has had more to

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do with our criticism than our studious endeavours to be right, and it would be as shocking to find our tastes repeated in an amiable reader as to see our own nose transplanted on the face of some harmless friend.

Current criticism is mainly an effort to speak impersonally on purely personal affairs. In a region of licensed disorder people still ask for a rule. So the stage critic becomes a priest of prejudice, a little Moses on a Sinai of whim, absolute where everything is relative, sure of a right way and a wrong way where either way will send you fast asleep, a specialist in things that do not matter, and a moral guide through nonsense where the deadly sins seem silly and the devil feels too depressed to tempt. Nothing on the stage is so far removed from human nature as the things we read about it, and the world is not a whit more pompous behind footlights than it is when it takes up its pen. That is why we pause here again in a paroxysm of humility to repeat that any commentary of ours is not true for any other person under the sun but reports things as they seem exclusively to our round and artless eyes, that we mean to be a mother to no man, that *sic vos non vobis* is no motto for us but for sheep, bees, pedagogues, and preachers, the Emperor William, the evening newspaper, and the United States Supreme Court.

Principles may be had for the asking, but in spite of the large population of this planet men and women remain today the most inaccessible things on it. Plays may be true to every dramatic principle, run like clockwork, have a good idea behind them, fit the audience like an old coat, lack nothing in short that you could give a name to. The playwright may be so clever that you can suggest in him no possible improvement except that he be born again. There are dozens of negatively admirable plays and irreproachable playwrights. They lack only the qualities for which there is no formula to make them Shakespeares, every one. It cannot even be explained what makes the difference between *Whitewashing Julia* by Mr. Jones, and *The Admirable Crichton* by Mr. Barrie. Were we writing its prospectus we could make *Whitewashing Julia* look the better of the two, or at least the more novel. Mr. Jones takes the proverb, The pot calls the kettle black, and by means of it saves Julia from her enemies, but he departs from dramatic usage by leaving us certain that the pot told the truth. The fact that Julia is not whitewashed and that he lets us see her to a final triumph over worse sinners, who are also less attractive, than herself makes the play essentially plausible and new. Besides that, it is as the critics say "well-built," which means that the playwright has graciously supplied every effect with a cause, believing that the human reason in a debased form may still perdure even in a playgoer.

Therein also the play is unusual. Contrast it for instance with Mr. Carton's *Clean Slate,* an excellent example of good, every-day dramatic merchandise, where the main point is whether the situations are amusing and not how they came about. A nice woman divorces a worthless husband and a nice man divorces a worthless wife. It would be cheerful, thinks Mr. Carton, to make the two good ones pair off, so in comes coincidence like a fairy godmother, and the thing is done. Though at present unaware of each other's identity it seems that they have known and loved each other long ago—coincidence No. 1. It seems also that the worthless husband of the one has been misconducting himself with the worthless wife of the other —coincidence No. 2. And so from many minor surprises, assumed names, and mistaken identities, there results the typical "comedy of manners," derived from nothing ever seen outside the theatre, but shrewdly based on long acquaintance with the audience within. No one can say whether it is comedy half-drunk or farce half-sober, and nobody cares, except the clever people who are always waking up at the wrong time. Several critics fretted because the worthless husband shammed fits which they called a low trick for the benefit of the gallery. But there is a gallery, is there not? And it has just as good a right to its fits as the orchestra stalls to their jovial divorces. Something for everybody is the kindly democratic motto of a good market play. If by chance an idiot boy should stray into the family circle, even he must not be coldly ignored. On this plane let us make no

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class distinctions, and above all let us not be invidiously thoughtful. It is the typical comedy; and the typical comedy is the blindman's buff of the understanding, and the clever people are the horrid little wretches who peek. If we join in the game let us regard the rules. If we stand apart as public enlighteners, then let us be consistently vigilant. Uproot the platitude wherever found. Crucify the comic weekly papers. Perish the political speech and the afternoon tea and the latest novel and the woman's hat. Let there be a total silence to be broken only by brilliant remarks. "The existing popular drama of the day," says Mr. Bernard Shaw, "is quite out of the question for cultivated people who are accustomed to use their brains." The existing popular anything is also out of the question. In fact, the population itself is no fit company for the clever people. If they ever saw things in their actual relations, what a lot there would be for them to do!

But *Whitewashing Julia* belongs to another class of plays, because it bears traces of the author's effort to set down what is in his own head instead of what he finds ready-made in the heads of his audience. Mr. Jones meant to be artistic. He wished to handle an old theme in a light, graceful, and novel manner. There is, however, no recipe for that manner, and though the dialogue was strewn with his good intentions we did not see any sign of fulfillment. It is as good a play in outline as any presented this season, and as well acted. Its construction is undeniably good, and the construction of some of Shakespeare's plays is as critics have often proven undeniably bad. But Mr. Jones has a heavy English middle-class way with him and if he steps lightly his joints crack. He has no special pleasure in living, but he is grimly determined that you shall think he knows life. He never knew an individual but he can gather types. Like the blind man in the Bible, he sees men as trees walking; and he has learned their botanical names. With a good point he is a little too emphatic. His amusing things are a little too prolonged. He is the sort of man about whom you feel instinctively, How like he is to everybody else. It is a deep internal little trouble—no one to blame but Mother Nature—a private matter, a mere accident of birth. For any artistic enterprise to prosper it must receive a subsidy from on high, and Mr. Barrie starts with an unfair advantage. With him "the little gods" coöperated, and so he "found a way." That is the thing that makes the difference—the only thing that really matters—and we defy any man to explain.

These considerations (and a dozen other concrete instances would serve as well or better) should impel critics now and again to lay aside judicial airs and paternal manners and confess that they are quite ignorant of other people's truth, that the best things are always the least definable, that art fails in proportion as we can state its formulas and that the world is a play that would not be worth the seeing if we knew the plot. And when it comes to the conventional drama, the cheese and garlic in the windmill, mere social peanuts and popcorn, his emotions are not very important. They are for the most part harmless little circus feelings which no words in the critical vocabulary seem to fit. And this, as we take it, is a good safe rule for any critic: no matter how many the swans were in his youth, if he would grow old decently he must cultivate a friendly willingness toward a widening circle of geese. Otherwise he will become that saddest of barnyard reformers, the crusader against commonplace, and the world will squeak as it turns on its axis, and he may find himself too serious a person even for the angels when he dies.

Frank Moore Colby.

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THE CONSOLATIONS OF A MINOR QUILL DRIVER.

NOTE.—Being the impressions of a magazine contributor who disagrees in many respects with the point of view of Mr. Didier's article, published in the October BOOKMAN. The Editors of the Bookman.

IN his "Confessions of a Literary Quill Driver" (October BOOKMAN) Mr. Didier has added yet another telling item to already existing impeachments of that tyrannical, capricious and indiscriminating middle-man, our enemy the Editor.

Of course I am on Mr. Didier's side. What child of light would be so mean-spirited as to put in a word for an autocratic foe who sits entrenched behind a cohort of malevolent beings known to mythology as Readers, with no more responsible and taxing occupation than to transform your birds of Paradise into homing pigeons? At the same time it does strike me, the least among minor quill drivers, that for a thoroughly unfair man, one only to be moved by personal considerations, the Editor-at-large is singularly willing to let the worm state its case (or perhaps this very willingness is just a cynical display of omnipotence). Nor have I so far received conclusive proof that my many rejected manuscripts are returned unread. To begin with, they often smell of cigarettes; then, although starting with as little pull as any one well could have, by dint of pegging away, I seem to be gaining a modest foothold through the same gradual process by which a beginner creeps up in law, medicine, illustration, every profession, in fact, but marriage or the Church.

In the beginning I knew one editor, and he quite properly felt free to reject whatever I sent him (and habitually did so) until such time as my work suited the pages of his magazine. The strange editors pursued exactly the same course.

The writer's whole position is of its very essence anomalous. He plies a craft which, except with a few rare geniuses, has to be acquired, yet cannot be taught. There is no possible school at which he can graduate and then set out his shingle and practise. He may study English, literature, syntax, rhetoric—every detail, and still, quite apart from the personal matter of ideas and style, there will be much for him to learn. Consequently he proceeds to learn—on the Editor, and feels badly aggrieved, too, if his teacher does not pay roundly for the privilege.

This may perhaps account for a certain inaccessibility, even irritation in the angle from which magazine people sometimes view beginners. The patience of an editorial staff may be frayed thin by such would-be contributors as a gifted young lady, who bitterly arraigned the entire literary world of North America for despising her *Sonnets*. These, she felt confident far excelled many poems occupying places of honour. She had a book full of them—morocco bound, gilt edged, varying in length from *ten* to *forty-two* lines! This was an extreme case, but the same lack of finish may be found to a less degree in the majority of manuscripts from any green hand. It is not the Editor's function to coach the writer. A piece of goods is offered to him, he sees flaws and refuses it. Not seldom he grows so hostile to mere mechanical blunders as to welcome an academically correct story or poem, merely because it breaks no rules. The possession of this negative merit, I'm convinced, explains the acceptance of many more inferior articles than any theory of personal pull or favouritism.

Indeed, a ticklish state besets the Editor, and every newcomer presents a difficult problem. Whether to risk taking unknown stuff which may not prove popular, or to let a promising young writer be snapped up and annexed by a rival magazine. He remembers the legend that Harpers' once damaged its circulation through printing a certain number of *Trilby*. On the other hand, he is unnerved by the recollection that a short-sighted publisher rejected *David*

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Harum. If he could tell the positive value of a manuscript on sight, instead of working away for a salary he would be buying on a margin in Wall Street. Hence anything out of line is very annoying to the Editor. Continually pelted with manuscripts, his palate seared by constant abuse, for the life of him he cannot decide whether you will turn out treasure trove or a nuisance. His innocent and tormented countenance often reveals the strain of this dilemma to the least observant tyro. And here another point crops up. The Editor commands, "Always send an impersonal parcel impersonally by mail or express. Visits enrage Us." While the advising writer says, "Never fail to see and know your Editor. It's your only chance of decent treatment. Otherwise, the office boy plays with your masterpiece for a year or so and sends it home dirty."

Now my belief is, that there can be no fixed etiquette in this relation other than the common sense governing ordinary behaviour. If you have a legitimate reason for consulting the Editor, frankly ask him to see you. Otherwise, if it be only a question of offering him a completed piece of work, no more waste his time in superfluous interviews, than you would drop in for a morning's chat at the office of any other busy stranger. Quite unknown, I have never been denied time and consideration when there had been any justifiable cause for asking it. Indeed, the enemy has always been cordial and generous in giving advice. For example: you think of a serious subject demanding long and careful preparation, fit only for a particular magazine. You write to the Editor briefly outlining your plan and asking if the idea recommends itself and also if the same endemic inspiration has already provided him with an article entirely covering your field. My experience has been that such letters are read and answered. The Editor will not order your article, but will politely tell you that the idea is not available (often explaining why), or will encourage you to carry it out and submit him the result. He may even add a word of instruction as to length, emphasis or general character. He will not tell you how to write it and if your conception be better than your execution he will serenely reject the labour of months. That is your risk.

In the matter of pay, sometimes you will be ashamed to tell your family for how small a sum you have bartered a priceless gem of thought. Again, you privately believe that the Editor has been —buncoed, and hope he never may guess how much less you would have taken. On these occasions the most sensitive honesty never prevents your keeping the change.

On the whole, under candid observation, the magnate with the blue pencil is much like other men. As Mr. Didier instances, if a contributor thinks meanly of him and tells him so, the Editor is apt to use his arbitrary power to keep that contributor's name off his index forever and ever. In matters of business, other things being equal, he prefers the people of whom he is fond to strangers, just for all the world as if he were a banker or a railroad president. Also, a certainty, an established reputation possesses greater value for him than a doubtful experiment. Likewise, being human, he has been known to make mistakes.

Mary Moss.

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UNIVERSITY AND PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

"That library of brownstone ruddy,
A structured gem, whose alcoves fill
The treasures scholars come to study,
Guided by kindness crowned with skill."
W. R. Alger.

LIBRARIES have always been the centres around which scholars have gathered since the time when the companions of Xisuthros (Adrahasis) returned to Sippara of the Sun, on the bank of the Euphrates, unearthed the buried tablets on which were recorded all antediluvian knowledge, and opened the school for Babylonian savants, the very house and library of which have but recently been found. Aristotle had his library, and Alexandria, Rome, Cæsarea, and Constantinople were ancient seats of learning because of their large libraries. Books and learning were preserved for us through the Middle Ages in the monasteries, especially those of the Benedictines, who provided in their houses first for a library, next for a *scriptorium* or copy-room, where their books were duplicated for sale or exchange, and lastly for a school open to all comers in search of instruction. To this order England owes her earliest library, and at their abbey of St. Mary's, at York, the learned Alcuin obtained the training which fitted him for the work of establishing the libraries and cloister schools at Aix-la-Chapelle and Tours, to which he was called by Charlemagne. All the great universities of Europe have notable collections of books.

The earliest college library in America was that of Henrico, Va., the so-called college for the education of the natives, in actual operation in 1616, but destroyed in the general massacre of 1622. Harvard was founded in 1636 by an appropriation of one-half the annual rates of the colony, but its active impulse came two years later with the bequest from John Harvard of one-half of his property and his *entire library* of nearly 300 volumes. Yale had its origin in 1700, when its ten trustees, nine of whom were graduates of Harvard, met at Branford, and each laid upon the table his contribution of books with the words: "I give these books for the founding of a college in Connecticut." In 1757, ten years after the date of its first charter, Princeton had its first building, with a library of 1,200 volumes. King's College, chartered in 1754, received in 1756 by bequest of Dr. Bristow, of London, his library of about 1,500 volumes, the library of Joseph Murray, and other gifts of books.

Eighteen other college libraries were founded between 1700 and 1800, so that the nineteenth century began with twenty-one college libraries; it ended with thirty times as many. In 1790 Harvard College had only 12,000 volumes, and a year later Yale College had only 2,700. The books in these early libraries were largely very learned and serious in character, being designed principally for the use of the professors. "In them theology naturally held the leading place, as the colleges had been founded mainly to educate ministers. So in the Harvard College Library catalogue of 1790, 150 pages out of 350 are filled with theology, 10 with Greek and Latin classics, 4 with books of travel, but only three-fourths of a page with periodicals. In literature, however, one finds Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gay, the *Gentleman's Magazine,* Rabelais, La Fontaine, Voltaire, Boccaccio." Twenty-five years earlier, we are told, the library at Yale College was "well furnished with ancient authors, such as the Fathers, historians, Classics, many and valuable works of divinity, history, philosophy, and mathematics, but not many authors who have written within these thirty years."

In the earliest years of our colleges when students were few in number, and all or nearly all were studying for a special profession and in close contact with their professors, doubtless some use was made by them of the solid books in the college libraries; but as the number of students multiplied and classes increased in numbers, an ever-lessening percentage of students made use of the college library, which in all too many instances

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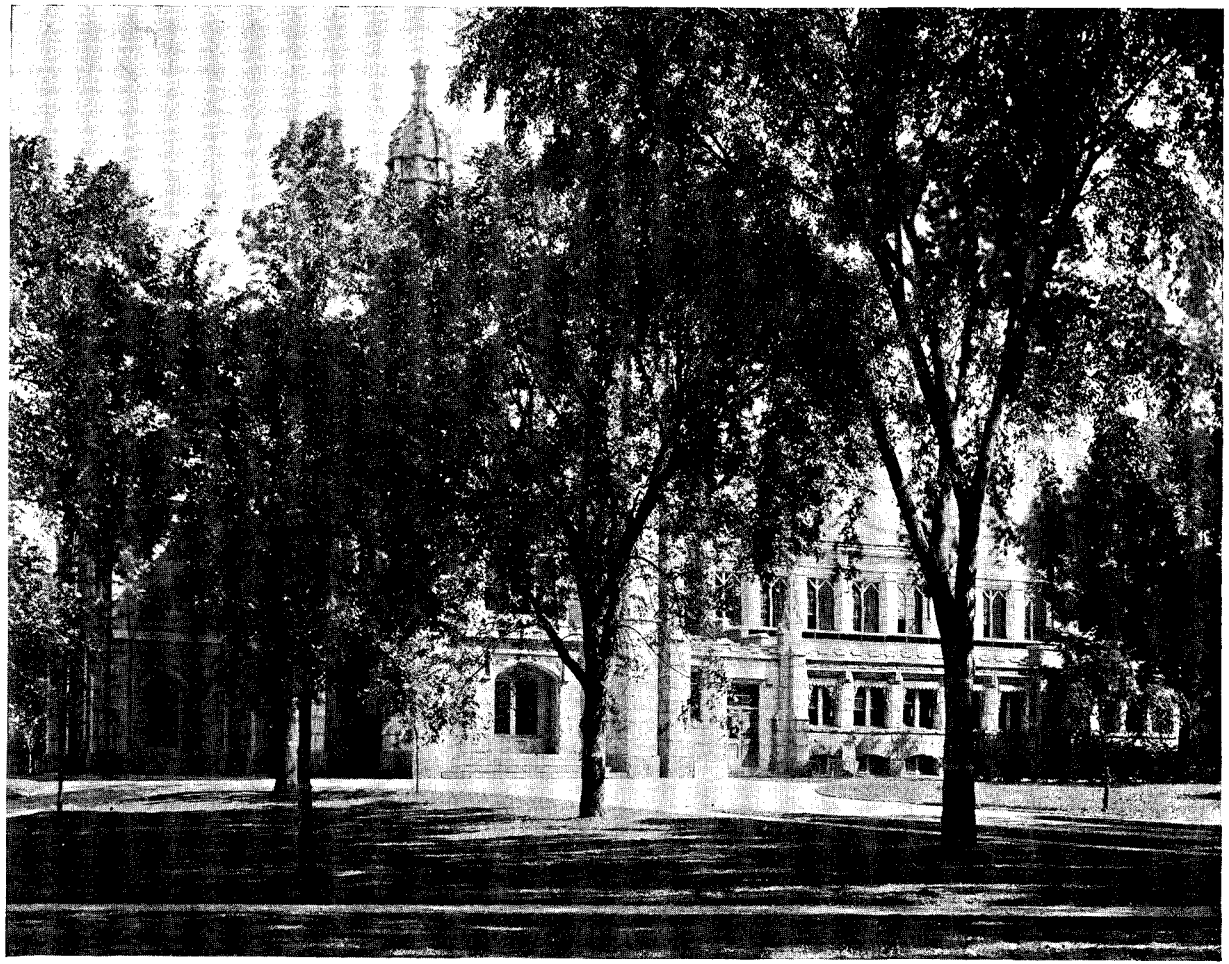

THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

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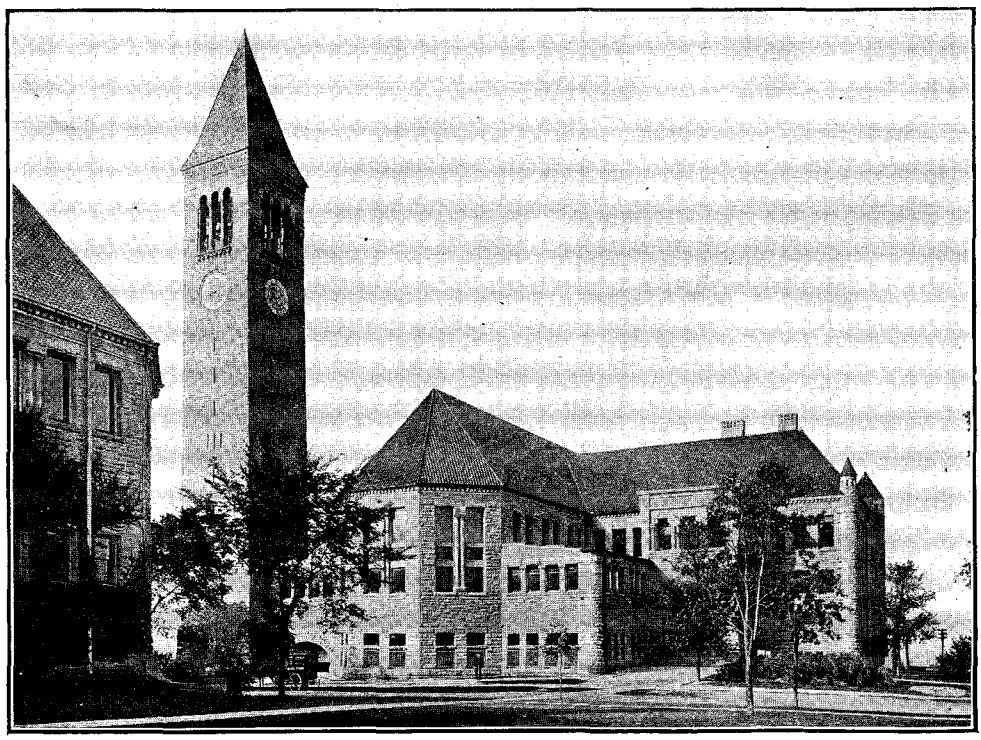
was closely guarded against them. Dr. W. F. Poole said in an address ten years ago, "to those of us who graduated thirty, forty, or more years ago, books, outside of the text-books used, had no part in our education; they were never quoted, recommended, nor mentioned by the instructors in the classroom. . . . The college societies, however, supported and managed wholly by the undergraduates, had good libraries, and here was where the students, and the professors besides, found their general reading."

The development of the college into the university was a very slow process covering long years in its accomplishment. Theological, medical, and law schools were early established at the leading institutions. At Harvard it was not until after the election of President Eliot in 1869 that the reorganisation and consolidation of its several semi-independent professional schools began, and it was not until 1890 that the Academic Council was superseded by the University Council. Yale assumed the title of university in 1887, Columbia in 1890, and Princeton in 1896; but prior to these dates real university work in graduate departments had been done at each.

"Americans have always been a bookish people," and the fact that at most of the colleges student societies were organised, which provided their own libraries of books suited to the tastes of their student members, goes far to show that the additions made to the college libraries were not so suited, or that the attractions offered or the privileges granted by these libraries were not sufficient to induce the students to make much use of them. The bulk of the purchases would naturally be of learned books, chiefly for the use of the professors, while the librarian was too often an overworked or broken-down professor, a veritable keeper of books, appointed to the place in order that he might eke out an insufficient income. Occasionally genuine book-lovers like Cogswell, Harris and Sibley were in charge and the library grew apace as did that of Harvard under these master book-collectors.

A new era dawned in the middle of the nineteenth century when the library



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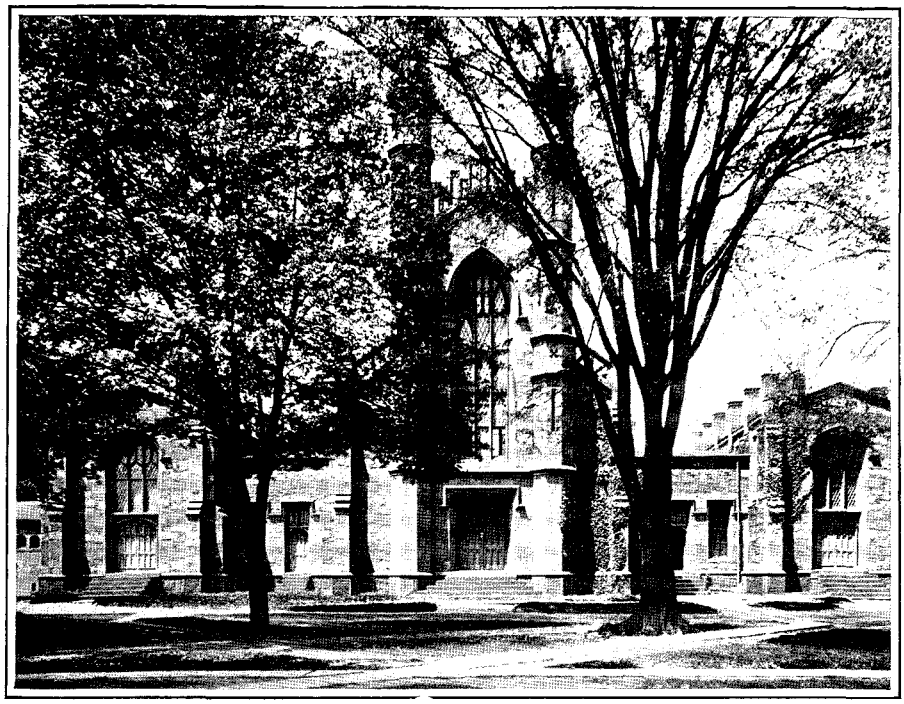
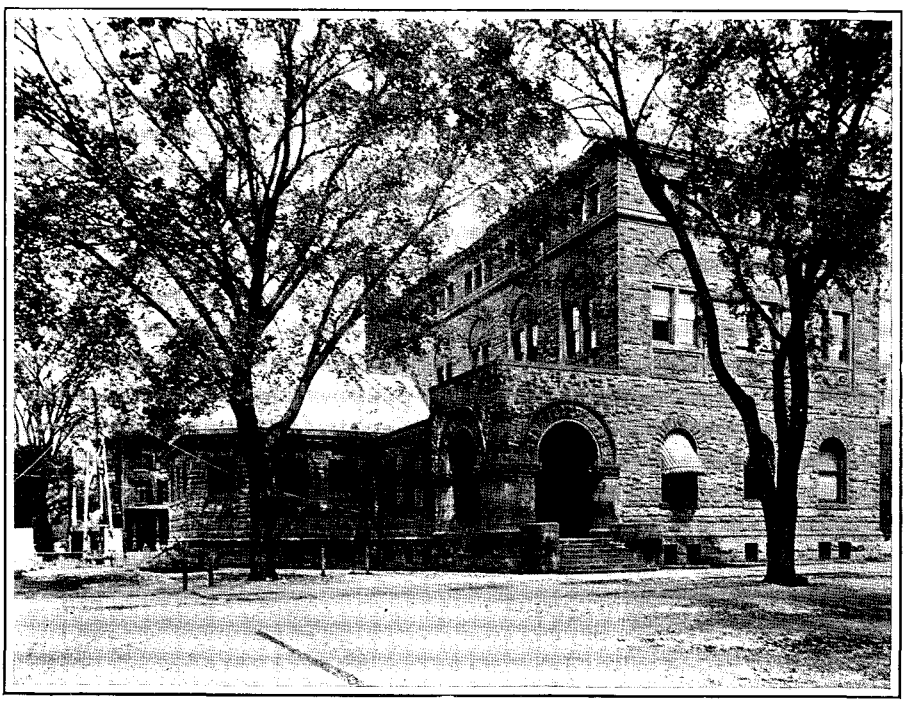


OLD YALE LIBRARY.



THE CHITTENDON LIBRARY AT YALE.

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spirit moved upon the people, and with the establishment of the Boston Public Library in 1852. "Public opinion in that city," says President D. C. Gilman, "demanded a library free, large, well catalogued, adapted at once to the public and to the scholar, dependent partly on the civic chest, partly upon the private purse, fitted to furnish entertainment and pleasure to the weary workman, and fitted to inspire and satisfy the most gifted writer." Later, C. A. Cutter wrote of the same library, "nowhere yet has the happy combination of private and public liberality made it possible to at once so thoroughly suffice for learned research even of the specialist, gratify cultivated curiosity, please the bibliomaniac and the dilettante, foster idle meditation, or stimulate vigorous thinking, while yet not neglecting to meet every want of the general reader, even the want of amusement and illusion, and, more than this, to attract to itself and to train adults who have never been in the habit of reading at all, and children who have not yet learned to read with profit." Here, in a nutshell, we have expressed the opinions of one of the ablest of university presidents and of one of the most expert of librarians on the scope and work of the first and one of the largest and best of public libraries.

Charles C. Jewett, father of the card catalogue, was its first librarian; Justin Winsor followed from 1868 till 1877, when he was called to the librarianship of Harvard College Library. The same success that attended his administration of the great public library followed his management of that of the great university library.

In 1850, Harvard, which for two centuries had been the largest library in the country, was still in the lead with only 70,000 volumes. The Astor Library had not been founded and the Library of Congress was little known. George Ticknor, a prime mover in the establishment of the Boston Public Library, had been for fifteen years a professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard. In a letter to Edward Everett, in 1851, he gave this expression of his ideal of the new institution: "I would establish a library which differs from all free libraries yet attempted; I mean one in which any popular books, tending to moral and intellectual improvement, shall be furnished in such numbers of copies that many persons can be reading the same book at the same time; in short, that not only the best books of all sorts, but the pleasant literature of the day, shall be made accessible to the whole people when they most care for it; that is, when it is fresh and new. I would . . . thus, by following the popular taste—unless it should demand something injurious—create a real appetite for healthy reading. This appetite, once formed, will take care of itself. It will, in a great majority of cases, demand better and better books."

Such was the high ideal of this enthusiastic pioneer in the free public library movement, a movement that has been and continues to be so widely endorsed as to prove that the Americans are indeed a bookish people.

The high ideal of the great Panizzi, *facile princeps* of librarians, with the change of a single word, may well be taken as that of the university library: "I would have," said he, "a public [university] library so complete that a scholar, however rich, will find it a more convenient working place than his own study, however well equipped." A university library with such an ideal might well merit the praise bestowed by President Gilman on one where bibliographical "treasures may be enjoyed with abundant light, in an equable temperature, in the atmosphere of repose, with learned and ready teachers near at hand, and with opportunities to enter those glorified cells of the cloister which we call the seminaries of knowledge"; a place where, to quote him again, "the promptness with which any book among a hundred thousand may be identified and summoned, as if it were touched by an electric wire, is an unfailing surprise to those who are wont to spend hours in their own dens looking for some long-lost friend, and an unfailing gratification to every busy student."

But even with such an ideal, with a full collection of books well housed, the university may fail of its purpose. Carlyle said "the true university of these days is a collection of books," but this dictum is true only for the trained scholar, like Carlyle, who knows how to make use of them. The college man is in training

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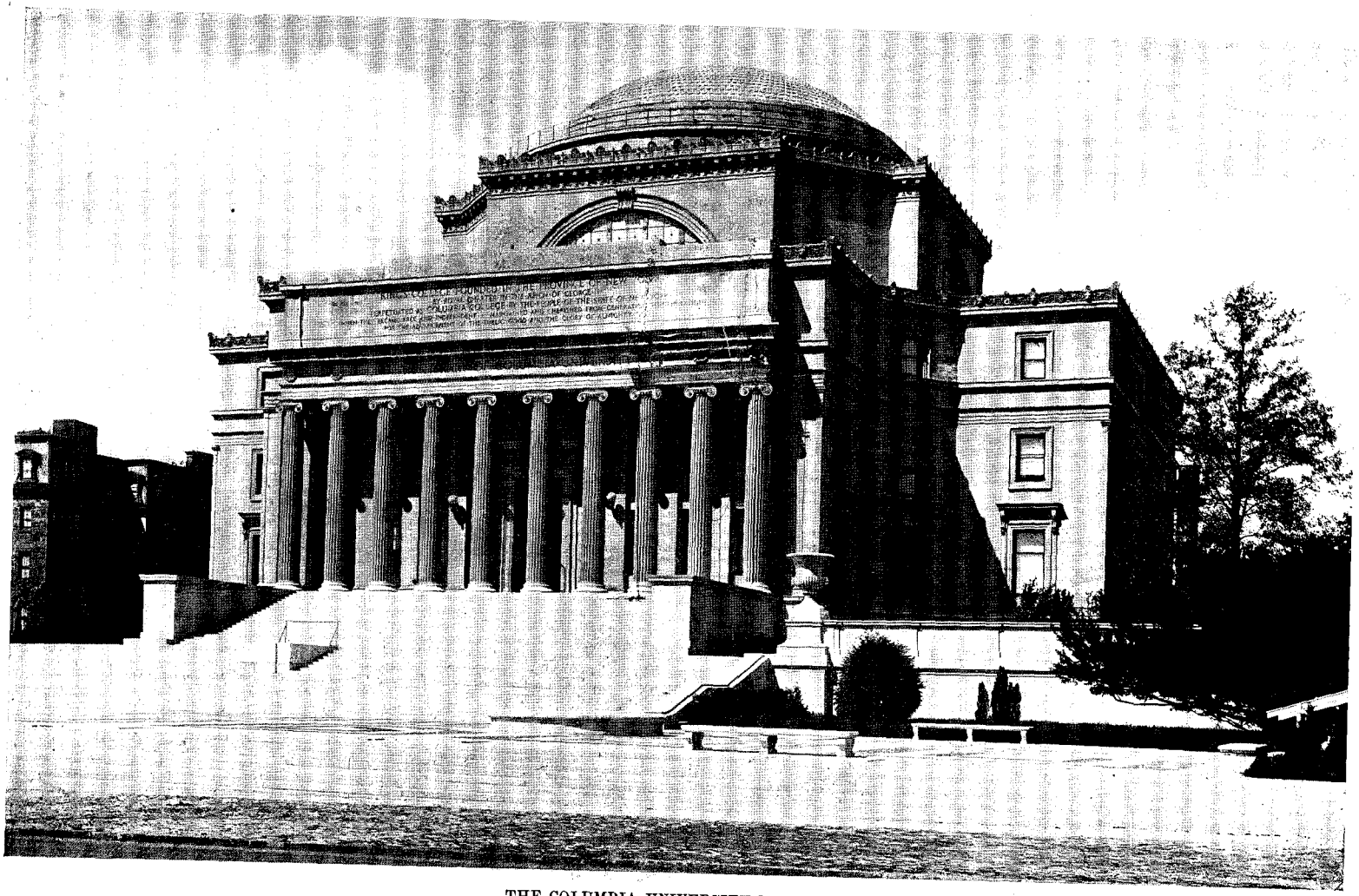

THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

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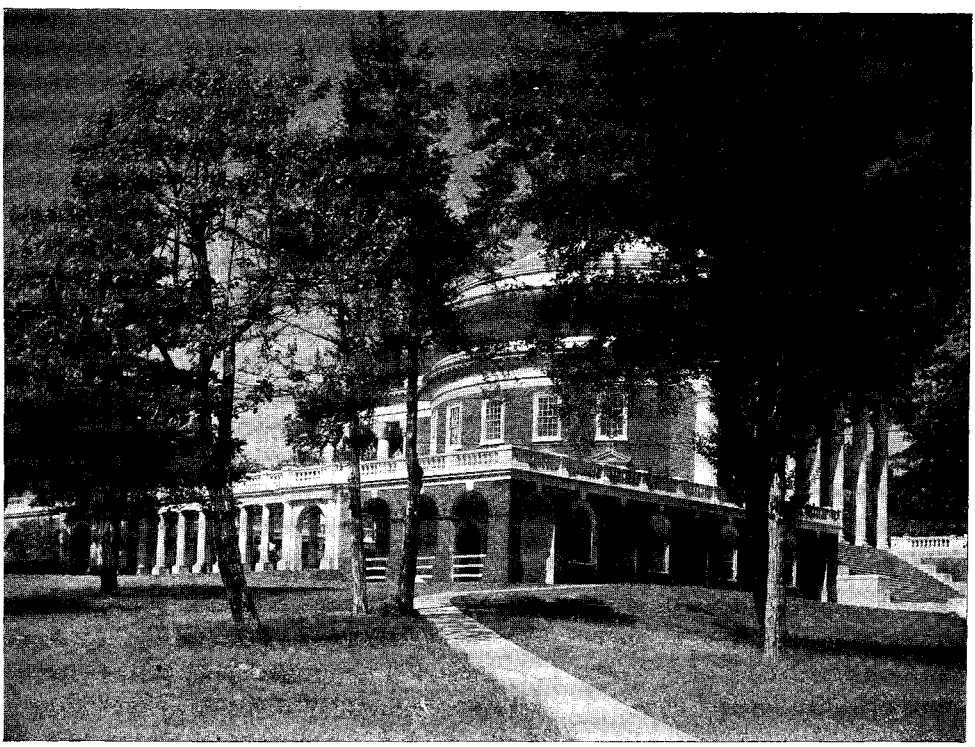
how to make the best use of his mental faculties, and a most important factor in this training is how to use books. On this point Justin Winsor wrote, in 1880: "I fear we have not discovered what the full functions of a college library should be; we have not reached its ripest effects; we have not organised that instruction which teaches how to work its collections as a placer of treasures. To fulfil its rightful destiny, the library should become the central agency of our college methods. . . . The way to avoid being appalled at the world of books is what the library of the college is commissioned to point out. . . . We must build our libraries with class rooms annexed, and we must learn our ways through the wilderness of books until we have the instinct that serves the red man when he knows the north by the thickness of the moss on the tree-boles. . . . Take the students by sections and make them acquainted with the bibliographical apparatus, those books that the librarian finds his necessary companions, telling the peculiar value of each, how this assists in such cases, that in others; how this may lead to that, until with practise the student finds that for his work he has almost a new sense." Following lines of instruction like the above there would soon be no place for the complaint so widely made that the great majority of the students of the colleges and universities of the country graduate with very little knowledge of books or of their uses.

Dr. Wm. Fred. Poole in a B. K. address ten years ago on the relations of the university library to university education, declared "that the study of bibliography and of the scientific methods of using books should have an assured place in the university curriculum; that a wise and professional bibliographer should be a member of the faculty and have a part in training all the students; that the library should be his class room, and that all who go forth into the world as graduates should have an intelligent and practical knowledge of books that will aid



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

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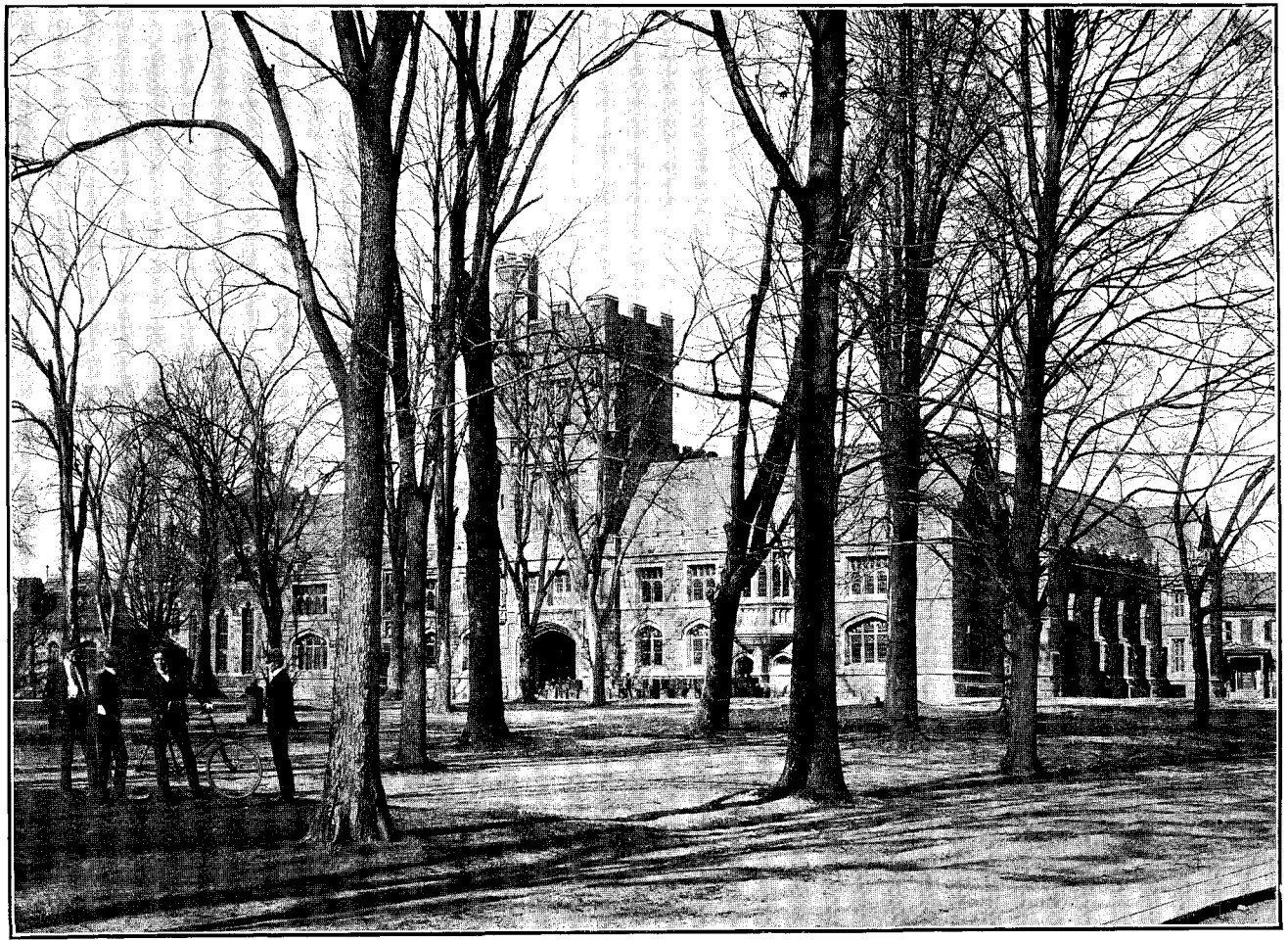

THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

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them in their studies through life, and the use of books be to them a perpetual delight and refreshment."

"I do not mean," he adds, "that the university student should learn the contents of the most useful books; but I do mean that he should know of their existence, what they treat of, and what they will do for him. He should know what are the most important general reference books which will answer not only his own questions, but the multitude of inquiries put to him by less favoured associates who regard him as an educated man. . . . He should know the standard writers on a large variety of subjects. He should be familiar with the best method by which the original investigation of any topic may be carried on. When he has found it he appreciates, perhaps for the first time, what books are for, and how to use them. He finds himself a professional literary or scientific worker, and that books are the tools of his profession. . . . No person has any claim to be a scholar until he can conduct such an original investigation with ease and pleasure. This facile proficiency does not come by intuition, nor from the clouds. Where else is it to be taught, if not in the college or university?" . . . John Morley in an address at the dedication of a public library a few years ago declared that the object of libraries and books was to bring sunshine into our hearts and to drive moonshine out of our heads; such a training in the use of libraries as that proposed by Mr. Winsor and Dr. Poole would do very much towards clearing both moonshine and cobwebs out of the heads of those who might take it.

The university library of to-day is a thing of quite recent development; in fact, it is but little more than out of its teens; and yet it is really the ripest fruit of the library movement in America, since it represents and requires the best results in all branches of library economy developed up to the present time. The selection of books to be purchased for a university library is or should be made largely by the faculty, each member of which is interested deeply in some one branch of study. A library thus built up will not only be one of general reference, but will also be an aggregation of special libraries. Such a library is not only the storehouse whence the professor may draw increase of knowledge and inspiration for his work, but by the skillful arrangement of seminar rooms with reference to the books in the several departments of knowledge it becomes the workshop or laboratory of both professors and students, and the very centre of university instruction. And just such libraries our best universities now have. The Low Library at Columbia has a capacity for a million and a half of volumes. It has now 352,000 volumes; a central reading room with an open shelf reference collection of 10,000 volumes; a law library of 36,000 volumes in one wing; the Avery Architectural Library of 18,000 volumes in another; 18 seminar rooms, Mr. Winsor's "libraries with class rooms annexed," 10 with rooms for many more under the same roof, and over twenty department libraries ranging from a few hundred to several thousand volumes each, selected with special reference to their constant use by students in their daily work. Books are loaned to professors and students and the library is open freely to all, properly introduced, for reference and study. Cornell has a general library, a forestry collection, the White historical library, and seven seminars, all under one roof, with law and veterinary libraries in their respective buildings, with a total of over 261,000 volumes, including many very valuable special collections. Primarily a reference library, officers and graduate students may take out books, and undergraduates also over holidays on which the library is closed. There is a free reference library in the reading room, and cards of admission to the shelves in the stacks are issued. Lecture courses on the use of the library and in bibliography are given. The Harvard University Library still holds first place with over 400,000 volumes; has ten departmental libraries, and 29 special reference libraries for the various branches of study pursued under direction of the faculty of arts and sciences; loans books to officers and students, and is freely opened to the use of scholars. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true" that the ruthless hand of death should have stayed the signature that would have given the Harvard Library its much needed new home. Princeton, with its two connected library buildings, has capacity for a million and a quarter

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volumes and more than twenty seminars, nine already organised; has four departmental libraries in proximity to their corresponding laboratories. Its general collection numbers 175,000 volumes, with 90,000 volumes additional in department and special collections. Books may be drawn by all officers and students and by any person properly introduced. The University of Pennsylvania has over 213,000 volumes, with 12 seminar rooms in upper part of library building, open till 11 P.M. Twelve department libraries with over 25,000 volumes in other buildings. Officers and students may take out books, and graduates also on payment of $3.00 a year. Free reference to all. Johns Hopkins has a library, for reference only, of 108,000 volumes, "under ten roofs, and in even more compartments," with over 550,000 volumes, accessible within a radius of one-third of a mile, and all the libraries of Washington within easy reach. Glancing westward we see the University of Chicago with a general library of over 263,000 volumes, several branch libraries, and 27 departmental libraries, all aggregating nearly 370,000 volumes. Books are loaned to officers and students, and nearly 1,300 current periodicals and transactions of societies are received. At Ann Arbor is a general library of over 130,000 volumes, including special medical collections, with law and dental libraries in their respective buildings numbering 35,000 volumes additional; 1,000 periodicals regularly received. Officers of the university only may draw books; reference to all others; separate study rooms provided for advanced students. And on the Pacific Coast the University of California has a library of 105,000 volumes "selected and arranged with a view to making it especially valuable as a reference library." An introductory lecture is given to students on the use of the library and of books; and there is a summer school course in library economy. These typical libraries have been selected almost at random and without prejudice to others that might well have been named.

Charles Alexander Nelson.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL AND SOME RECENT BOOKS.

OF all the stock terms and phrases, that are overworked equally by the critics and the publishers, there is probably none that stands more in need of a revised definition than that of the historical novel. Every reader knows in a general way what he means by the term, but no two will agree upon precisely the same book as the representative type. To one it is a story full of dramatic power built up around some big spectacular event in a nation's life, whether it be Sedan or Waterloo, or Nero's burning of Rome. To another it is a carefully drawn picture of the social life of an epoch, the Rome of Augustus, the Paris of Louis XIV., the England of Swift and Addison and of Steele. To a third it is merely a stirring tale of haphazard adventure, such as might have happened almost anywhere or at any time and is placed in a particular year or country merely for the sake of picturesque stage effect. It is because of this diversity of opinion that authors of such varied power and ideals and methods as Maurice Hewlett and Seton-Merriman, Winston Churchill and Gertrude Atherton and Cyrus Townsend Brady find themselves grouped together in one *bizarre* and heterogeneous company. Even more suggestive than the varied nature of their books are the different routes by which these writers reach their goal. Mrs. Atherton, for instance, started out a few years ago to write a sober, carefully documented life of Alexander Hamilton; and because she found ample evidence that he was a man of unusually strong human passions and because the extant material, while telling a tale of unusual dramatic interest left numerous tantalizing gaps, she let her creative imagination run away with her and the sober biography was converted into a new type of historic novel. Mr. Brady

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reached his result by the opposite road. He had carefully planned a piece of pure romance, one as independent of time and space as *Prince Otto* or *The Prisoner of Zenda*. As he himself confesses in an ingenuous preface, the book was well on the road to completion when it occurred to him that a historical atmosphere would not be amiss, and so casting his eye over mediæval history, he found that the life and times of Frederick Barbarossa coincided as closely as any with his theme and forthwith a few ingenious changes of proper names made Barbarossa the hero of his story.

But quite independently of personal preference, there is probably one definition on which every one will agree: that a historical novel is one that contains an element of historic truth,—either the spectacular events of the romance of history or the less tangible social atmosphere of the time,—and that this historic element is so woven into the warp and woof of the story, so much an integral part of the plot that no amount of ingenious editing could hold the book together without it. And yet a moment's thought will show that with this definition we are no better off than we were before; because every story that is being written to-day, based upon an intelligent observation of life, either is or will become a historical novel, according to this definition. Mr. Howells's latest book, for instance, *Letters Home*, is more truly a historical picture than nine-tenths of the novels of past epochs that are being produced with infinite antiquarian research.

It has been lately said, and very well said, indeed, by Professor Brander Matthews that the best of all historical novels is that which deals with contemporary history. Unfortunately, it is the rarest type. It seems almost axiomatic that any writer can treat best the life that he himself has lived and known, and the further he separates himself from the scene of his story, either by time or space, the less sure must his touch become. Most modern novelists have learned this lesson as far as the locality of their stories goes. The novel of India or of Iceland or the Uganda Protectorate is left to those who have been there, and can write from actual knowledge. Yet it is only a year ago that a young American author of considerable talent confessed to being engaged upon a story of Arizona, the whole plot of which was a study of the effect of climate upon temperament, and when asked how long a residence in Arizona had been required as a preparation for the work, confessed to never having been in that State, but offered as qualifications a six months' knowledge of Southern California and the acquaintance of a man who passed through Arizona on his way back to New York. A curious fact in connection with this book is that it has since enjoyed a considerable degree of popular success.

Now the average novelist who writes a story of the Crusades or of ancient Egypt is more seriously handicapped, more hopelessly in the dark about a thousand little essential details of everyday life than was the author of the Arizona story. Their one advantage is that no one can come back from the past to point out their errors. They are at the mercy of only a few cleverer or more painstaking antiquarians than themselves. Yet, at best, the novel that deals with bygone centuries is an artificial creation that can never become even approximately the sort of book which a writer of that bygone time could have produced, for it is written in the light of subsequent knowledge that he lacked and it ignores countless facts which in his day seriously influenced the progress of events. It would be a good rule for young novelists to follow, to avoid the historical novel unless they aim first of all at a story of great dramatic action, and can find some big crucial moment of the past that will give them the spectacular effect that they need for their final crisis. To attempt to throw a purely psychological story a century or two into the past is to accept a serious handicap without the gain of any appreciable advantage. It is hard enough to be accurate regarding names and dates of mediæval France or ancient Athens, but to attempt to depict the action of the human heart in those remote days is like groping in a fog.

A story by a new writer, Mr. Samuel Gardenhire, is a good case in point. It is a tale of the Rome of Nero and is entitled *Lux Crucis*. It is one of those books which are fated to challenge comparison with earlier and stronger stories and to suffer correspondingly. Taken quite by itself, Mr. Gardenhire's book

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shows no small amount of scholarly knowledge of Roman history and Roman social life. He has a wholesome reverence for Biblical traditions and his story will undoubtedly be read with genuine interest by many intelligent and worthy people. It would not be fair to accuse Mr. Gardenhire of a lack of originality. Stories of ancient Rome have come to be written in accordance with a sort of unwritten formula. They must all have a beautiful Christian maiden, persecuted by some one of Nero's parasites and eventually exposed in the arena; a barbarian giant who may or may not be a Christian convert, and who performs prodigies in single-handed combat with wild beasts; Nero's vanity, his craven superstition, his vindictive cruelty, must have whole chapters set apart to their portrayal; and the final scenes must be the wholesale slaughter of the Amphitheatre, the living torches of Christian martyrs, with their flames and smoke curling heavenward. Sienkiewicz, in *Quo Vadis,* was not the first to do all this in fiction. Mr. Gardenhire, in *Lux Crucis,* will surely not be the last; and readers who cannot find a second *Quo Vadis* will probably be very well content with the conscientious and well meant effort of this new American author. But where Mr. Gardenhire fails is in the social atmosphere of his book, the attitude of the men towards the women, and of both sexes towards life in general and religion in particular. It is not necessary to go the length that Mr. Henry Finck goes, when he questions the existence of romantic love prior to the middle ages, in order to realise that there is a gulf between the conditions of modern domestic life and the attitude of the typical Roman towards the women of his household. Mr. Gardenhire's book is essentially clean-minded and wholesome—a quality which certainly ought not to lay him open to censure. Yet, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the age of Nero was a notoriously profligate age, in which no hard and fast line could be drawn between *monde* and *demi-monde,* no simple classification of *matrona* on the one hand and *meretrix* on the other; even the legal status of marriage was subject to varying degrees of dignity and honour, while slave and freedwoman added further complications to the social scale. It is not needful to picture the license of the times with the frankness of a Juvenal in order to make us feel it, and too much euphemism is almost as bad as too little. As we read Mr. Gardenhire's book and see the part he makes his women play in the story, the potent influence they exert in all the ordinary interests of daily life, we cannot help feeling that they are really nineteenth century women masquerading for the time being in effective and becoming antique drapery.

There is no suggestion of masquerade about Florence Converse's quaint and curious story of mediæval England, *Long Will.* In spite of the fact that it is more than half a poem, a sort of prose epic full of a dignified and lofty symbolism, it is none the less saturated with genuine human nature; the atmosphere of the days when Chaucer's motley company gathered at the Tabard Inn, and the more serious minded Will Langland voiced the needs and hopes and sufferings of the people in the poem known so well to-day by name, and so little known in any other way, *Piers the Plowman.* Any reader who wishes to refresh his memory, will learn, if he takes the trouble to turn to his encyclopedia, that Long Will was the nickname bestowed upon the poet from his tallness of stature, and that "though there is mention made of the Malvern Hills more than once near the beginning of the poem, it is abundantly clear that he lived many years in Cornhill, London, with his wife, Kittie, and his daughter, Calete." And this fragment of biography, together with the material of *Piers the Plowman* itself, was all that Miss Converse really needed for the basis of her story. As we read of the dreamy, unworldly lad, leaving the monks of the Malvern Hills, among whom he had been reared, to go down into the valley and bring a message of hope and brotherly love to his fellowmen; as we follow him through the ensuing years, and see him struggling to maintain wife and child in decent poverty, while all the time his whole heart is absorbed in elaborating, revising, perfecting the poem which contains his message; and then as we read how that poem is passed on and on by word of mouth, among the people, gaining converts as it goes, how it finally comes to the ears of the boy king, Richard II.

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—the "Richard the Redeless" of the poem—and kindles him with enthusiasm to rebel against the tyranny of princes and ministers, and priests, by whom he is surrounded; and finally how Calete, the poet's daughter, goes through the land on a sort of pastoral *Odyssey,* as full of idyllic charm as any part of Hewlett's *Forest Lovers,* disseminating far and wide the tidings that the time is ripe for a revolt, and that the young king is in sympathy with his people; as we read all this, we really care very little just how much is based upon old chronicles and traditions. Some strong and dramatic scenes are taken bodily from history—the revolt against the iniquitous poll-tax, the riots in London streets, the death of Wat Tyler, and King Richard's gallant bearing at that time. But this part of the book, while it gives the justification which the historical novel should have, is not the part that makes the lasting impression. Rather it is the purely imaginative part that is longest remembered—the scene where Calete reads *Piers the Plowman* to the youthful but enthusiastic King, and the many other scenes of her wanderings, under the guardianship of the King's closest friend, who for her sake is content to masquerade as a peddler and to disguise his voice with a halting stammer. Finally, it is not a book that will appeal to a wide class of readers; but those to whom symmetry of form and charm of style count for more than the mere story, will find in it an enduring pleasure not afforded by stories of robuster and more rapid action.

But, whether you like the type represented by Miss Converse's story or not, you could not imagine it as fitting into any other time or place than the England of Chaucer and Long Will, and Richard the Redeles. Two stories that serve admirably as examples of the opposite type, the novel in which history is not a vital issue, but merely a picturesque accessory are *Blount of Breckenhow,* by Beulah Marie Dix, and Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Hetty Wesley. Blount of Breckenhow* has been pronounced by some enthusiastic and over-sanguine critics, as the best historical novel of the past five years. A strong story, an ingenious story, and one well calculated to sustain the reader's interest, it may well be conceded to be. But what there is about the historical part of it which deserves praise is not so easy to understand. The action is supposed to take place in seventeenth-century England, when the country was still rent with civil strife, and family and religious feuds dating back to the wars of the roses, had not yet died out. The story is told in the form of letters, miscellaneous family letters, written by many hands, but chiefly by one Bevill Rowlestone to his father and brothers, and by Bevill's promised wife, Arundel Carewe, to the members of her family. There is no use in denying the extreme ingenuity of these letters, both in form and substance. At first sight they seem to deal with matters which are of no concern or business of the general reader, miscellaneous and unrelated family matters, beginning nowhere and ending in the same place. But gradually, by putting together a name here, a detail there, we find that a story of big proportions is taking on a definite shape, a story of which the writers of the letters do not fully guess the import. Moreover, in form and phrasing these letters are excellent imitations; you can almost see the faded ink and yellowed pages; you can almost smell the dust of musty garrets upon them. They are more real than a carefully painted knot-hole on a plain deal board, or Egyptian scarabees manufactured in Birmingham. But the fact remains that the story they have to tell might have been just as well told in nineteenth-century English, and enacted in any corner of the globe where hostile armies meet, and the military discipline is lax. All that is vital in the story is independent of externals; it deals with a woman's unconscious love for a man who is not her husband, a man who is a mere private trooper, rude and untutored, but who has in him the material of which heroes are made. And gradually this man's unspoken reverence for the woman, Arundel, his unfailing care and forethought for her, force her not only to recognise that his manhood is something higher and finer than that of Bevill, her husband, but that he represents the ideal which she has mistakenly fancied was represented by the man she married. The dramatic moment in the story comes on the night when Arundel's child is born, the night when the enemy make their long-delayed attack upon the gar-

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rison. Bevill, the commanding officer, white of face, and with trembling limbs, haunts the house where Arundel lies, it may be dying. Blount, no less white and trembling, is detailed to guard a ford, the key to the enemy's approach. At the critical hour comes a message from Bevill, a written order which wrings from Blount the muttered words that there are some orders which a soldier is justified in disobeying. Before we learn the purport of that order, Blount destroys it. However, he withdraws his men, retreating to guard the house where Arundel lies, and the enemy are victorious. The sub-title of the book calls it the story of Blount's life, his treason and his death; but really his treason is an open question, upon which hinge the dramatic chapters of the book. Altogether, it is a story to be commended, if only we remember that the change of a few names and dates would make it an equally good story of our Civil War, of the Sepoy mutiny, or the recent hostilities with Spain.

Of *Hetty Wesley* it does not seem necessary to speak at great length. The book belongs to the type inaugurated by *The Conqueror* of Mrs. Atherton, which is nothing more than a romantic biography with the gaps filled in by the author's vivid imagination. The facts in the life of Hetty, the most unfortunate of all the daughters of the founder of Methodism, are no secret from the world. Her miserable and repressed childhood, the prevailing gloom of the family circle, her father's stern and unreasoning opposition to any young man whose attentions seemed to offer her an avenue of escape, all united to goad her on to the desperate elopement that wrecked her life. And when later she crept back broken and ashamed to her father's house, she found that his protection could be had only at the price of absolute obedience and the promise to marry the first man however unworthy or boorish, who would be rash enough to ask her. These facts are amply documented, and Mr. Quiller-Couch has ingeniously woven into his narrative many a corroborating passage from Hetty's own letters. But it is difficult to understand just what is gained by this form of sugar-coated biography. This is not the first time that the life history of a real woman, who loved not wisely but too well, has been made to serve the needs of a novelist. Probably the most successful as well as the most widely discussed instance is that of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Lady Rose's Daughter*. No one would pretend to claim that if Mrs. Humphry Ward had openly kept the name of Mlle. de l'Espinasse and given the story the necessary French setting of her period, that the book could have enjoyed a tithe of its present popularity. And conversely, had Mr. Quiller-Couch been content to borrow suggestions only from the life story of Hetty Wesley, the chances are that he would have produced a much stronger and more vital story. A book like his is really a piece of psychological research, wrought wrong end foremost. The analytical novelist begins by taking a man or woman of certain known character and temperament, placing them in a situation involving definite difficulties, and then deducing from his observation of life the things they would be likely to do, the words they would be likely to say. Mr. Quiller-Couch, however, starts with all the important acts and even the words of his heroine, cut and dried, so to speak, for his use. His task is the somewhat unsatisfactory one of groping in the dark for the particular series of emotions, the particular combination of mental traits that would serve to explain and reconcile the given words and actions.

Frankly it is somewhat of a relief to turn to such a clever piece of narrative melodrama as the late Henry Seton Merriman's *Barlasch of the Guard*. There can be small question that of all the present day writers who have been trying to give a sterling value to the pseudo-Dumas type of fiction, none has shown a more steady change for the better than Mr. Merriman, and so long as he is remembered at all, his last book is likely to be spoken of as his best. His construction will bear the test of careful inspection. First there is the choice of the epoch timed at the critical moment of Napoleon's projected Russian campaign. But the scene is not Russia; it is Dantzig during the days of that town's memorable siege, and even within its walls attention is narrowed down and focused upon one street, one house, one family—almost, it might be said, upon

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one room in that house, one member of that family. The story opens with a wedding between a gay young French officer and the daughter of a grave and taciturn citizen of Dantzig, who passes for a German, but who may be one of the august refugees who escaped from Paris in the Reign of Terror. From random hints and stray bits of gossip we learn two facts of some significance, that there is a vast plot maturing against Napoleon, the head and front of which is a French nobleman in hiding at Dantzig, and secondly that this plot is known to Napoleon, and that one of his young lieutenants stationed at Dantzig is a clever spy, whose task is to run the plot to earth. What Napoleon had not foreseen was the possibility that his spy might love and wed the daughter of the arch plotter. This is the warp of the story. The shuttle which plies back and forth with the cross threads that serve to bring out the pattern of the story is "Papa" Barlasch, of the Guard, veteran of Italy, Egypt and Spain, curious piece of gnarled and weather-beaten humanity, sterling fidelity and unrivalled craftiness. "Papa" Barlasch is quartered upon the particular family in that particular street in Dantzig where the story is enacted; but to tell what he does there, and how he influences the destiny of Napoleon's spy and the girl who had trusted and married him, and the fine old aristocrat who was the girl's father, would be equivalent to telling over again all that has been infinitely better told by Mr. Merriman himself.

There are some other stories besides historical works left over from the Christmas season that well deserve a passing word. One of these is *The Wings of the Morning*, by Lewis Tracy. Now it may be laid down as a sort of axiom that if an author is going to weave a fabric of ingenious falsehoods, the only way to carry conviction is to make them very big indeed, to heap them up, one after another without giving the reader time to draw breath or weigh their probability, and actually to force credence of impossible things by sheer audacity and unchecked flow of words. This is what Mr. Tracy has done in *The Wings of the Morning*. He has shipwrecked a big ocean steamer on a coral reef in the South Pacific, he has saved the lives of just one member of the crew, and of just one passenger, a young English girl. These two he continues to throw into the jaws of death over and over again, and snatch them back each time with unflagging ingenuity; and finally he brings a band of Malay savages, cannibalistic brutes, armed with javelins and arrows and poisoned blow-guns. He gets his luckless hero and heroine into the temporary refuge of a narrow rocky ledge some twenty feet up in the air, and exposed to the full force of a tropical sun. And here for thirty-six hours they broil slowly and pitilessly, all the time dodging the poisoned darts and javelins, and after the hero has, single-handed, killed off three score of the savages, a British gunboat comes up just in time to finish off the rest with a few well-landed shots. Of course when one closes the book, and stops to do a little sober thinking, the impression that comes uppermost is that of the palpable absurdity of it all, but the story does have a certain audacious swing to it which carries the reader right along with it while it lasts. And there is no denying that the picture of tossing waves and waving palms, and tropical sights and sounds, and smells, suggests a somewhat close personal acquaintance with the South Pacific.

Their Child, by Robert Herrick, one of the recent issues in the Macmillan Company's "Little Novel Series," is chiefly noteworthy for what the author might have made of it had he wished. Imagine a young couple happily married, well mated physcially and temperamentally, and endowed with a fair share of worldly prosperity. But the woman has married this man without any definite knowledge of his family and antecedents, and he himself knows no more of them than she does. All he knows is what has been told him by the rough old miner who reared him in the mining camps of the Rockies—a half wild old Scandinavian with the temper of a mad bull, who when roused had an ugly fashion of strangling any one who opposed him, even though it were his best friend. But all this belongs so far in the past that the happy husband has well nigh forgotten it, especially during the four years since he had been a father. But heredity, Professor Herrick would have us understand, does not forget; and

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suddenly "Their Child," the child of this happy young couple, develops a strange passionate nature, a homicidal impulse, that causes him one day to seize a knife and give his nurse an almost fatal stab, and on another to catch the throat of a playmate in his tiny hands and squeeze and squeeze until breath is almost gone. The book is little more than a fragment, it is carried only far enough to bring the husband and wife face to face with the situation, and to compel them to accept it. But fragment though it is, it will count as one of the strongest things Professor Herrick has done, certainly the strongest since the appearance of his *Gospel of Freedom.*

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE SOUTHERN WOMAN IN NEW YORK.

By Julia R. Tutwiler.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

WHETHER the Southern woman comes from an inland village or from a Southern city, with the pristine freshness of the provincial or with a vision coloured and enlarged by intelligent travel, her coming presupposes those qualities of courage and imagination which leave her equally though differently open to New York's personality—to its intellectual, material, artistic, and ethical activities. It may make all she has left seem small and slight, altering without cheapening values; or it may only be a widening of her national horizon first distinctly drawn by the individualising line of other horizons. In either case it is a new adjustment in which the old is not displaced, but is made the evolutionary point of the different.

Whatever her environment, if she comes to New York before she has secured a market for her wares her experience is very much the same; she finds that no amount of talent will take the place of workmanship. She has, perhaps, an article or two and a story accepted, and immediately writes and sends off a story to the magazine that has accepted the other, and an essay to the paper that has published her article. She walks on elastic air, with a teeming brain whose ideas she cannot set down half as fast as they spring; and a week or ten days before she has reckoned upon receiving checques, article and story come back to her. During this time of enchantment, she has probably ventured into two or three offices where she has no letters of introduction, and where the busy, tired editor promptly gets rid of her by a promise that any material she may send in shall receive his personal attention. It seems almost a waste of words to say that he as promptly returns the revamped manuscripts she has sent him with cock-sure confidence.

Book reviewing is the first step toward regular work. The days she spends over her first review, the trembling awe with which she sends it in—a third too long at the very least—the rapture with which she sees in the index that it is published, the curdling disappointment with which she reads it shorn of its finest thoughts and most finished phrases, the Olympian heights of expectation from which she falls when she deciphers the gauge, in dollars and cents, of literary work! But the disappointment is momentary. She realises with an exquisite thrill that the pang of unpaid genius is one of the common experiences of literary life, and that she has been accepted by a publication which stands for literature in the world of letters. (Wherever she is accepted she always tells herself this.)

With the acceptance of another story, she mounts from the "printed slip" phase of rejection into the stimulating, to her, inexplicable, period of personal letters from editors so generous in their

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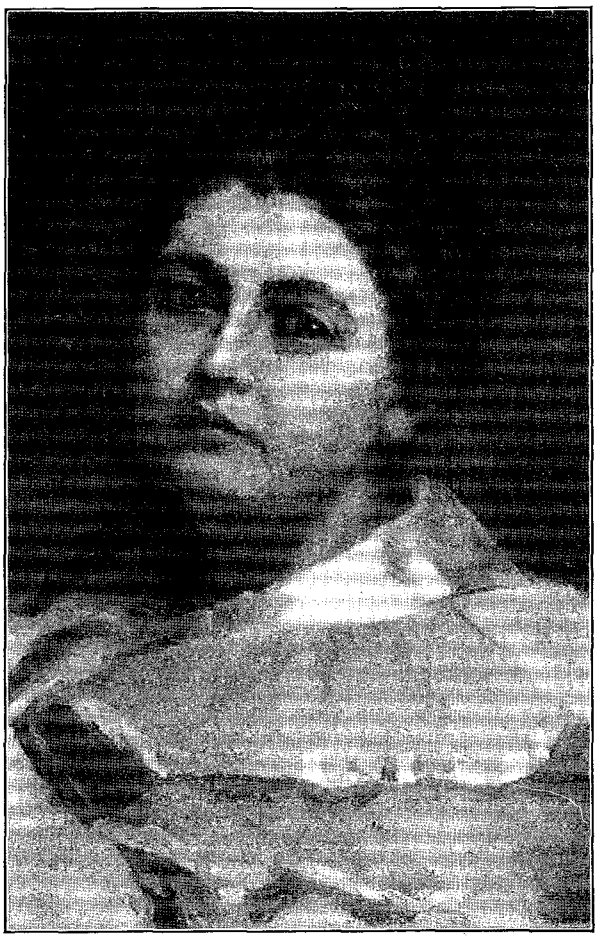
praise that she cannot understand why the story always accompanies the laudatory letter. That it "is not available for our magazine" is one of the stones in her rough road which cracks her self-conceit and sends her on bended knees to the study of what *is* available. It depends upon how much real stuff there is in her whether this reverential study shall end in obsequious copy or in the illuminating discovery that it is not by "copying" or "keying," but by the travail of working and reworking without a thought of availability, or of anything except making the best of her gift, that she or it will ever become available.



VIOLA ROSEBORO'.

Before she has had this ground into her, if she has a friend in the editorial world she probably goes to him with an inconsiderate request to read the latest rejected manuscript and tell her what is wrong with it. And he having read it—for there are editors in New York who make time in their overworked lives for generous help and a large patience that mean life itself to the young writer—returns it with a note so like those she has already received that she is in despair. A second petition to be told how to supply the nameless deficiency elicits a frank acknowledgment that he "can't." Without knowing it she has reached the fixed or turning point in her career. If she is able to see what is the difficulty she works harder than ever, more simply and singly, and finally becomes a regular contributor to the best magazines. If she cannot see, or, seeing, cannot remedy the defect, as far as literary success in the matter of writing is concerned, she fails.

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This does not necessitate turning away from the literary life. There are other sorts of literary work besides writing, and many Southern women who achieve no success in writing, and many who eventually achieve more than an ephemeral success, are industrious tillers of these literary fields. Readers for magazines and publishing houses, editors and literary advisers, can no more be done without than authors, and influences of circumstance and environment peculiarly fit the Southern woman for some of these departments of literary work.

MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

During these months, or years, she learns in heaviness of flesh and spirit unpresaged by those first lightfooted days that her letters of introduction gain her no more than a courteous hearing, and that this, in most cases, may be had for the asking. For editors, as a rule, are courteous if busy men, and always on the alert for new material in whatever shape it presents itself.

"This very courtesy," said one woman, "falsified the whole situation for me. I felt myself an honoured guest in a community eager to welcome me, the circumstances of my first rebuff confirming me in my delusion. Secure in the cordial interest with which some of the men most prominent in the newspaper, magazine, and publishing world had received me, I started off gaily one day to present a letter of introduction to the head of the ———— department of ——— the ——— branch of the ————. At the end of a long, cold ride during which I had stood up most of the time in a car full of men, a steep, narrow pair of steps brought me out upon a dirty landing flat up against a door on one side, and a dark, tunnel-like passage on the other. Repeated knocks elicited a voice from cavernous distances directing me to come in by the other door. This was at the extreme end of the tunnel passageway, and to a cry of 'What the devil do you keep on knocking for? Come in, I say, come in,' I opened it into a bare, light room of isolated spaces, files of newspapers, and a remote desk with a palely outlined face and figure behind it. Marks of habitation indicated my approach: a rickety washstand with a squinting looking-glass above it; a very dirty basin in which reeled a broken-nosed pitcher supported on one side by a chipped soap tray containing remnants of pallidly pink soap, and on the other, by a dingy twist of a towel; a much whittled table, an inkstand, dry and dusty, three or four decrepit chairs, and upon the wall, facing at right angles and within the immediate vision of the young gentleman—man is too robust a word to risk in juxtaposition with his faintly coloured personality—photographs, cheap lithographs, newspaper clippings, and illustrations of actresses, vaudeville artists, and prize fighters. The young gentleman's feet were on the desk, a cigarette between the edges of his straw-coloured moustache, and he himself in the only substantial-looking chair in the room. I thrilled to the situation—Inexperience and the Man of the World faced each other.'

"'What'll you have?' he asked without removing either feet or cigarette.

"'I should like a chair,' was my response.

"The Man of the World stared a moment in undisguised amazement, then, without rising, with a languid hand he pushed a chair towards Inexperience.

"'I have a letter to you from ——,' I said, and handed it to him.

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MISS BEATRICE STURGES.

"While he read it, I surveyed my surroundings with the complacent satisfaction of a justified ideal. This was what I had attuned myself to, what I had been looking for ever since I came to New York—the newspaper office and the newspaper man of fiction and my imagination. The only element wanting to Zola-like realism was myself; there was not an atom of awe in my whole composition—I was stupidly cool and at my ease. My roving eye was recalled by his folding up the letter and addressing me.

"'New York is a large place, a very large place, and the competition is enormous. People come here, particularly Southern people, expecting to find positions waiting to be picked up—why they're just lost in the crowd. And, of course, it's harder for a woman than for a man.'

"I could scarcely restrain my delight within inarticulate bounds. The very words of the play—as it were—and spoken with the kindly condescension that the Man of the World when his mood is kindly bestows upon Inexperience.

"'It *is* large,' I admitted abominably conscious that I was utterly failing to rise to the rôle set for me. Frightened! Why I hadn't been frightened since I came. There was no room for fright in the freshly crowding interest of each day.

"'Our paper is full, crowded, not a pinhole of an opening,' he assured me. And proceeded to enlarge upon the magnitude of the paper in a way that somehow focussed upon the magnitude of the men employed on it, winding up with, 'But you might possibly get something in the fashion line. Though,' with a corrective glance that embraced and condemned every detail of my modest toilet, 'I hardly think you'll find anything there.'

"Enjoyment ceased to be spectacular. 'But I don't want newspaper work,' I declared hardily.

"The Man of the World lifted his sketchy eyebrows.

"'Poetry,' he murmured with an air of patient resignation.

"'No,' shortly, 'literary articles'—I little knew the ineptness of my phrase—'and stories.'

"He roused into a flickering semblance of animation.

"'Ah! stories? I have done a little in that line myself. You should keep them down to three thousand or twenty-five hundred words—better still, one thousand—and always begin with dialogue.'

"And then he told me, with kindness and length, about a man named de Maupassant, a Frenchman, who had written

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

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a volume of short stories, *The Odd Number,* which I would do well to study —I could read them, they had been translated. And I was unaware that I proved my claim to the name with which I had derisively dubbed myself and to his attitude when I eagerly assured him that I had read de Maupassant in the original and that I thought Flaubert, etc., etc. I carried away with me a letter to the effect that I had 'a number of breezy sketches and stories to dispose of,' and a flourishing conceit which may be forgiven me because of its scorching pangs of dissolution."

DRAWING-ROOM OF ELIZABETH BISLAND (MRS. WETMORE) HOME.

But the Southern woman's life in New York is not wholly made up of literary aspiration and literary effort; there is a domestic side whose nondescript unconformity proves extraordinarily entertaining. Its very difference minimizes her difficulties by imparting to them the thrill of adventure—very much the same sort of thrill with which one suffers the inconveniences of a first trip abroad.

In roomkeeping, she is introduced to a condition of life she could never have approached within speaking distance of at home, and for a while enjoys it. The glamour of adventure, the impossibility of anybody's mistaking her position or intentions, the surface frankness of ineradicable reserve, and the relation of protector to dependent—one of slavery's relics in the South—impart to her intercourse with landladies, lodgers, and servants, an *opéra bouffe* quality of which she is happily unconscious.

"From the lodging-house to the flat," said Inexperience, "was the epoch-making period of once more having a home of my own. Having by this time begun to feel myself a naturalised citizen of New York, familiar with all the ways and tricks of it, an apartment house proved an undiscovered country. Everything was strange, delightfully strange, from the occult button which lightly pressed opened the front door four flights down, to the Brobdingnagian range monopolising one side of the kitchen, the dumb-waiter which divided the other side with a three-cornered closet and a stationary ice box, and the stationary tubs which with two doors and a window squeezed themselves into every other inch of wall space. There wasn't so much as a Cratchitt goose bone left over.

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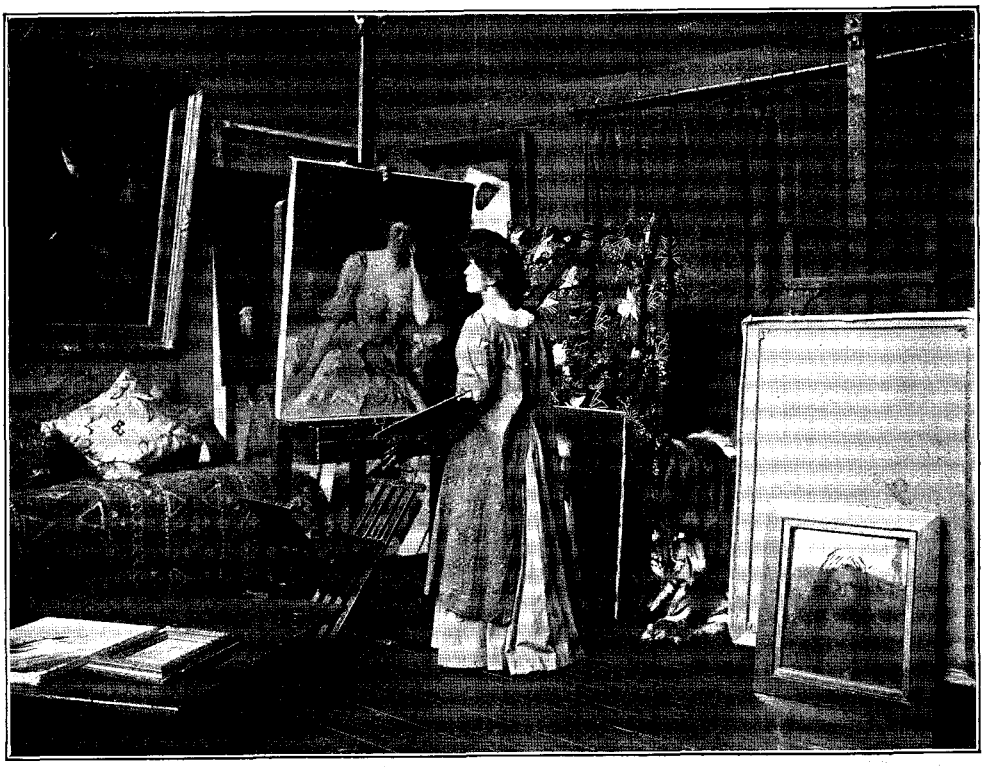
Seated at my tiny table, I could reach range, china closet, dumb-waiter, ice box, stationary tubs, everything except the window, and also enjoy (?) a change of climate without moving my chair. From the arctic pole of the dumb-waiter to the Tophet of the range there was less than the length of my two arms.

"But oh, the bliss of seclusion not bounded by four narrow walls, of sleeping in a bedstead—not a folding bed or a divan, or an Oxford couch, but in a real bedstead with a mattress on it that after a while I found myself taking them as much for granted as the foreign lady on one side of me who played the overture to 'Poet and Peasant' from eleven to two every day, making the same discords with a horrible inevitableness, and the baby and the phonograph on the other. Time developed in me a fine flower of gratitude to the musical lady—she had periods of intermission, and, between them, the baby and the phonograph had none.

"It was a little later that I began to



MISS HEUSTIS IN HER STUDIO.

proclaimed its identity by day in snowy counterpane and pillowcases, and had for its exclusive occupation a bedroom. The prejudiced or ignorant might have mistaken it for a closet, but enlightened by divers and sundry lodging houses I knew it a bedroom of comfortable dimensions and breathed in it the air of landed property and real estate.

"The 'Italian frescoes' in the entry were a horror to me at first, but use dinged them or familiarity blunted the sensitiveness of my æsthetic vision, for have a fellow feeling with the Irishman's excuse for keeping his pig in the cottage —'He pays the rent.' Living in New York was frightfully expensive, reviewing fluctuated and was poorly paid, a story might not be paid for for months after it was accepted, and so many were refused! One small radiator would not heat three rooms, and gas bills had a way of racing up, and coal cost twice as much by the scuttlefull as by the half ton. I learned that it takes money to economise. As the winter went on, that fel-

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lowship with the Irishman and his pig enlarged its sympathetic boundaries. I was congratulating myself upon having reached the place where reviewing can be made profitable, when through a change of editors I lost the position I considered permanent, reviewing done for another paper was never paid for, my stories came back thick and fast; hours of enlightenment jostled each other into bewilderment; I began to yawn over the editorial notes that once set me aflame with resolve. Overwork, insufficient food and heat and clothing. the

RUTH McENERY STUART.

nervous strain of trying to stretch one dollar to the capacity of five, the slow corrosion of repeated disappointments, had done their work. I had come to the Dark Tower which crushes a woman out of the ranks of the literary profession, unless she escapes from it into the reasonable rewards of her craft."

The list of those who have received these rewards is delightfully long, and at its head stands Viola Roseboro', more than one of whose short stories has the qualities of the classic, and whose finished workmanship places *The Joyous Heart* far without the limitations of a first novel.

Miss Roseboro' began life in New York as an actress. Fortunately for literature her health failed under the exactions of the actor's life. "Why don't you write?" a friend asked her when she was recovering from an attack of pneumonia, and making up her mind that she could not and would not return to the stage. "As soon as I was able to sit up, I wrote a little story which to my amazement was accepted. From that time I did nothing but write until I entered the McClure House as Reader." Here Miss Roseboro' was rapidly promoted to the important position she now holds, proving that imaginative work can be carried on side by side with the constant exercise of the critical and executive faculties.

A characteristic story is told of her dismissal and reinstatement on the same publication on the same afternoon during the first days of her struggle. The magazine changed hands and the new editor—who had never seen her before—informed Miss Roseboro' that he would not require her services after that day. When she handed in the day's work and received the salary due, she asked, "What will you pay me for space work?"

He looked at her a moment and answered, "You may come back to your desk to-morrow." And there she remained until she voluntarily left upon receiving a better offer.

Miss Roseboro' is also an illustration of the fact that circumstance brings out rather than determines character. The struggle that sometimes makes for a Scotch "nearness" has on the contrary opened her heart and purse to more than one young writer who had no claim upon her except that of great need and the community of womanhood and ideals. She lives at 130 West Ninetieth Street in a sunny apartment surrounded by the books she delights in and breathing the freedom of a mind open to conviction and susceptible to beauty.

"The idea of a literary life," said Martha McCulloch Williams, author of that delightful book *Next to the Ground*, "came to me when I was about five years old, curled up on the trundle-bed that used to be pushed under my mother's during the day. I thought that I would

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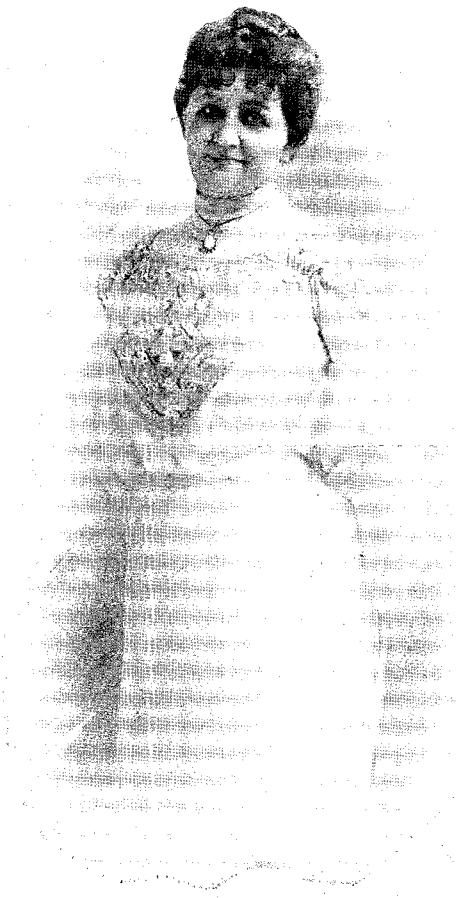
write a book, and the name of the heroine was to be Queen Abbotts of Appins. Where I got the name I don't know. My first actual story was dictated at six years of age, and was the first and last piece of dictation I have ever done; it was a tragic tale of blighted love ending with murder and suicide. As to my education, I am like the man who said he knew things because he was too lazy to forget them. If it had ever been any trouble to me to learn I should know nothing now. After that first story, I declined, and fell into verse until I was twenty.

"My first serious work was done for *Hearth and Home,* under the editorship of Mrs. Margaret Sangster and George Cary Eggleston; they accepted nineteen out of the first twenty articles I ever wrote. To make up for this, I have had, and still have, heaps of rejections; and if I ever publish a volume of short stories I intend to dedicate it to that patient and long-suffering entity, the American Editor, who by rejecting my own weight in manuscript has taught me how to tell a story.

"Of my life in New York I really have no story to tell. When I first came, I had a very hard time, but I was never oppressed by it—it was all too interesting. Within a few months after getting here, I sent to *Judge* a manuscript of negro dialect and impossible length. In returning it Mr. J. N. Gregory said they could not use that, but the dialect was so good that if I would send them some short things he would publish them. I got his letter at four o'clock, and after dinner I wrote him three squibs and felt richer than Rothschild when I got seven dollars for them. I have never presented a letter of introduction to an editor; on the contrary, to know one personally is immediately to dampen my inclination to offer him manuscripts. I am a housekeeper and cooking is my favourite recreation, and I have taught myself everything I know about both since I came to New York."

Elizabeth Bisland—Mrs. Charles W. Wetmore—declares that she belongs to three centuries—the eighteenth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth. "For my grandmother with whom I spent much of my childhood brewed her own medicines, distilled her own perfumes, and lived surrounded by the ceremony and observance of the past. And, yet, the life was large and simple; I remember a cousin's coming to spend the night and staying three years, and that nobody asked why he staid or why he went away.

"Almost before I was grown, I was thrust out of leisure into the life of journalism. I did reporting, and wrote verse, book reviews, and stories of



NANCY HUSTON BANKS.

all sorts and descriptions. One piece of reporting that stands out in my memory is a supper given to Joaquin Miller in New Orleans, which I attended as reporter, and where I was never once made to realise that I was the only woman present. After some years in New Orleans, I decided to come to New York. I arrived with fifty dollars in my pocket, and was advised by Mr. Chester Lord—who was everything that was courteous, considerate, and charm-

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SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT.

EULABEE DIX.

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ing—to go home. Finding that I was bent upon staying, he helped me to get work, and accepted himself the first thing that I had published here—a little sketch of a negro funeral. New York proved a great Opportunity; my work was accepted by *Puck*—though Mr. Bunner, under the impression that I was a man, did return my first article on the score that it was too masculine—the *Cosmopolitan, Harper's Bazaar,* and other leading magazines. After my trip around the world for the *Cosmopolitan,* I spent several years in London, where I saw all that was most delightful in the social and literary world, and at the same time wrote regularly for the magazines. What has been pointed out as a fault in my little book, *The Candle of Understanding,* was done with deliberate intention. I intended it as a picture of life, and in real life the influences of childhood detached though they are in fact from later years, are permanent growths which may be cut down but never uprooted."

The Candle of Understanding was written as the mood seized Mrs. Wetmore in the drawing-room at Applegarth, Centre Island, where all of her literary work is now done.

Beatrice Sturges, who at twenty-eight, has been for more than three years editor of The Saturday Magazine of the *Mail and Express* was born in Tennessee and brought up in Georgia.

"Even as a little girl at school in Atlanta I wanted to write, and when at eighteen I found that I had to earn my living, I determined to come to New York and try to get on a paper. My first position was with Mr. Harrison Fiske on *The Dramatic Mirror.* 'I don't want somebody who can write,' Mr. Fiske said, 'but I do want an intelligent stenographer who can spell and punctuate.' Our interview resulted in Mr. Fiske's telling me that if I would learn stenography he would give me a position. At the end of three months I was ready to begin my work. At first I did only the stenography, then I was made Exchange Reader, and later I founded 'The Observer,' a department of theatrical jottings and criticism. I left *The Dramatic Mirror* to become Assistant Editor of *Peterson's Magazine.* I had been there two years when the magazine failed, and then, when I thought I was made in New York, I had to begin all over again. That was my hardest time. I must have applied to every newspaper and magazine in the city before I got a position in a publishing house which before I resigned it—the position, not the publishing house—had virtually become the head of the book-making department. And, oh, it is such fascinating work to see a book grow from a manuscript into a bound volume when you have superintended every inch of its growth! Four years ago I went to the *Mail and Express* as reporter, and six months later I was made Editor of the Saturday Magazine. Do I like the work? I love it! It is so exciting to live in the midst of things—you feel as if you were really doing something. One advantage I have always had; my mother came here with me and we have never been separated a day since."

But there are other Southern women in New York who have known little or nothing of the material side of literary struggle. Ruth McEnery Stuart's first stories—*Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson* and *Uncle Mingo's Speculations*—published before she came to New York, made for her an audience that has steadily increased until now there is no woman whose work is more widely known and loved, and whose personality has a further reaching influence.

"I came to New York," she said, laughing, "solely on a visit of inquiry; I wanted to see things for myself, and—I stayed."

It is, perhaps, to her blending Scotch and Irish ancestry that Mrs. Stuart's keen and delicate humour and intellectual poise may be traced—the broad sanity that invigorates her work and makes association with her the "human intercourse" which Hamerton defines as "that most helpful element of the spiritual and intellectual life." The mother who upon reading *Sonny* asked when she was going to write "Sissy," "Because I have a little girl, too," epitomises the individual quality of Mrs. Stuart's books just as the eclectic length and breadth of her visiting list, of those who seek and desire her socially, bears unconscious testimony to a spontaneity that gives out freely in one evening of social life enough wit, wise views of life, and clever anecdote for two

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or three magazine articles; while her friends know "there's still a warmer place within" where need and sorrow receive as quick and sympathetic response as jest and laughter.

Mrs. Stuart has, however, one irremediable fault—she will *not* talk about herself. The only personal word to be got out of her was, "But you see I have never done anything big—I have never written a great book; my work has been just simple little stories." Does she forget that these "simple little stories" have given her a permanent place in literature as the interpreter of a race whom most writers have idealised or distorted, and as a writer whose vision is large and keen and tender enough to balance and proportion the pathos and the humour of daily living? The days of *The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen* and *Moriah's Mourning* are unnumbered.

The author of *Jerry* was spending the winter—her first winter in New York—with Mrs. Stuart at her apartment in Twenty-seventh Street when *Moriah's Mourning* was written.

"We had met but once before, in New Orleans," said Miss Elliott, but when she found that I was looking for an abiding place, she said quickly, "Come here." It is needless to say that I was only too glad to cast in my lot with her. That winter I wrote for the Harpers two of the short stories now contained in *An Incident and Other Happenings, Miss Maria's Revival* and *Faith and Faithfulness.* Occasionally Mrs. Stuart and I read bits to each other; Mrs. Stuart reading me *Moriah's Mourning.* When she came to the speech, 'Fringe is no mo'nin'er 'en bows,' I clapped my hands with delight and cried, 'No one but a negro could have thought of that—it is wonderful!' Over which outburst and heart-deep compliment we both laughed very heartily. Listening to *Miss Maria,* Mrs. Stuart paid me the compliment of wiping her eyes.

"That winter in New York stands out in many ways. It was then that I renewed my friendship with Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, that I met Mr. Cable, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Samuel Minturn Peck, Mrs. Margaret Sangster, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman—whose greeting was to shake my hand cordially and say 'So this is you, "Jerry" Elliott?' A name that has become my name among my friends. I met also Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Custer, Mr. Alfred Bigelow Paine, and many others of the Guild of Writers; while Mrs. Candace Wheeler and her daughter, Mrs. Keith, our near neighbours and most friendly friends stand out as high lights in the pleasant picture.

"The next winter — 1896-97 — Mrs. Stuart's sister having moved to New York, I took up my abode at 88 Madison Avenue, a very unboarding-house-like boarding house filled with pleasant people. Since then my winters have been spent at the same place, where I have managed to combine my working life as a writer with a most delightful social life. It was during the winter of 1897-98 that I became a member of the Wednesday Afternoon Club, and was asked to read something of my own at one of the East Side Settlements. Never having read in public, I sought for some one who could tell me something about my voice. This threw me with Miss Maud Hosford, a finished actress and a past master in the knowledge of the voice and all its needs, and eventually resulted in our collaboration in a play. This is a new field and a most interesting one, and I hope for success. I had been elected, meanwhile, a member of Barnard Club, where I met all the writers I had ever known, and a number of others equally delightful. Indeed, I had no struggle in New York, for from the Colonial Dames out through all the many and delightful circles that have given me welcome, I have found nothing but the most cordial hospitality and the most warm-hearted friendship."

(*To be concluded.*)

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HENRY WATTERSON.

THE publication of a volume of essays and addresses by Mr. Henry Watterson serves to call general attention to the career of one who for a long time has been a public character and who in his own section of the country has exercised an appreciable influence upon American politics. It is, of course, solely as an editor that Mr. Watterson demands consideration. The volume now before us* contains some passages of interest; and the essay on Abraham Lincoln is well worth reading as representing the well-considered and matured opinions of a typical Southern man. Yet, as a speaker and essayist, Mr. Watterson would never have become known outside of his own vicinity. It is in the editorial office of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that he has made his name familiar to intelligent Americans.

It is usual to speak of Mr. Watterson as the last survivor of those old-time editors whose personality was so powerful as to make the editorial utterances of their journals appear to be always the dicta of individuals. To-day, the newspaper has swallowed up the editor. Few persons outside of the guild of journalism can name the editors of even half a dozen great American papers. In fact, the modern newspaper has no editor in the old sense—a man whose personal power was felt in every department of his paper, one whose subordinates trembled at his frown and rejoiced at his slightest word of praise, one who impressed upon them even the characteristics of his style so inevitably as to make them, under his pervasive influence, write precisely as he wrote. In the old days, in quoting a great newspaper, men remarked "Dana says so-and-so" or "Greeley says so-and-so"; for the *Sun* was always Dana, and the *Tribune* was always Greeley. You could not think of the paper as dissociated from its editor. The newspaper spoke with the voice of a man and of a man who had strength, aggressiveness, and courage, even though these qualities were coupled very often with prejudice and passion, and at times with actual vindictiveness. But it was all clean cut and positive and pungent; and there were no muffled tones, no backing and filling, no cowardice or cringing. The press was a power then, and the readers of a great newspaper swore by the utterances of its editor and they followed him whithersoever he might choose to lead.

In these days of ours, personality has evaporated from nearly all our journals. The editor is a composite rather than an individual, or else he is the owner's hired man who must write as he is ordered, eat his own words at a moment's notice, and lick his master's boots. And this is why to-day men quote the newspaper and not the editor, and why the opinions which they do quote have very little influence on their minds. The news department and the counting-room are the only important divisions of a typically modern journal. It is, therefore, because of the scarcity of journalists and newspapers of the old school, that Mr. Watterson's editorial personality deserves a brief consideration. Not that he represents the highest development that was attained under the old régime. He is very far from doing that. But, take him all in all, he is a characteristic specimen, sufficient for purposes of demonstration and of illustration.

Of the editors who belonged to the individualistic period of American newspaper development, Greeley, Dana, and Godkin stand alone and at the very summit. Greeley's position is perhaps less sure than that of the other two; for, while his influence was quite as great as theirs, it was the sort of influence that could have been exerted only in the days of a crude civilisation. Greeley was a self-taught man, and he made all the blunders and committed all the absurdities of which a self-made man is capable. He succeeded in becoming a power by sheer vehemence and passion; while Dana and Godkin added to native force the gifts which are bestowed by a very high degree of intellectual attainment. Thus, in controversy, Greeley wielded a huge club which he often swung wildly and

**The Compromises of Life.* By Henry Watterson. New York: Pitts, Duffield & Co.

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with which he often missed the mark. Dana's weapon of offense was, as it were, a supple, wicked, black-snake whip which he used with an almost infernal skill, now just flicking his victim at the very tenderest point of his anatomy in such a manner as to remove the skin and leave a raw, bare, tortured spot, and now laying on the lash full length across the quivering flesh until the great, livid, bloody weals rose up to mark the sufferer's agony. Godkin's weapon was a stiletto, as fine as any needle; and when he drove it deep into an antagonist, its point was always tipped with a poisoned irony, mordant and corrosive, and inflicting what at first appeared to be a pin-prick, but which became an incurable and festering wound.

American journalism produced no names that can be bracketed with these. Raymond and Thurlow Weed, and Prentice and Bowles, and Mordecai Noah were very able but inferior in every way; while men such as the elder Bennett, Beach and his sons, J. Watson Webb, and most of their contemporaries were often more like mediæval bravos stalking about brazenly and defying both public sentiment and the amenities of private life, with absolute indifference. Their brawls which were carried on with a freedom of language which to-day would make men gasp and stare, elicited from Dickens a memorable paragraph in his *American Notes:*

"Good strong stuff; dealing in round abuse and blackguard names; pulling off the roofs of private houses as the Halting Devil did in Spain; pimping and pandering for all degrees of vicious taste; . . . scaring away from the stabbed and prostrate body-politic every Samaritan of clear conscience and good deeds; and setting on, with yell and whistle and the clapping of foul hands, the vilest vermin and worst birds of prey."

Mr. Henry Watterson succeeded George D. Prentice as editor of what was then the Louisville *Courier.* Prentice was a New England man, a graduate of Brown University, and was subsequently trained for the legal profession; but at the age of twenty-six he had made his home in Kentucky and had fully identified himself with the people of that State, being in politics a Southern Whig. He made the Louisville *Courier* exceedingly well known, not, however, so much by his political leaders as by the inexhaustible and really delightful wit which found expression in a multitude of short, brilliant paragraphs. These were quoted all over the United States, and a large number of them were subsequently published in a volume which may even now be read with pleasure and genuine amusement. Prentice, indeed, was in temperament, training and style totally unlike his American contemporaries; and he was in particular the antithesis of Mr. Watterson, who succeeded him, and under whom the *Courier* and the *Journal* were first consolidated.

From the outset, Henry Watterson was not only a typical editor of his time, but a typical Southern editor. His appeal has been always made not to reason or logic nor by means of argument, but to emotion and prejudice, and with an excess of somewhat rabid rhetoric. The processes of reason, indeed, have no part whatever in Mr. Watterson's editorial writing. He is all feeling and there is something almost feminine in the intensity of his shrieking utterances. In this respect he bears no small resemblance to Horace Greeley; for when Greeley was aroused he used to fling himself at his desk with a volley of oaths emitted in a piping treble, and then scrawl down a violent diatribe in which epithet was more conspicuous than wisdom. His favourite and famous ejaculation, "You lie, you villain, and you know you lie!" is characteristic not only of him but of the whole school of journalism to which he belonged and of which Mr. Watterson survives as a minor and at the same time exaggerated type. For if any one ever opposes Mr. Watterson, or disputes the validity of his opinions, or even courteously points out a flaw in his manner of expression, the Kentucky editor never seeks to meet argument with argument, or to overcome proof with counter-proof; but he flies into a towering passion, and at once proceeds to hurl such epithets as "ass!" "fool!" "liar!" and "scoundrel!" at the head of his opponent. As you read what he writes, you seem to see the bloodshot eyes, the furious face, the shaking hands of the old frontiersman reaching down into his bootleg for the hidden bowie knife. You are carried back to the early days of the Southwest when purely impersonal questions of public

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policy were settled by stabbing and nose-slitting and the gouging out of eyes. You never for a moment would suppose that there was a reasonable being back of all these frantic yells and furious maledictions, but you are transported into the presence of the primitive woodsman between whom and his natural enemy, the red Indian, there was only the very slightest line of mental demarcation.

All this accurately represents the attitude of those who have reached only the most elementary stage of civilisation. One would like to have a chat with Mr. Watterson in some of his milder moments and ask him whether he really thinks that there is any force or power in this kind of controversial writing. For whatever he may think, it really shows a lamentable weakness. In the face of a trained antagonist this inarticulate raving is seen to be only the furious impotence of the savage, fighting with bare hands against the civilised opponent armed with a repeating rifle. For, when you differ from Mr. Watterson's assertions and he retorts that you are a fool, and when you advocate a measure of which he disapproves and he screams out that you are a thief, these cheap abusive epithets have no more weight and they carry no more conviction than the hoots of a little blackguard boy secreted behind an ash barrel, or the scabrous words which degenerates scrawl in a latrine.

And so, as a publicist, while Mr. Watterson has won for himself a hearing and while he may even influence the action of those who possess that low order of intelligence to which mere rant appeals, he has shown none of the steadiness and sobriety that produce permanent results. When the Democratic party came into complete possession of the Government in 1893, upon the direct and definite issue of tariff reduction, Mr. Watterson might have done good work in rallying his fellow partisans to the support of genuine reform—reform which he in his florid way had personified as a "star-eyed goddess." But he could not keep his personal feelings out of questions of pure statesmanship. He acquired a bitter personal dislike of President Cleveland, whose common sense and unemotional ways seemed coldblooded to the fiery Kentuckian. And so he gave full play to his feeling, and shared with the sly Gorman the discredit of burking the one measure which could have prolonged his party's hold on power. But in fact, Mr. Watterson is not in his element as a serious party adviser. He has no constructive power. He is most in his element when he is scribbling paragraphs with joyous irresponsibility, cracking poor jests and fulminating wild and impossible charges against all who do not feel as he does.

To what depths he is capable of sinking is seen in the manner of his opposition to the Panama Canal. An editor who wrote from the standpoint of a reasonable man would have attempted to show some reason why that particular route should not be chosen. But Mr. Watterson felt that he had quite sufficiently disposed of the whole question when he had hit upon the brilliant device of always mentioning M. Bunau-Varilla as "Vanilla Bean." That was Mr. Watterson's personal contribution to the discussion of a subject of international importance, and it is possible that some of his readers may really have believed that he had done a clever thing. When Congress voted $40,000,000 to pay the French shareholders for their claims, Mr. Watterson almost dissolved in a flux of words. He said that the whole sum was to be divided between two sets of thieves —$20,000,000 for the thieves in France, and $20,000,000 for the thieves in Washington. He pictured "the grey wolves of the Senate" as standing about and hungrily licking their chops at the prospect of such spoil. Of course, Mr. Watterson was drawing wholly on his trained imagination. Of course, the payment to the French shareholders was made only after a careful consideration of the equity of the case. Of course, Mr. Watterson had not the slightest reason for calling the transaction in question, except that he had advocated the Nicaragua route. And of course he really meant nothing by his preposterous charges except that he was much displeased. But that phrase of his about the grey wolves was rather picturesque, and after he had written it he probably felt that, from the point of view of his kind of journalism, he had made a hit to which his exchanges would give a general notice—as they did.

He is a curious study, this survival of a type now almost totally extinct. There

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is something rather full-blooded about the man, whose editorial work is none the less suggestive of a child's unreasoning impulse. He represents the opposite extreme from the colourless and syndicated journalism of the twentieth century; but when we study the two together and in comparison, we come to entertain the hope that same day an American newspaper will be born that shall discover and hold fast a golden mean.

Harry Thurston Peck.

A SHIELD REVERSED.

THROUGHOUT the long day Lloyd was an independent command, with full power to establish his base of operations at will. Indeed, as his modest personal equipment comprised "such proportions of all arms of the service as to be self-sustaining," he might have cited the language of the little brown volume entitled: "Troops in Campaign," to show that he was, in effect, a complete army corps from sun-up till nightfall.

Afterward, when darkness had cast her protecting wings about him, Lloyd would slip from some secret place of vantage, taking cover of log and hummock and dry water course, until he was safely within a circle of campfires. There his individuality ceased; or was merged, for some hours, within that peculiar factor of his country's military service, the sharpshooters attached to the Army of the Potomac.

For days his work had been monotonously nerve racking. The two armies stretched across the land like sinuous, malignant reptiles, from whose every scale deadly venom might be hurled without a moment's warning. Picket narrowly eyed picket; vidette confronted vidette, and constantly the sharpshooters waged their particular form of irritating, terrifying slaughter; seeking at times the death of expert riflemen within the opposing lines, but still oftener devoting their deadly skill toward the enemy's officers — those more shining marks, whose striking down should carry a certain demoralisation to the mass.

Each morning Lloyd and his immediate fellows were inspected and assigned to duty by a ceremony that drillmasters of the European school would have regarded as most naively "American." When breakfast—or what passed for it—was over, a tall, sun-burnt man, noticeable chiefly for his wonderfully clear, china-blue eyes, would shamble into their little group, his right hand fondling the long Henry rifle that reposed in the crook of his left elbow.

"Canteens full, boys?" he would call out, softly, and then after a glance around the circle of nodding heads:

"Biscuits for all day—everybody?" Twelve heads jerked assent and the inspection was complete.

"Come on, then; we'll hunt our holes." The force had its assignment, and without Colonel, Adjutant or Sergeant Major respectively to plan, issue orders or make details.

It is probable that there was none other in that band of men, who saw the day's work through precisely such eyes as Lloyd possessed. It was exacting service; physically hard, apart from the mental strain of making up a gruesome daily tally of death, and the reasonable certainty that some other sharpshooter across the line would, sooner or later, discover through the betraying blue puffs from one's own rifle, the fateful route along which a bullet would find a heart.

That Lloyd's strong, purposeful disposition was not greatly affected either by the deadly August heat when he was ensconsed in a sparse tree-top, or the stifling dustiness of the "sacred soil" when he lay prone under cover of a log, was doubtless due, primarily, to a powerful, uplifting sense of the right and justice of his cause. To this young medical student who had abandoned books for the battle ground, Truth, uncompromising, inherent Truth, was more than the far-away glimmer of a guiding star. She was a sentent, very real goddess, worthy of a lifetime's devotion, and whenever clearly manifest to men, to be followed unswervingly—unquestioningly. In this war he had never doubted

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that Truth herself had shown the right; there was, there could be, no argument for the other side.

Perhaps it was this tendency to attribute personality to abstract characterisations that had much to do with Lloyd's fine development along several important lines; that there were self-created mentors ever at his elbow—like embodied Virtues who peremptorily warned, held back, or beckoned him on, though he would have scornfully derided any suggestion that there was aught of the mystic in his make-up. And yet it was just because of this individual viewpoint that he had been vastly pleased when, late in his school life, he happened on these lines in Arbuthnot:

"'Oh Truth divine, enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way.'"

Boy-like, he had scribbled the couplet on the title page of many of his books, and it marked the beginning of his admiration for that whimsical physician; philosopher-poet of a past era—a private cultus whose warmth must have vastly astonished the wandering shade of its object, did it ever hover near this enthusiastic young disciple. Nor was it Lloyd's nature to seek, or to initiate a companion devotee, but rather he felt that by his exhaustive reading of this old author, that he was a man somewhat apart from his fellows; distinguished, as it were, by the fact that he loved and appreciated Arbuthnot.

And so, while there had been no outward sign—save for the couplet's presence in each especially treasured book, a powerful life impulse was evolved from the favoured quotation, and when he confronted for himself the crucial problem that had crystallised redly into War, its message loomed largely in the thoughts that daily, hourly, strengthened and sustained him. Even now, buttoned within his blue blouse was a little prayer book, whose first page bore two legends. In one a woman's delicate, trembling hand had confided her son to God's grace and goodness. The other, written bolder, firmer, but none the less reverently, was Lloyd's rule of life and faith.

It was because he felt himself to be the personification, in some degree, of Truth, Right and Justice, that he continued, unwearied, to adjust the delicate sights of his marvellous rifle; that he peered for hours across the shimmering, heat-blurred fields; that when the chance came he sped quick death to the other side. There was neither exultation nor wrath in Lloyd's heart as he made each target sure; he knew not the savage joy of the natural warrior, nor the sorrow a gallant fighter feels when he sees his opponent fall and knows that he has stilled a heart forever. It was simply a part of the huge, awful, but very necessary method for teaching the enemy that his course was wrong—eternally wrong—and that rebellion must be made odious.

But, perhaps, late one afternoon, Lloyd began to feel a marked personal resentment toward one of the enemy's sharpshooters. Over there, somewhere in the corner of a worm fence, shaded by a few low bushes, someone was palpably showing him a great deal of attention. It was at a most inopportune time, Lloyd felt, for he had brought down one officer that day, and believed from the direction that had been taken by a group of others, that he would have some exceptional opportunities when they should come riding back.

But now this fellow had slipped into a good location, and was coolly making Lloyd's position almost untenable. The thought enraged him, and if his state of mind had been truly analysed, it would doubtless have indicated that the course of Justice was being hampered; was being unwarrantably impeded, for one of three things might happen very soon: Lloyd might be killed; he might kill the man behind the fence, or he might shoot at him and miss. The first proposition meant, unquestionably, the safe return of the officers. The second might disclose Lloyd's position to others, who, for all he knew to the contrary, were watching the work of the sharpshooter on the other side. The third, similarly, might betray the fact—all for nothing—that Lloyd was still perched in that pine tree's ragged top.

He had, therefore, not dared to fire for more than two hours. The sun was slowly gliding down into the west, and though Lloyd made neither sound nor motion, spurts of bluish vapour came at irregular intervals from the fence corner, presaging the ominous hiss of a ball

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which either died away swiftly behind him with a spiteful, insect-like humming, or buried itself in the tree trunk near him with a startling, vicious impact. Still Lloyd made no sign, while the sun sank lower and lower, and the light changed from a splendid glare to soft, all-pervading rose, and then, as he watched, he saw a movement on the other side. A man in grey clothes was worming himself away—toward his camp—certain in the belief that he had been wasting good powder and ball for three long hours, but yet still cautious; still playing the game according to the rules.

Lloyd realised that his chance at any more officers was gone for that day. But here was a shot to his hand. Not a notable quarry to lay low—just a modest consolation prize. Easily he extended his rifle along the branch and took aim. There was not a quiver in the air—no need for wind gauge or even a careful adjustment of the spirit level. Indeed, he did not take the trouble to use his peep sight, but glanced expertly along the open bearings and pulled the trigger. Over on the other side he saw the man start convulsively to his feet, swing partly around and fall heavily.

On the following morning Lloyd was early aroused by his bunk mate, who had been himself awake long enough to hear most important news. In the night the army that had lain before them for days had slipped away.

"And us fellows are to go forward," he concluded, "to see if it's a retreat or only a feint."

Lloyd sat up, blinking his eyes. "It's a retreat," he said, solemnly. "It's the beginning of the end—mark my words." This was early in the war years, and there was less belief, later, in prophetic spirits. Then springing to his feet, Lloyd joyously harangued his somewhat astonished comrade to the effect that while Truth had been held back for a time, she could never be defeated. That she was even now bursting her shackles, and was coming into her own. "We have only to follow her devotedly," he cried with ringing enthusiasm, and while his bunkie gaped his bewilderment, Lloyd quoted, exultingly:

"'Oh Truth divine, enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way.'"

Half an hour later, a thin line of sharpshooters was being deployed across the space that up to the previous night had been part of that neutral ground known technically as "between the lines." Lloyd found himself advancing in almost a direct course from the tree he had occupied the day before, and with some sense of repugnance realised that he was approaching the angle of a worm fence, which was shaded by some low bushes. A moment's reflection, however, assured him that the body—if there was one there—had probably been cared for by the other side. A comparatively new recruit, he had as yet seen neither prisoners, nor, at close range, any of the enemy's dead.

But as he climbed the fence he recognised a grey object huddled in a little hollow, perhaps fifty feet away from him. It was too late to turn aside now, and with white, rigid features he moved forward. Lying there was a man who had died quickly, but who had met death open-eyed. The slouch hat had fallen from his fair, curling hair. Lloyd felt his heart throbbing wildly at the sight of that dead man's head, for had the two men been brothers there could have been no greater resemblance betwen Lloyd's soft curls and those before him. The youthful face, too, was as refined and studious. Advancing a little he saw that the body was lying easily on one side, and it seemed that when consciousness had left those eyes, that they had been resting on a little book which was still lying in one half-closed hand. Within, on the open page, lay a photograph—that of a young woman; a dark, stately beauty.

With trembling fingers Lloyd raised the volume and saw that the picture was lying on the fly leaf of a prayer book, which bore its owner's name. Beneath, written in a firm, flowing hand he read:

"Oh Truth divine, enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way."

William Harley Porter.

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TWELVE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I.

AUSTIN DOBSON'S "FANNY BURNEY."*

IT would be difficult to conceive two people more happily met as author and subject of a book than Mr. Austin Dobson and Fanny Burney. Mr. Dobson's affection for the eighteenth century has been of great advantage to that century and to himself. It has given him a peculiar niche in literature from which he is not likely to be dislodged, and it has powerfully led the reaction, supervening upon another reaction, which has in our time rehabilitated that unpicturesque but sterling age. No one individual of course, can adequately represent so long a period; but Mr. Dobson could not have found a better representative of the lighter aspects of its latest or Georgius Tertius phase than dear Fanny Burney, a delightful and charming nature when in her girlhood she played kitten to Dr. Johnson, and wrote *Evelina,* "because," as Daddy Crisp told her, "you could not help it"; an interesting figure still when, the reverse of her old literary self, perpetrating the most astounding examples of corrupt and inflated diction in her old age. The result is a thoroughly delightful book, which, even if *Evelina* were not republished (a contingency most unlikely under the present dispensation of revived taste for the things of the eighteenth century), would alone hand Fanny Burney on to the next generation. It is a curious consideration how much her reputation owes directly to criticism, and indirectly to the lamentable literary aberrations of her later years. Their abominable style encouraged the malignant attack of Croker, whose evil star frequently led him into collision with ladies from which he could not possibly derive any honour, and from which he reaped nothing but disgrace. This onslaught produced the generous protest of Macaulay, who did not endeavour to defend Madame D'Arblay where she was indefensible, but vindicated her so successfully on other points, and paid off his old enemy Croker with such gusto, as to carry her name triumphantly forward until the general revival of interest in our early novelists.

Whether Fanny Burney's better writings do or do not continue to be read, her place in the history of English fiction will always be high from her fortunate position as the first classical female novelist. She had predecessors, some, as Aphra Behn, of considerable merit, but from one cause or another they are now all unreadable. She laid the foundation for the more refined and subtle art of Jane Austen, and though she in no respect anticipated the passion of a Charlotte Brontë or the wisdom and intellectual strength of a George Eliot, she paved the way for these by inspiring for, and raising the standard of, female fiction. *Evelina* and *Cecilia,* if not widely read in future ages, will always be treasured as documents of their own. The extraordinary pomposity of their successors was, we fear, principally to be attributed to a decay of invention and fancy which the authoress unwisely strove to hide by an affected manner well characterised by the celebrated definition of "donnishness" as "a carriage of the body assumed to cover the defects of the mind." Yet it may be extenuated by the consideration that it was not peculiar to Madame D'Arblay, but coincided with the degeneracy of a considerable section of English literature. The Della Cruscan school and the poetry of Erasmus Darwin had come into being since Madame D'Arblay had begun to write, and what is now universally ridiculed was then generally admired. Something, too, may be ascribed to the malign influence of Miss Seward, then a popular writer. We are not deeply versed in this lady's works, but a delectable passage on the immersion of Dr. Darwin in the Trent, rescued from oblivion by the late Samuel Butler, resembles, while much surpassing in its own line, the passage on Dr. Burney's blindness quoted from Madame D'Ar-

*"Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay)." By Austin Dobson. English Men of Letters Series. 2s. (Macmillan.)

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blay's memoirs of her father made by Mr. Dobson:—"This sharp infliction, however, though it ill recompensed his ethereal flight, by no means checked his literary ambition; and the ardour which was cooled for gazing at the stars, soon seemed doubly reanimated for the music of the spheres."

Fine writing of this species ruined what might have been a most valuable book in the Memoirs, but happily did not extend to Madame D'Arblay's own Diary, of which Mr. Dobson most justly says:

> It has all the graphic picturesqueness, all the dramatic interest, all the objective characterisation, all the happy faculty of "making her descriptions alive," which constitute the charm of the best passages in *Evelina*. But it has the further advantage that it is true, and that it deals with real people. We know them more intimately than Mr. Briggs, believe in them more implicitly than in Captain Mirvan, and laugh at them more honestly than at *Madame French*. The Diary of Madame D'Arblay deserves to rank with the great diaries of literature. It is nothing that it is egotistical, for egotism is of its essence; it is nothing that it is minute, its minuteness enforces the impression. It gives us a gallery of portraits which speak and move, and a picture of society which we recognise as substantially true to life.

The general liveliness of the Diary is, however, contrasted by really tragic passages, the martyrdom of Fanny Burney under the rigidity and ungeniality of court life, and the homely but terrible tragedy of the King's insanity. It must be owned that the former is considerably relieved by the unconscious comedy of the situation. We hardly know whether most to pity poor Fanny's parlous state, to laugh at its absurdity, or to scold her for her stupendous but innocent snobbishness. The ultimate situation when, utterly worn out, she departs, an object of condemnation to all right-minded persons, and partly to herself, for not having *quite* laid down her life in Her Majesty's service, can only be compared to that of the canons in Sydney Smith's apologue, whose dinners were eaten by the bishops, and were pelted by the mob because they had not thrown them out. The episode of the King's insanity is an impressive lesson how an undignified person may be dignified by misfortune. We think that Mr. Dobson is hasty in concluding that the Prince of Wales's tears sprang merely from his revered father having knocked the future monarch's head against the wall. The incident had its share, no doubt; but the tears may well have sprung from genuine feeling as well. George the Fourth was not, like some of the other Princes, stupid and boorish, his nature was excessively emotional, and, notwithstanding his native shrewdness, easily influenced for good or ill. Had there been a Dean Stanley at his father's Court he might have been a far different man.

Apropos of Talleyrand, who was known to Madame D'Arblay during his exile in England, Mr. Dobson mentions a scathing attack upon him as among the few prose writings of Rossetti. We have not referred to this, but may remark that it was Talleyrand's misfortune to be obnoxious to persons of genius. There is hardly anything in literature to rival in its way the sustained and terrible invective of George Sand in the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*. That Talleyrand had, after all, saved his country, the eloquent novelist considered of no importance, or more probably did not know.

Richard Garnett.

II.

THE BOOK OF THE SHORT STORY.*

A BOOK that pretends to be scholarly must, in order to be considered seriously, possess one at least of two merits. Either it must add to our previous knowledge of its subject, or else it must simply summarise that knowledge and set it forth clearly, completely, and with ample illustration.

Not long ago Mr. Alexander Jessup and Mr. Henry Seidel Canby put forth a volume bearing the pretentious title of *The Book of the Short Story*. The title is mistaken. The volume is neither *the* book of the short story nor even *a* book of the short story; because its introduction tells us nothing that we did not know before, because only nine of the eighteen narratives which it reprints are

* *The Book of the Short Story*. Edited by Alexander Jessup and Henry Seidel Canby. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company, 1903. Pp. viii. + 507.

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short stories in form, the other nine being novels, novelettes, or episodes, and because the long list of "representative" short stories which it contains is made up for the most part of examples of other kinds of fiction. Thus, instead of adding to our knowledge of its very interesting subject, the book serves merely to cloud and confuse the information that we already possessed. This is unfortunate, in a book that pretends to be scholarly.

The sources of our knowledge of the special attributes of the short story as a literary form are primarily two. One of these is Edgar Allan Poe's perpetually quoted review of *Hawthorne's Tales,* written in 1842; the other is Professor Brander Matthews's well-known essay on *The Philosophy of the Short-story,* originally printed in 1885. Poe suggested implicitly what Professor Matthews was the first to state explicitly,—namely, that the short story differs from the novel not only quantitatively but also qualitatively, not only in length but also in kind. Since 1885 many writers have reiterated Professor Matthews's points; but no one added materially to our understanding of the subject until Mr. Bliss Perry published his essay on the short story in 1902. Mr. Perry, following in the footsteps of Poe and Professor Matthews, developed their ideas and told us much about the inherent capabilities and defects of the form.

Lack of space prevents a quotation of the statements of these three authorities; but the results of their labours may be summarised in a sentence. *The aim of a short story is to produce a single narrative effect—an effect either of character or of action or of setting—with the greatest economy of means that is consonant with the utmost emphasis.* This definition is the present writer's and has never before been formulated in these terms; but it is believed to be in harmony with the views of the three critics that have been cited.

This is what we all knew about the short story as a literary form before Mr. Jessup and Mr. Canby published their volume with the large title. Now, in the introduction to this volume, Mr. Canby, as has been said, tells us nothing new. Furthermore, he does not even set forth clearly and completely the thoughts with which preceding critics had already made us familiar. He gives only a passing mention to Poe and never refers to Professor Matthews or Mr. Perry. Starting out in ignorance, or else in neglect, of the labours of his predecessors, he wavers through many pages and wanders through much that is extraneous before he arrives at a definition similar to those with which we were already familiar, but not so concise, compact, and emphatic.

This introduction, however,—flimsy as it is,—is the best thing in *The Book of the Short Story.* The series of tales which makes up the bulk of the book is of no critical value, because exactly fifty per cent. of the stories are not short stories at all, as the form is defined in the introduction. There might have been some excuse for this defect in the earlier parts of the volume if the short story, in the modern critical sense of the term, had not existed from the earliest times. There are numerous examples of the species in ancient literature, however; and if the editors had searched a little longer, they might have chanced upon them. If instead of reprinting the romance of "Ruth" they had given us the parable of the "Prodigal Son," which in spirit and in form is as perfect an example of the short story as any masterpiece of Hawthorne or Daudet [I mention Daudet on purpose, as the editors of *The Book of the Short Story* seem unaware of the fact that he is one of the greatest masters of the form]; and if instead of giving us the story of Cupid and Psyche they had reprinted Professor Peck's translation of "The Matron of Ephesus,"—a story less beautiful, it is true, but better suited to the purpose; and if—— but why multiply suggestions of what might have been?

The weakest thing about *The Book of the Short Story,* however, is its loose list of representative tales. This list is an unscholarly conglomeration of many works of brief fiction both in prose and in verse. The list does not follow the lines laid down in the introduction; and therefore we need not be surprised to find that it contains many more novels and novelettes than short stories. It is surprising, however, that some of the best short stories of the nineteenth century should not be included in a list so elastic as to admit any sort of fiction.

If the volume were prettily printed, it

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might well be recommended as a gift book to people whose library of fiction is small; for it contains eighteen very interesting narratives which it is a pleasure to read. But this is its only merit; as a work of scholarship, or as a contribution toward a complete critical understanding of the short story, it cannot be considered seriously.

Clayton Hamilton.

III.

DR. HALE'S "WE, THE PEOPLE."*

IN this interesting series of papers on topics of to-day Dr. Hale has presented his mature ideas on such varied subjects as the Nation and State, Coöperation and Coal, Forestry and Women's Clubs, Sunday and Sunday Schools, and the Five Great Writers of the Twentieth Century. The sources of these essays are as varied as their contents. The bulk were written for the New York *American;* mixed in with these papers are articles written for *Lend a Hand* and the *Christian Register.* Despite the original readers for whom these articles were intended, it would be a mistake to suppose them fit only for the man in the street or—the woman in the pew. Some of the topics may appear socialistic, but the point of view is anything but that of the vapid modern theorist. The tone is rather that of a gentleman of the old school whose mind is enriched with the memories of a hundred years. Again, these "thirty-nine leaders" are no mere thirty-nine articles of an orthodox schoolman. To judge from Dr. Hale's plain language on political ethics the admirers of the new chaplain of the Senate may expect something interesting out of Washington. But if the Panama business be past praying for, we would recommend to the Administration one paper in the present volume,—"We, the People, or War Lords."

The opening essays on the Nation and State and Government by the People explain in clear and simple form the relations of the Federal and State governments and the doctrine of popular sovereignty. Appearing in the pages of a metropolitan daily these teachings must have been to the enlightenment of many naturalised foreigners. But the statement that nobody in the British Empire besides Mr. James Bryce seems to understand the distinction between State and Nation in America is scarcely tenable since the publication of Sir George Trevelyan's *American Revolution* and the Cambridge University *History of the United States.* Again the supposition of how little the doctrinaires affect the average intellect of the American people is contradicted in such late works as Professor Merriam's *History of American Political Theories* and Professor Woodburn's chapters on the *Principles of the Fathers.* However, academic precision would have spoiled the purpose of these articles. The frigid impartiality of the scholar would never do in handling a topic like coöperation and coal. So the author talked in the most effective manner to his fellow sufferers last winter in defining coöperation as the Tom, Dick and Harry Society, and in reasoning that if the people own the parks, the school houses, the hospitals and the water-works it would be no very exceptional thing to own coal mines in common. As the State exercises absolute control over the rights of water to drink and pure air to breathe why should it not acquire the rights to keep people warm? To the coal baron this query may sound like rank socialism, but the writer undermines such objections by pointing out the deeper principles of mutual helpfullness. It is acknowledged that the Rochdale system would not work in this country because the American workman is too much of a rolling stone. Yet it is shown how the genius of America has run in the direction of coöperation. The establishment of free schools was a piece of coöperation for education, so were the whale fisheries of Nantucket and the mackerel fisheries of other ports. In writing for his polyglot audience the author might have employed the theoretical arguments of Fourier or Marx. Instead, he has preferred to point back to the New England town meeting to illustrate the Yankee principle that nothing succeeds like success.

The section on Women's Clubs and the wonders of feminine achievement follows the same line of reasoning, judges the present by the past, points out our for-

* *We, the People.* By Edward Everett Hale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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getfullness of certain good old times in the consulship of Plancus. As Nestor from sandy Pylos might have turned up his nose at some blue stocking of the age of Pericles so does Dr. Hale poke fun at the shades of one of the first female reformers in these parts. He dares to be critical because he has a longer memory than any of her followers would allow to the dear departed. He has lived from the time when there was only one school in the country where young girls could receive what they now call the higher education to the time of Smith, and Vassar, and Wellesley. For all that there were some things they did better in those days. Our grandmothers may not have had the benefit of "Dr. Prettyman's course in the Elizabethan plays or Mr. Wanderjahre's excavations in Vallombrosa," but through them there came a knowledge of certain concoctions of the kind that mother used to make.

After retrospect there comes a glance into the future. Under the heading of the New Century are gathered some prophecies. A few of these may be counted fanciful. The project of a Pan-American railroad from Hudson Bay to Cape Horn may be as visionary as the supposition that hereafter even the semi-millionaire will be duty bound to do something for his fellow men. The author's zeal for industrial education may be thought misplaced in view of the latest developments of trade unionism; his advocacy of the government taking up old age pension schemes an unfortunate hint to the G. A. R. Yet to foresee the soul of goodness in such things as the New Journalism and even federal legislation is not to be taken as a sign of impaired vision. This prophet is to be honoured because he has lived long in the land.

But to conclude; the title of this book may imply a sad self-sufficiency, its hopeful air regarding "His Majesty, the People," may offend the pessimists of Park Row. Still in such optimism there appears at times the touch of the true seer. In evidence we may quote this passage from the appendix (p. 252):

"Our Anglo-Saxon blood will assert itself in the life of a united people, in its passion for freedom and its devotion to law. The Celtic and Latin races will instil into the whole nation their quickness of perception, their subtleties of thought, the old Roman secret of victory, and the old Greek love of beauty. The African race, as thousands of years have proved, has its special contributions to the harmony of the whole in tenderness, in affection, in arts of expression which the whole requires. And if what are left of the red men can teach the toil-worn Saxon that the most elegant mansion is a prison compared with the blue arch of the temple of God, why, he will teach him something which the poor Saxon sadly needs to-day."

J. Woodbridge Riley.

IV.

MRS. BOOTH'S "AFTER PRISON—WHAT?"*

PRISON reform has been a subject of much thought on the part of philosophers, savants, and scientists. The opinion seems to prevail generally that a term in prison, of whatever duration, is of little moment. Society arrives at the pseudo-conclusion that it is something in which the individual acquires experience that will be of inestimable value to him in after life. In reaching such a decision the blighting effect such an imprisonment exercises over the ex-convict and steadfastly clings to him for the remainder of his life, appears to be lost sight of.

In this respect, no one can speak better than the man himself of what such a life really consists of. He alone knows what it is to be pointed out as an ex-convict. He knows how humiliating it is to be shunned by his fellowmen because of his imprisonment. Although society may not be aware of the fact that an ex-convict's punishment usually begins from the day he leaves prison a free man, nevertheless it is true. When he has served his time, paid the full penalty for his crime demanded by law, it is generally presumed that he is again recognised as an American citizen; that his character has been rehabilitated and that he is looked upon as though he never was sentenced to prison. No one knows better than the ex-convict how untruthful these roseate presumptions really are. Optimists may say that the individual himself is the sole arbiter of

**After Prison—What?* By Maud Ballington Booth, New York: The Fleming H. Revell Company.

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what that future should be. That is true. But where there is one charitable person who is willing to forget the past and give him credit for what he is doing in the living present, there are a hundred who will throw obstacles in his way and who will keep burnishing his past prison reputation.

Amid these prevailing sentiments, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, wife of General Ballington Booth, general-in-chief of the Volunteers of America, saw the opportunity of alleviating the existing conditions, and for seven years past has devoted her entire time and energy to the cause of the men behind prison bars. Before this prison angel entered upon the noble and philanthropic work, men in prison had but little to hope for regarding their future and all that that word implies. Years before and up to the time of her organising the prison branch of the Volunteers of America, cases of insanity and melancholia were frequently discovered in the prisons, the result of the prisoner's worry and brooding over home and family affairs. Since that memorable day when the Volunteer Prison League was organised, May 24, 1896, by Mrs. Booth, mind disease has become greatly decreased.

These facts of an introductory character bring us to the consideration of Mrs. Booth's latest work, entitled *After Prison—What?* a valuable contribution to present day literature. The author lovingly dedicates the dainty volume to "her boys," a term she has coined in place of "convict," which she abhors and at every opportunity discourages its use. The opening chapter of the book gives a very lucid résumé of the motives that prompted her to place the work before the public—to enlighten society as regards the true and correct status of the men behind prison bars, and points out in plain and forcible language the duty of society towards them. She emphasises the fact that the misconception generally prevalent that men in prison are of that character that cannot be reformed, is absurd, and asserts further in their defense that the audiences that greet her when she visits the prisons are not unlike those outside. Men of education, talent, and refinement are found in the majority, and men in the lower scale of mental and moral conditions are awakened to higher and nobler purposes. One of the most interesting chapters of the book is the one devoted to the Prison League. It very tersely gives its history; its work and how it has grown from a meagre beginning in Sing Sing Prison to an institution of wide influence and power in fifteen other penal institutions throughout the country, and the work is being constantly extended. Her description of how eagerly the men took advantage of the opportunity of being enrolled under the White Standard, the emblem of the order, and the thousands of lives that have been made brighter and sweeter thereby, is indeed touching, and the reader's sympathy is at once stimulated.

Amid the success of the work she beautifully emphasises the fact that the power behind this onward movement is that of the Supreme Being, the work being of Divine origin.

The most touching paragraphs of the volume and which satisfactorily answer the prison reform problem are the letters from the men classed as confirmed criminals who have graduated from the Hope Halls and are to-day leading successful lives, honoured and respected by their fellowmen, set aside in a chapter by themselves. To the thoughtful and sympathetic reader they will appeal with a convincing assurance that the author's work is one of a fruitful character. The word welcome is no misnomer at any of the Hope Halls, the author asserts, no matter of what nationality or creed he may be, the only condition is that he must go direct to the Home upon leaving prison, where a hearty and cordial greeting awaits him and a position secured in due course of time. This may seem to the reader as of doubtful utility, but the test has been satisfactorily made—all for the good of society.

Mrs. Booth's vivid description of her work in the homes of the men who are incarcerated—homes, many of them destitute—is indeed a feature of her volume. The scenes and incidents she pictures that have come under her personal observation in the homes of the prisoners, are touching in the extreme and cannot but awaken the sympathetic chord in the nature of every reader. The author considers this part of her work of great importance and through it has reunited

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many families. Even Santa Claus is delegated to visit these desolate homes and carry good cheer by substantial gifts that are accompanied with a Merry Christmas from the "Little Mother," a term of endearment bestowed upon the author by the prisoners.

The simplicity with which the author deals with the prison reform idea, characterises the works of some of our criminologists as possessing a spirit of impartiality. The work of most of these penologists savours of the laboratory and clinic, based upon heredity calculations. Mrs. Booth's remedy consists of the simple methods of better sanitation, kind treatment, more work, better educational facilities, and the parole system. She very emphatically crystallises the whole subject by pleading for the eradication of politics from the management and care of the prisons.

The closing chapter of this excellent volume, entitled "Does It Pay?" is an appropriate query, and a perusal of the book gives an affirmative answer. The question the writer asks is answered by the thousands of men and women who have been reclaimed, and daily make themselves known to Mrs. Booth in her travels through the country. She frankly confesses that she has had disappointments, but the success that has attended the honest purposes of the large number of her graduates more than counterbalances the failures. The reader is readily impressed with the fact that her work has left the experimental stage, and the book forcibly sets forth that the greatest measure of tribute which is paid her endeavours comes from the great minds of representative men; men who handle State and municipal affairs; men who by virtue of superior qualifications to judge as to cause and effect, hold eminent positions; mayors of cities, judges, lawyers, clergymen, and prison officials, and those having large interests to conserve.

From the first to the last page Mrs. Booth holds the reader's honest interest, and her plain, forcible, and earnest language and excellent literary style makes the book one of value for the home and the public library.

Number 1500.

V.

JACK LONDON'S "PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS."*

SLUMMING, once an eccentricity, then a fad, threatens to become a disease. In increasing numbers the sons of our petted aristocracy go down to live temporarily in the most evil smelling municipal bogs and give a boosting hand to the permanent dweller therein in his supposed effort to climb higher. The little sisters of the rich take lessons in settlement work and put interested but embarrassing questions to the people who live in crowded tenements. Sociologists go to the slum for statistics; novelists for "local colour"; painters for pictorial types; and the Higher Journalist for "copy."

Perhaps in time all of this somewhat chaotic and undisciplined interest may result in some good. It can scarcely be too great, so long as it tends in the right direction. But it may easily be misguided. As the sign of an awakening humanity, a broader sympathy for all men, it is a hopeful, inspiring phenomenon. As a sign of a recent tendency toward indiscriminate, fruitless sentimentalising and complacent condescension to the "lower classes," it is not so flattering to our sense or our philanthropy. So much of the printed matter that comes out of the slums bears the mark of this patronising snobbishness that thoughtful people must sometimes in desperation consign the whole of this abundant "literature" to the rubbish heap. This is of course unfair. Josiah Flynt is not to blame because Smith, Brown, and Jones happen to be snobs with a taste for mild adventure and an itch for publicity. But Josiah Flynt's years of patient investigation are to an uncertain extent discredited by the half-baked lucubrations of Smith, Brown and London, who imagine they are making contributions to the literature of sociology.

Most of these respectable gentlemen (and ladies, too, though I grieve to include them) imagine they are at least partially actuated by a pure love of man-

**The People of the Abyss.* By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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kind. Probably Jack London does. He is not. Jack is not a dull boy. On the contrary, he is decidedly precocious. But he is a healthy, vigorous, young nomad, with all a healthy boy's love of adventure. When he descended among the People of the Abyss in the English capital last year the zest of adventure was one of his motives. But the biggest motive of all, if the result of his adventure may be taken as evidence, was his desire for material to make into a book. Of course Mr. London is a very young man. If he were not he would not have revealed himself so frankly. According to the documentary evidence, he may have spent six weeks in his researches, possibly two months; scarcely more. In this time he set himself not merely to gather statistics regarding the people of London's East End, but to get at the very heart of their lives—to learn how they work, sleep, eat, drink, think, love, hate, struggle, and die. To do this, he lived, he says, their own life and endured all the hardships that fall to their lot. If Mr. London imagines that he really did this, then his idea of how "the other half" lives is vastly amusing. He confesses that he was never without sufficient money for an emergency, and that he kept within reach of a comfortable room to which he could always retire to rest, bathe, receive his mail, and, most important of all, write up his notes. Mr. London can scarcely believe that the typical East Ender goes about with sovereigns sewed up in his clothes; and that he has a comfortable haven of refuge open to receive him when the tooth of poverty gnaws too keenly. I prefer to believe that his remark about living the life of the slum inhabitant was a mere by-product of his too exuberant imagination, not intended to be taken literally.

One large impression Mr. London certainly contrived to bring back from his little jaunt. He is profoundly conscious of the gulf fixed between the poor denizen of the Abyss and the favoured class of which he is the proud representative. When he dons the ragged clothes and struggles with the unappetising food of the unwashed, he must needs assure the reader that in his own home he is accustomed to his carefully prepared food and good clothes and daily tub—a fact that he might safely have left to be taken for granted. When he sees the hardships undergone by the hop-pickers in Kent, instead of making even a picture of sharing their lot, as he had started out to do, he and his companion "joyfully thanked God that we were not as other men, especially hoppers, and went down the road to Maidstone jingling in our pockets the half-crowns and florins we had brought from London." All this is the manifestation of a rather amusing form of snobbishness, quite harmless in its place; but its place is emphatically not in a book that pretends to a semi-scientific character.

It is not a trivial matter, if we are to take Mr. London seriously, that he dodged the real issues involved in his project. He returned, with his notes written up, ready to tell us just how the people of the abyss feel and think. But what, in heaven's name, can a man know of poverty so long as he has a sovereign about him? What does he know of hunger, with a good meal close at hand? What does he know of homelessness, if after a night on the streets he can go to his room and sleep fifteen hours? Mr. London's stories may be both entertaining and true, but the pretence that their authenticity is due to his having lived the life of the slum is more amusing than convincing.

Entertaining enough they are. They are the work of a born story-teller, a man with a gift for stretching a situation quickly and trenchantly, for bringing a character sharply before our eyes. Such a man, however many mistakes he may make, does not write dull books. If he had only written stories of the East End with no other purpose than entertainment, and left himself and his sociology out, I am sure they would be well worth reading. It is the pretence of Mr. London's book to a character which it does not possess that is exasperating, and that induces a doubt whether nine-tenths of all the slumming books are not sheer rot.

Edward Clark Marsh.

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VI.

RICHARD WHITEING'S "THE YELLOW VAN."*

WHAT is most traceable about the novels of Mr. Whiteing is the trend of his own mental development, not as a writer, but as a sociologist. From vague impulses he is beginning to fasten on concrete facts, and although not seeing these facts as yet in their full relationship one to another, he has seen them clearly enough to find inspiration for another book. *No. 5 John Street* was the book impelled by awakening conscience, without realisation of cause or remedy. *The Yellow Van* moves onward a step to the discovery of a single cause although with but a vague sense of remedy. Meanwhile, being gifted with a not inconsiderable literary talent, Mr. Whiteing has made of his impulses two books which can not be classed with ordinary hackwork.

It is not likely that this second book will have the immediate and popular vogue enjoyed by *No. 5 John Street* because it lacks certain sensational elements of the earlier work, and also because the general public can be more easily made to take an interest in a startling picture of poverty, with dynamite to enliven it, than in a quieter portrayal which fixes the blame on a recognised system and an admired class.

The slight plot around which Mr. Whiteing weaves his stories and their lessons, concerns itself here with the life of an American girl, a school teacher in a Western town, as the wife of one of the few great feudal lords of England. We grow quite interested in Augusta Gooding in the opening chapters of the duke's courtship of her, but as Duchess of Allonby she wanders through the pages a beautiful, lifeless puppet, cold and distant. The duke himself is scarcely less vague, and although all their friends are doubtless portraits from well known originals, they do not approach us sufficiently to win our sympathy. The author needed them, but is not himself in sympathy with them, and Mr. Whiteing needs sympathy to draw a good picture. The midnight bridge gambling of a party of young women of high lineage in the ducal house party is the only dramatic sensation of this part of the book. The duchess has a young brother who visits her in England, but he is a sad example of mistaken politeness on the part of Mr. Whiteing. The young gentleman was doubtless intended as a delicate compliment to American men, but in comparison with this impossible little prig, the heroes of Richard Harding Davis are nature and simplicity itself.

As is usual with Mr. Whiteing, the nearer he comes to the soil, the warmer grows the life of his characters. The villagers in Slocum are alive, types and yet individuals, pathetic or amusing, but all real. Mr. Whiteing indulges again in his little laugh at the expense of those who preach to the working class virtues and self-denial they would never think of practising themselves. "Holy Joe" in John Street was a pathetic example of the utter futility of piety, sobriety and all other good qualities, to make the lives of the submerged a whit more hopeful. Holy Joe has a more humorous successor in the person of Mr. Grimber, the retired tallow-chandler who makes Slocum his home and who is a model of all the Philistine virtues, a very pattern of negative qualities. Once in a while, however, Mr. Grimber has misgivings when he sees that "people behindhand with their rent, and actually without hope of mercy for unpaid taxes, seemed somehow to get so much more out of life." Mr. Grimber indulges in one little spree with Job Gurt, the village Incorrigible, whom he was trying to save, and the story of this spree is one of the most delicious bits of writing in the book.

The Yellow Van, which gives the title to the book, is the campaign wagon of a little band of ardent reformers who believe the cause of unbearable economic conditions to rest largely in the question of land ownership. The reformers of the Van are long on cause, but hazy as to remedy, which appears to be Mr. Whiteing's attitude of mind as well. The Van comes and goes, but in very episodic fashion. Were it not for the title of the book, the reader, unless exceptionally in-

**The Yellow Van.* By Richard Whiteing. New York: The Century Company.

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terested in the land question, would hardly realise the relation the Van bears to the other incidents in the tale.

There is a noticeable peculiarity about Mr. Whiteing's style in the writing of this book. In the opening chapters, for quite a little way on into the story, and again in the closing scene, his language is brilliant, but somewhat forced. It is full of mannerisms and sparklets of the modern electric, prearranged kind. It is not uninteresting, but it is not spontaneous; we can see the wheels go round. But once in the swing of the story, the style clears itself of all useless ballast. The language becomes simple, unaffected, plain and direct, with a power that carries conviction. The author's power falters near the close, and where the definite moral lesson should come in, if he has had one to give, we find a return to the laboured style of the first chapters. And a return also to the same sort of melodramatic philosophy with which the hero of John Street takes leave of us. Mr. Whiteing seems to want to sum up the matter for his readers, instead of adopting the simpler method of letting the facts he has portrayed speak for themselves.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VII.

MR. HILL'S "THE WEB."*

OF the two classes of criminals, those who make use of the weaknesses and technicalities of the law are more significant, as they are more interesting than those who defy it. Not only because they represent a higher order of intelligence and deal with larger figures, but also because they often raise by their actions those subtle distinctions between what is and is not justified by so-called business enterprise. Their game is comparable in a way to that of the chess player, like him they strive to attain their ends by careful study of every factor in the calculation at every stage, and take instant advantage of every mistake by their opponents. When men of equal intelligence and address are pitted against them the fight which results is not only exciting but well worth study for its exposure of conditions and tendencies which must largely determine the future of our civilisation. When a participant in such legal battles undertakes in the guise of fiction to tell of them his story inevitably partakes of the nature of a document, and Mr. Hill's new book would be entitled to consideration on this account, though as a romantic fabrication it possessed less novel features of entertainment than others. It is in fact the "inside story" of one of those great commercial conspiracies into which law, politics and even the agencies of acknowledged criminal practice enter, and of which the newspapers commonly give only the superficial aspects. It may be added that those who read *The Web* and like it may turn with assurance to that capital story *The Minority* and to those revelations in fiction of the intricacies and contradictions of the law, *The Case and Exceptions,* which have appeared in the past few years from the same hand.

Mr. Hill's title is singularly apt. *The Web* is of double spinning, and it is spun for the same purpose as its prototype of the neglected corner—to secure plunder for its builder. Less tangible even than the spider's filaments, but strong and tenacious and cunningly crossed are the legal threads with which Myrick and Nugent and Rutledge, the attorneys for Searing, the capitalist, weave the meshes that are to capture the unwary Placento Mining Company and hold it fast while the Coast and Gulf Railroad fattens itself thereon. And, like the unsuspecting fly, the mining company enters the trap, and then begins the struggle. For the fly in this instance has an ally—two allies in fact—one a fiery, determined old gentleman named Frayer, possessed of means and orthodox ideas of right and wrong, the other a resolute and resourceful young lawyer, Dave Maddox; and the elimination of Maddox becomes essential to the success of the conspirators' plan. The story of the plot and counterplot are instructive as an illustration of the tremendous negative assistance which the law lends to those who seek to postpone a trial in court until the opposition shall yield from sheer exhaustion; but the interest of the story centres upon the two women and Maddox, whose fortunes so strangely are welded and made the pivot

* *The Web.* By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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upon which turns the great corporation battle. Mr. Hill has here taken advantage of his knowledge of the laws of States respecting divorce to expose an almost inconceivable iniquity—nothing less than the opportunity which the difference between these laws affords to prove a woman who has been legally divorced in one State from her first husband guilty of adultery with her second husband in another State. It is a threat to institute a suit based upon this charge against the wife of Maddox's life-long friend, unless he cease to press the case against the conspirators which brings Maddox face to face with a choice between what is demanded by his duty to his employer, who is the father of the woman he loves, and his duty to Mrs. Evans, the woman whose happiness lies in his hand. This crisis, complicated with the mystery of a murder which almost makes him doubt the woman he protects, is triumphantly met by Maddox; and Mr. Hill has given the closing chapters of his story that excellent quality of cumulative and dramatic interest.

Indeed it is not until the story begins to near its end that the reader realises that more might have been done with the middle and larger portion of the book to fulfill the promise in the first chapter of acute perceptions and picturesque traits in the person of Maddox. Nugent is capitally done, not less so are Myrick, Frayer, and Ainslee; but of Harmony, who plays such a sweet and winning part in court, less is seen than one wishes, and Maddox disappoints again and again. Availing itself of all the chances offered by its chief figure and employing a more leisurely manner in the development of its characters which well deserve it—*The Web* would have been a more even piece of work, and as a story have furnished even better entertainment than it does. *Churchill Williams.*

VIII.

MR. HOPKINS'S "THE TORCH."*

THE latest book by the author of *The Fighting Bishop* draws a most lifelike picture of a University town of the Middle West and of it tells a capital story. Fiction, the scene of which is a college, is apt to be written entirely from the undergraduate point of view or practically without reference to it. When the latter method is used the result often is a little plot with a great network of professors' theories. The former method usually produces a worthless book of "college stories," which modern young—very young—women are fond of collecting. What interest it has it gets from descriptions of scenes and places and happenings like those the reader knew when he—or she!—got tinglings of the blood from the mere mention of the words "Alma Mater."

Of both these kinds there have been a number in the last five years. Professor Hopkins's book is neither. He steers midway. He gives us a real university, with regents and faculty and football players; a Governor of a State, his hostility appeased by a degree; a regent whose $500,000 elects a president; an eccentric possessor of wealth whose favour the executive wheedles himself into. Borrowing here a little and a little there, Argos is typical of the State universities of this country. It reflects the "largeness and enthusiasm of the West," to use one of the book's phrases, though finally its president comes to call it a "big, overgrown, plebeian high school." It is young, and above all, present day.

And on no less plebeian and present day questions than repression of the trusts and public ownership of public utilities and academic freedom of speech does much of the action hinge. A blacksmith's son, who was the president's chum at an Eastern institution, professor at Argos and highly popular, talks socialism. Relations between these two commanding figures become strained and more strained, and their conflict alone holds close attention.

This is complicated by the fact that the two, with another especially striking professor, love, or think they love, clever, tactful, pretty Mrs. Van Sant. One of them wins her, which is to be expected, but aside from that the author lets a remarkable piece of material good fortune come to each of the three within a few days, thus proving, what has been proved often before, that fiction is stranger than truth.

* *The Torch.* By Herbert M. Hopkins. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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The love story devised by the author, it would seem, merely because it was expected of him, adds little interest to the book, and there is nothing at all noteworthy in the literary style. The essential things are the character of Babington, the president, and the intimate description of the university as an organisation. Babington makes his showy entrance as one of the "new men," the advanced type of college president, heart and soul for the kind of progress that shows itself in new endowments, larger buildings and bigger classes. He is imposing in appearance and something of a spell-binder.

"After the diplomas had been distributed the president came forward and made the best speech he had yet delivered. He traced the history of the university from its inception. He spoke of the loyalty and faith of those pioneers to whom it owed its origin. None among them entertained a more kindly interest than the late Mr. Lemuel Tupper, to whom the State owed so much. The president raised his hand in a graceful gesture as he outlined in glowing language the history of the late millionaire and made the stirring the text for his advice to the young men before him. There were few of the university constituents who were not proud of their president as he stood there clad in his silk robes, his shoulders squared, his face alight with an infectious enthusiasm for high ideals."

He had an instinct for the winning side and for anything that lends itself to effective advertisement.

"He was determined to be president of the biggest university between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, and he knew the way to accomplish his end. He had studied the sudden expansion of eastern universities and had grasped the secret of success. It was his cleverness in falling in with the tendency of the times that had won him his reputation as a progressive educator and his call to Argos."

He had the politician's tact in keeping close to the greater number, but made the politician's blunder of underestimating the commonsense of his constituency in the long run. He was a "machine" president, a little too incredulous of danger from the "better element," but a good case could be made out for whatever he did. Educational circles are not very acute in appraising adult human nature, and it was proper to give him a long period of success. It was natural also that even after he was found out it should take a long time to dislodge him. The details of his administration recall many items in the newspapers and at some points there seems to be more than a hint of recent events and even an attempt at personal portraiture, but everything that happens grows so naturally out of the character of Babington and his environment and the details are so skillfully modified and combined that the result is general, not particular. The author has not caught the humour of the situation. Things are referred too much to a moral tribunal. But he has set down with remarkable exactness the laws and customs of a tight little world and reproduced its atmosphere. And Babington is a new and desirable acquisition.

IX.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S "REBECCA."*

"ANGELS are not just the same as seraphims. Seraphims are brighter, whiter, and have bigger wings, and I think are older and are longer dead than angels, which are just freshly dead and after a long time in heaven around the great white throne grow to be seraphims."

This masterpiece of theological definition is not taken from the writings of the Fathers, but is to be found in Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's book, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* an effective study of a gifted, artistic child, growing up among the unfavourable surroundings of a small New England village and under the cramping tutelage of her aunt, the typical New England spinster.

Rebecca Rowena Randall is the second child of an unsuccessful singing-school teacher and a well-to-do farmer's daughter. No better indication can be given of the romantic nature of this pair than the names they gave their children. Rebecca thus describes her family to the friendly stage-driver on her way to Riverboro, where live the two maiden aunts, her mother's sisters, who have undertaken to bring her up and educate her.

"We are all named after somebody in particular. Hannah is Hannah at the Window Binding Shoes, and I am taken

* *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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out of *Ivanhoe;* John Halifax was a gentleman in a book; Mark is after his uncle, Marquis de Lafayette, that died a twin. Jenny is named for a singer, and Fanny for a beautiful dancer, but mother says they're both misfits, for Jenny can't carry a tune and Fanny's kind of stiff-legged."

Rebecca's mother is very poor; there is the usual mortgage on the farm, and so the aunts offer to take one child and do for her. Hannah is the one asked, but she can not be spared, so Rebecca goes, and the book deals with her life in Riverboro from the day she arrives, a quick-witted, imaginative, impulsive child of ten or thereabouts, down to the time, seven years later, when her Aunt Mirandy dies, and her will reveals the fact that Rebecca had won what heart she had.

Not only is the character of Rebecca skillfully portrayed, but the minor personages are also well drawn. Miss Dearborn, the Riverboro school-teacher, who "can answer more questions than the Temperance one, but not so many as I can ask," Emma Jane, Rebecca's friend, who "can add and subtract in her head like a streak of lightning and knows the spelling book right through, but has no thoughts of any kind," Uncle Jerry Cobb, the kindly stage-driver, the forlorn Simpson family, all these are put plainly before us by means of their own acts and words and not by what we are told about them. In this respect the book is quite remarkable, for it is a trick of the incompetent writer to tell of the brilliancy of his characters without being able to prove it from their own mouths. This Mrs. Wiggin has avoided; Rebecca is convincing from first to last.

Mrs. Wiggin understands that individualism which is the keynote of American education and achievement. This she has realised, and in her description of Rebecca she has made it plain that it is her all-pervading personality which she brings to bear upon her severe New England surroundings which transforms them. Rebecca infuses a new spirit into the Friday afternoon recitations at school, furnishes the Simpson twins with a suitable "piece," gives the timid Emma Jane confidence by reciting a dialogue with her, dresses the schoolroom with flowers, and turns what was formerly considered a trying ordeal into a festive occasion.

One of the most amusing episodes is that of the banquet lamp. The forlorn Simpson family, not having enough to eat or to clothe themselves with, are fired with a desire to possess the banquet lamp offered as a premium by a soap manufacturing company to whoever should sell a certain number of cakes. Rebecca and Emma Jane volunteer to help, and the account of their trip into a neighbouring village with a horse and buggy is most entertaining. It is while on this excusion that Rebecca meets the young man who proves a staunch friend to her and furnishes the only hint of future love-making to be found in the book.

Rebecca writes poetry and encloses this gem in a letter to her mother.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

BY

REBECCA ROWENA RANDALL.

This house is dark and dull and drear
No light doth shine from far or near
Nor ever could.
And those of us who live herein
Are most as dead as seraphim
Though not as good.

This is a good description of a New England farmhouse on a Sunday afternoon, and yet it is quite the sort of thing that a clever child might write. So is the verse about the mortgage.

Rise my soul, strain every nerve
Thy mortgage to remove,
Gain thy mother's heartfelt thanks
Thy family's grateful love.

The first part of the book is perhaps the best. Rebecca's life as a child in Riverboro is more interesting than her career at the Academy at Wareham, and yet we lay the book down with regret. It naturally suggests that other study of imaginative childhood, *Sentimental Tommy,* about which opinions differed so strongly. Perhaps it is because we are more familiar with the *mise en scène* of *Rebecca* that it seems the better book and rings more true. Mrs. Wiggin has done nothing better than this for a long time. *Mary K. Ford.*

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X.

MISS HARRADEN'S "KATHARINE FRENSHAM."*

MISS HARRADEN'S recent work was beginning to show a decided tendency to mannerism, which caused a reasonable distrust towards the newest novel from her pen. The distrust is not justified, however, and will be speedily dispelled by a reading of the book. With the exception of some few set phrases which are used unnecessarily, and therefore become boresome, *Katharine Frensham* is a very readable book, and productive of more quiet pleasure than is much of the recent fiction. The worst fault of mannerism is the constant and irritating reiteration of such an unusual word as *aura.* One or two people, in circles one would meet ordinarily, might be supposed to think and speak of such a thing as "temperamental aura," and discuss differences of "aura" and the sad results of too great a disparity of aura in a married couple. But within the limits of an average visiting list of average social standing, a list made up of some of the nice and very real people in this book, it is hardly likely that almost every one of them would be forever discussing auras, and temperamental differences, and conflict of auras and so on. But this is merely one of a very few faults in a book which has good qualities fully offsetting such little tricks of mannerism. There are some decided elements of novelty in it, for one good thing. The heroine herself supplies the strongest novelty, and she is a most charming and delightfully real person, whom we would like to have on our more intimate list of friends. Katharine Frensham is a distinctly modern type of woman in the best sense of that much abused term. She is the New Woman, a product of the twentieth century, but not in the sense of those who do pioneer work in the open. Katharine Frensham is one of the many women who have lived at home, and yet have profited more than the world realises by the work of their sisters who have dared ridicule and opprobrium for the sake of a wider mental horizon for the sex. But for their courage it would not be possible for a woman like Katharine Frensham, cultured, of good social standing, to enjoy life at forty, being still unmarried, with the calm independence of a man in the same position. And beginning, as she does, to feel that cultured ease cannot fill her life, she turns naturally and easily to the thought of taking up actively the organ business of her brother, in which she had been thus far but a silent partner. She is poised, harmonious, mature, and yet absolutely young at heart, because she has not frittered away the gold of her affections, and the reader finds her fully as interesting as the maiden of twenty or the matron of thirty who up to recent date were considered the only possible heroines for fiction. The unmarried woman of thirty, without a past, has scarcely dared as yet to bid for our interest as a fiction heroine, and here comes an unmarried woman of forty, with no past, no corroding grief, no resignation to speak of, and we find her delightful and are charmed when she meets the man whom she can love and finally wins him. This man, Professor Clifford Thornton, is not so lovable, although we must respect and admire him. But his nature has been warped by sixteen years of unhappy marriage (this was where the difference of auras got in its fine work), and the author succeeds in convincing us that he is worthy of better things, meaning the warm-hearted, harmonious Katharine. The story of their slow courtship in Norway is charming, for the fine psychology of the courtship itself, and for the delicious description of summer life on a large Norwegian farm in the mountains. Miss Harraden has performed a literary *tour de force* here, considering that she is an Englishwoman. She has left insular prejudice behind her, and has given us a wholly delightful glimpse of an alien race from the inside, seen not in the caricature of the British papers and the usual British novel, but seen from the point of view of one who has lived among the people she is portraying and learned to see them somewhat as they see themselves. For this, and for her charming heroine, Miss Harraden deserves gratitude, a gratitude that should entirely wipe out memories

**Katharine Frensham.* By Beatrice Harraden. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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of unsatisfactory performances lying between this book and her successful first effort. *Grace Isabel Colbron.*

XI.

PHILIP PAYNE'S "THE MILLS OF MAN."*

THERE is a distinct element of power in this novel. There is also originality, and there is insight. Such a combination could hardly fail to carry interest in its train. The motive of the middle-aged woman, the social leader, over whose head hangs the physician's sentence of death, devoting herself to the political ambitions of her father and husband, is, I think, new in fiction, where shallow critics are wont to proclaim there can be nothing new. Mrs. Corlis is a wonderfully good characterisation, as is also the old senator, combining in his make-up, which is by no means all "make-up," the spirit of the early statesmen of the Republic and the spirit of its later-day politicians. Even at the end there is just a shadow of doubt as to which is the ultimate controlling force, and this strikes me as good art. I do not think the most interesting novel is the one that shows us just what every character thinks and is, way down in his inmost being. We would rather see them as we see men and women—perhaps a trifle more clearly, but surely not with all the problem in their natures solved to hand. Grant this, and you will understand me when I say Senator Dawes is well drawn, and yet not fully expressed. We can sense thus more clearly the sickening doubt of his integrity that creeps over his daughter's mind—a doubt she can never feel to be quite verified and that she puts bravely away against the evidence that seems to point it.

Mrs. Corlis's uncle, the great capitalist, is well done, but without features of special interest, and McBride, the Irish boss, is conventional. The weak spot—a very weak spot in the story—is Corlis, for his characteristics, as described by the author and as shown by himself, are constantly at odds. He jars from beginning to end. One cannot conceive of a man whose poise, policy and cleverness are so insisted upon, going and *staying* out of his way to insult and sneer at the wife who is necessary to his success and who is, above all, his companion, confidant and helpmate. In trying to make Corlis a villain, Mr. Payne has lost sight of his values, and his contrasts, instead of being illumining, become contradictory.

After all, it is in this nice balancing of cause and effect, constituting in so large a measure the merit of the novel of life, that the author loses his grasp. He can create a character and he can express it, but he does not seem to be quite able to mould the expression of several characters into a consistent whole. He is constantly throwing them together so as to jar the entire fabric in a way that realistic fiction must not be jarred. The political convention scene is particularly crude, all the way down from the great financial magnate taking so prominent a position among its leaders. Magnates like J. J. Jarrett do not do such things now-a-day, for, if they did, the joy of the enemy would be great and deep, and the trainers of the so-called Octopus are wise enough to seclude themselves from definite charges of direct influence. This is but a sample of the errors which the author heedlessly makes. The presence of Ruggles, the poor reporter, at the dinner of the leaders at which the inside policy of the campaign is freely discussed, merely because Ruggles happens to be a man in whom Mrs. Corlis feels an interest, is also baldly impossible: that is, impossible in fiction. Nothing is impossible in life, but the novelist must learn, like the painter, that the realism of art must be either consistent or logically inconsistent. Freak scenes and freak sunsets must be vigorously barred, because realistic art must not only give what is real, but must also convince us of its reality; a responsibility which nature can afford to ignore.

These are the faults of the book: a lack of fitting together, an irrelevancy of values, and a tendency to shape events too violently in order to meet ill-considered purposes of the moment. There is a sort of submerged love story between Ruggles, the reporter, and Hildegarde Brown, a non-descript business woman;

**The Mills of Man.* Philip Payne. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.50.

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but it does not take hold of you, because its principles never seem quite to live. Mrs. Corlis is the centre and merit of the story, and amid all the defects, she is good enough to preserve the interest and to make our ultimate verdict a compromise.

Duffield Osborne.

XII.

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S "CHERRY."*

VERY few of us will read *Cherry* without getting something of the thrill of surprise and of genuine pleasure which came to us when, for the first time, we picked up *Monsieur Beaucaire* and were carried delighted to the end by the charm of style and by the dash and fire with which the author spun his yarn of Beau Nash and old Bath and Lady Mary and the self-willed young cousin of King Louis XV. who, to escape the royal wrath, crossed the channel with the passports of the French Ambassador's barber. *Cherry* is not *Monsieur Beaucaire.* It lacks the earlier book's touch of pathos and the romantic setting. But it is an exceptionally well-told tale, as tales go, delicate, original, and quaintly humourous. Above all, in this book Mr. Tarkington has caught what to us seems the spirit of the colonial life of the state and the period with which the narrative deals. We feel the loneliness of existence in the years before the War of the Revolution when habitations were few and far between, when people wishing to make swift journeys did so on horseback, and when there was the constant menace of the men of the road.

The story is told by the impossibly priggish Mr. Sudgeberry, nineteen years of age, and finishing his third year of study at Nassau Hall, who being enamoured of Miss Sylvia Gray and her cherry-coloured ribbons, urges his suit by a fine display of the erudition that he has wrung from the literature of the ancients, ignoring the beauties of nature to point out to her the allegory of the lowly cobweb. Although such thick-skulled pedantry as Mr. Sudgeberry shows would be outrageously impossible in real life, it gives to the narration of this whimsical tale an irresistible humour. Miss Sylvia's other suitor is William Fentriss, a fellow student of Sudgeberry at Nassau Hall, a rakish blade, fond of fine raiment and hot punch and merry companions. Of course Mr. Sudgeberry cannot possibly see that such a roysterer could possibly be a serious rival for the esteem and regard of a decorous and serious-minded young woman, and when Fentriss, on account of a misunderstood toast, is banished and in disfavour, the Sudgeberry complacence is supreme. A ride over the Delaware, an attack upon the coach in which Miss Sylvia and her father are journeying, by pretended highwaymen whose purpose is to enable Fentriss to come galloping to the rescue like a hero of the most approved romance, and final confrontations and explanations are the contrivances by which the real state of affairs are forced into Mr. Sudgeberry's dull mind. The book is a delicate one, and if it does nothing greatly to enhance Mr. Tarkington's reputation it will in no way decrease it.

Beverley Stark.

Cherry. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

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THE BALLADE OF DEAD SELLERS.

(With Apologies to Villon.)

Oh, tell me now, past all debate,
  Just where "The Right Of Way" may be,
Or what dim lands are consecrate
  To "Harum's" rustic chivalry?
  By what strange ways of land or sea
Doth "Audrey" shed the casual tear,
  Or "Janice Meredith" take tea:
Where are the books of yester-year?

What "Crisis" now makes desolate?
  Where's "Eben Holden's" word of glee,
Or "Mrs. Wiggs's"? Who doth prate
  To-day of Vernon's Dorothy?
  "To Have and Hold" them one time we
Were glad enough, but now, I fear,
  We chant their dirge right merrily:
Where are the books of yester-year?

Who'll now "The Christian's" woes relate?
  Poor "Knighthood's Flower," you'll all agree
Is "Run to Seed" and much that fate
  O'ertook the whole "White Company."
  "Red Rock" is lost; inaudibly
"The Choir Invisible" makes cheer,
  And "Trilby" sobs th' insistent plea:
"*Where* are the books of yester-year?"

L'ENVOI.

O, Publishers, on bended knee,
  I ask: Where did they disappear,
All these and more past memory—
  Where are the books of yester-year?

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

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SOME TRUTHS ABOUT AMERICAN READERS.

IN a recent number of *The Outlook,* Mr. Brett raised several interesting questions which may roughly be classed as follows: Is the American nation steeped in an optimism which is reflected in its literature? Is the reading public of the United States of a higher average intellectually than that of thirty years ago? Is its rejection of the pessimist and decadent literature of Europe a sign of superior health, intelligence, and a brighter material outlook? Mr. Brett cheerfully answers these questions in the affirmative, and so no doubt would any other publisher who had distinguished himself in a difficult field; but it seems to me that there is more in this subject than appears on the surface, and I am sure Mr. Brett will forgive me for amiably differing from him.

That, superficially, we are a race of optimists no one will deny; but how near to our roots does this optimism extend, and is it reflected in our literature? In a vast and populous country we have just one first-class humorous illustrated weekly, and I never look through a copy that I am not struck by the sadness or tragedy behind most of the cartoons, and the apparent poverty of amusing material in the United States. The *nouveau riche* and the snob are its principal resource, the callow society youth, who could only inspire humour in a desperate humourist, the hurry and heartlessness of our great cities, the rapacity of politicians and monopolists. Almost never does one see a page inspired by a bubbling well of inherent fun, such as informs nearly every page of the *Fliegende Blätter,* for example. Indeed, since I have lived in Southern Germany I have grown to question if we Americans are really humourists or merely a race with a strong youthful sense of the ridiculous —a vastly different thing from true humour. As for the several second-class humourous weeklies their butts are the Jew, the negro, the hayseed, and the politician. They are drearier than Gorky of Russia.

In our literature of the moment even—and excluding Mr. Howells, who is distinctly the most depressing author of his time—I fail to find that note of redundant optimism. It is true that most American novels "end well," but that, I fancy, is due to artistic pride; the poorest writer can make his ending "strong" if he invokes the aid of death or severed hearts; moreover, being eminently sane, the American knows that the great law of compensation doles out a sufficiency of bright spots in life for the author to draw upon for satisfactory climaxes. He knows that for all whose fortunes "end badly" at some given moment, there are many compensations ahead, that every sane mortal recovers from the blows of death and ungenerous fate, and goes on to new adventures—that, in short, no climax, except death for all, is final; and that unless the tragic note is struck at a book's very start it is more artistic, in other words, more natural, to leave the last of all climaxes, as well as many that may precede it, to the imagination of the reader. And the American writers who win their way, are, with few exceptions, artistic. That and a certain distinction are their salient characteristics. They are often thin and narrow, cold and quite lacking in objectivity, but their high literary average is astonishing. One result of this is that some six or eight popular English writers I could mention have little or no circulation in the United States. They are more abundant in invention than the average American author, more successful in creating an illusion, more objective; but their loose and often offensive style, their incurable use of "different to" and other solecisms, their utter lack of native distinction, their platitudes and inartistic construction, disgust the fastidious and often finicky American. To succeed with the greater public indifferent to niceties they would have to write on subjects popular with the American people; who either want to read about themselves or to be instructed

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in such of their history as puts them into a pleasing glow without taxing their understanding.

But this is a digression, and leaving out the small group of known novelists who frankly cater to this class, I find very few who write as if this were the best of all possible worlds, and the United States "God's Own Country." Doubtless those who think see little in the country to induce a reckless hilarity. It is true that we are not oppressed by monarchy and its willing tools, the police, that our books are not censored in search of possible truths about majesty and government. Liberty of conscience is a beautiful and inspiring factor in the temperament of a nation, and no doubt we fully appreciate this supreme advantage. But on the other hand we are skating on thin ice over portentous problems: the Labour, the Jew, the Negro, the Monopolist, are a few of them. We know there is corruption and venality in our highest courts, and that in any it is difficult for the under dog to obtain justice. In all but a few sturdy States honesty in politics is as unknown as genius in the magazines, and it is a truly tragic fact that the well-meaning reformers have neither the cleverness nor the numbers to win a permanent triumph over the magnificently organised forces of evil. In our great cities a man sacrifices his youth, health, a good third of his life, makes himself hard, obnoxious, impervious to happiness, that he may not be overwhelmed by the competing flood. No more interesting hero of a novel could be made use of, except as a contribution to social history. The American novelist is, perforce, driven to psychology; or if he attempts romance he does the best he can with an unprolific but mellow past. Psychologically, the United States is the most promising country in the world, but for that very reason it does not inform the heart with perfect joy, nor the roots of the national optimism with vitality; although freedom, lack, as yet, of overpopulation, and a certain evenness of opportunity—in theory, at least—saves us from such a novel as *Jude the Obscure,* and from the morbidity of the often hopeless European.

Mr. Brett maintains that the present reading public of the United States is more intelligent and educated than that of thirty years ago because it encourages such first-class psychologists as Mrs. Wharton and Mr. James Lane Allen, and so purely literary a romanticist as Maurice Hewlett. But thirty years ago did not the American public devour in huge pirated editions the works of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, the Brontës, Hugo, Balzac? Did it not read Hawthorne and Poe, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte? The truth is that the population of the United States has so enormously increased in the last thirty years that to-day there are all sorts of audiences; every author worth his salt will obtain a hearing, and those well above the average will have the success they deserve. A book is popular in one set and ignored in another, may even have a vogue in Philadelphia and practically be unheard of in New York. Personally I have never met anybody who has read the huge successes of recent years, and all my friends and acquaintances appear to have had the same experience.

In regard to Mr. Brett's last point, that the pessimistic and decadent literature of Europe has no vogue in the United States, and that the fact is greatly to our credit, I am inclined to think that the cause lies not in a healthy and disdainful optimism, nor yet in our ineradicable purity of mind, but in a certain provincial lack of interest in "the world," in "life." We should be reminded that the so-called decadent literature of Europe which survives ephemeralism—the fate of most of it—has a certain historical significance. Inasmuch as it reflects the tendency of a nation, and the spiritual development, or disintegration, of a people. Therefore, no matter how disagreeable, it is worthy of study by those who have the intelligence to appreciate it. I will venture to assert that all that is notable in this class of literature is overlooked by no cultivated American who is interested in life as it is. He may read it as he would read the latest developments in bacteriology or in wireless telegraphy, but he reads it.

The novels of D'Annunzio are the most notable instance in point at the present moment. In spite of their poetry, their incomparable style, their penetrating psychology, the really great thoughts scattered through them, they are prob-

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ably the most repulsive works of art ever achieved by the uncompromising realist; repulsive in their monotonous unmorality, in the mental, spiritual, and bodily disease of every character portrayed, in unrelieved pessimism, in their nauseous atmosphere of decay. But were they without the high qualities I have enumerated, still should they be read for a far more vital reason—*they are Italy.* All the stories and novels on Italy, by authors foreign and native, do not in bulk express this dead country as does one chapter of any of the works of D'Annunzio. The vast horde of sightseers who go to Italy, Baedeker in hand, who bore themselves in the picture galleries and try to feel romantic among the ancient smells of Venice, return home to swell and perpetuate the legend. But any person born with the faculty to see must recognise Italy for what she is—an old corpse. She reeks with rottenness, degradation, disease; she is a thing of the far past, gangrene, crying out for decent burial. And, consciously or not, this hideous fact is epitomised in the novels of D'Annunzio; and surrounds them with the same sinister glow that rises from the corruptions of the marsh and the sea.

In Northern Germany, no doubt, the heavy pessimism, the gloomy spirit of discontent, is due to the crushing weight of the military, the censorship of the police, the barriers between conscience and speech, and the inexorable laws of caste; but is it the less worth reading because it expresses the genius of a people? In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark the long night for so great a part of the year, and the impossibility of lifting one's roots from the hole where callous Nature planted them, the barrenness, the meagreness of mere existence, are sufficient reasons for the spirit which produced *Beyond Human Power,* and any one of Ibsen's depressing but most truthful performances. Reading them doubtless makes matters worse, and the gloom of an eternal night would seem to be the ultimate fate of Scandinavia; but when I hear an American denounce these plays as unfit for the boards I am grateful for the hint of another narrow-minded bore to avoid in the future.

Most so-called French literature is Parisian, and Paris is not France. Of Russian literature almost all has been said. No one need be told the causes of decadence and pessimism in that criminal among nations. If the few authors of note it has produced could have risen above Russia then they would have been great indeed; but because they could not, the greater the value of their work as historical documents, the more reason for us to read it. The world is our oyster. Those of us who open it lose little and gain much. *Gertrude Atherton.*

THE REVELATION OF HERSELF.

By Mary Farley Sanborn.

Part IV.

Sunday, September 5th.

I have fulfilled my various duties for the day, and now may sit down at nine of the clock, post meridian, to write to you. No letter *from* you, of course, it being Sunday. Would you like to know how I have spent the day? First, after breakfast, I paid the usual visit to my grandmother, who looked blankly at the ceiling while I talked to her. (I kept Miss Burden beside me all the time I was in the room. She is getting to understand me.) From eleven to one I read aloud to Bonnie, who ruined her own sight years ago by refusing the aid of glasses. At one-thirty we dined (the Sunday custom) and by the time I had finished my dessert, Myles was at the door with the carriage and pair, Maidie on the back seat which she insisted on my sharing with her. We drove till I was tired to death, and after we came home I read Jungle stories to her under the trees. They both stayed to "tea," as it is called here.

Observe that I have not seen Lawrence

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since Friday, and Sunday is his holiday too, poor fellow—I mean poor in resources, for he claims there is no one in Pullen whose society is of interest to him but me. He said, "It's a shocking dull hole, don't you think, Miss Madge?" and I said I thought it must be if it was really so bad as that. Then he began to protest, he didn't mean, I knew he didn't mean, he was sure I understood he didn't mean—until I had to help him out. I gave him permission to practice making graceful speeches on me, provided he would take his experiences to heart and profit by them. He replied significantly that he *would* take them to heart, and gave me a look to match the words. I said, "Don't be silly, please; and remember that you are not to come near the house on Sunday, even to walk past and look at the windows, as you did last week. Pullen is stupid enough to live in, but it isn't blind, and it sees with magnifying glasses, too."

"Oh, do you think they gossip about us?" he cried, his face lighting up.

How funny men are—so literal! Even you, for though you seem to have the most good-humoured tolerance for Larry, you persist in regarding Myles as somehow important. How can I disabuse your mind of the extravagant fancy that he figures at all significantly in *our* exalted life? He is walking about here, to be sure, and a very useful person he is. Our income reaches us through his hands, and I have not the faintest idea where it comes from—my grandmother's investments, of course, but I don't know where or what they are, or how I should get at them by myself. He says, "Do you want some money?" and I say yes. He takes out a roll of bills and gives me as much as I require—the transaction is beautifully simple. But truly, once for all, dear Tony, I want you to feel convinced that he has no authority over me, no right to meddle in my affairs, none, that is, except what he himself assumes. You would have to know Myles to know how much he can assume. You see, he has known me ever since I was a little girl, and he is by nature dictatorial. I suppose he considers my grandmother's illness to have deprived me of a much needed guardian, hence his counsel, which I regard myself as having taken very sweetly. I shall speak plainly to him by and by. Just now, he is giving me nothing to complain of. He has been altogether neutral and colourless in his manner since the little passage-at-arms I wrote you about. I wish I did not have to explain so much, or rather, that I had not so much to explain, it leaves so little space for that which is worth saying.

I am so glad, dear, that you will soon be having it cooler in New York. When Aunt Letitia opens her house I shall run over there for a couple of weeks, that is, unless by that time I am finally released. My grandmother seems to be gaining very slightly in strength, but there cannot be any real improvement, the doctors say. Miss Mackillay is back on night duty, and I am thankful for that. The little that I see of Miss Burden is soothing and reassuring to my spirit. She is the only person I have to do with in these days who does not make some demand upon me. I am using a very subtle and skillful diplomacy to interest Myles in her. Fancy me as a matchmaker! Neither of them suspects—unless it is Miss B. and she smiles her Mona Lisa smile, and lifts her drooping eyelids in the demurest way that I ever saw that eloquent action performed. She has the quiet, gliding movements of a woman who can keep her own counsel.

How gratifying to receive all those letters appreciative of your work! I shall be there to hear the course of talks you are preparing to give next winter, yes, in any case. There is a limit to all sacrifice. I shall tell them the simple truth and come to you. Don't I know, better than you, even, how you need me? For twenty-eight years you have had to make the best of life without me—long enough. I owe my life to you, and there is no other claim upon me that can count against that.

Oh, the little things I think of that I shall do for you! You would laugh that dear, quizzical laugh of yours if I should try to tell you them in detail. They include every possible service from cooking your meals to typewriting your manuscripts. Oh, I shall spoil you, I suppose—make you detestably selfish like the men one hears about. I have heard married women talk of spoiled husbands; they are awful monsters, it seems, equal in their atrocities to the wicked giants of the fairy tales. Tony, would you drop a

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collar here, and a necktie there, and put your feet on the sofa cushions, and run the shades up to the top of the windows, and leave cigar stubs on the piano, and kick your slippers under a chair, and then put on your coat and go out in the cheerful expectation that your wife would consider it a privilege to restore order? Well, *you may do all those things.* I suppose I should fold the necktie and pat the pillows lovingly into shape, and go down on thankful knees to brush up the cigar ashes and burnt matches you had scattered about. It doesn't seem as if there could be too much to do for you—the more the better. If you should lose one of your arms I don't believe you would ever miss it, if I were with you—as I should be.

Ah, well, you *are* laughing at me after all! I can see the light in your dear eyes while you read. Laugh if you like, sir, but I can tell you what perhaps you do not know, that every woman, unless she is a beast of selfishness, is part mother as well as all sweetheart to the man she loves. Never fear but you will have to take care of me too. One of the things I mean to do after I come to you is to be just a *little bit* ill, so that you can sit by me and look big and protecting, and feed me my beef tea with a spoon. Tony, don't laugh at that, please. I do mean it. I am so alone, you do not know how alone I feel. . . . There, now, that's all of that. For my sake, dearest, and the respect I think you feel for me, bear in mind that all this nonsense could only be written for your eyes and for no others. I recollect saying once, very wisely and confidently, that whatever else I might do I would never write love letters, oh, no, never would I commit myself to folly with pen and ink. And now you see. Well, the wisdom of those days is foolishness to me since I knew you, and surely if you were to leave my letters about and the chambermaid should read them, she would be willing to admit that love cannot always be held in check by prudence—any woman would.

* * * * *

I have been sitting here and thinking, thinking, oh, ever so long. Now it is eleven o'clock and I begin to feel sleepy. A few hours of forgetfulness, and then comes morning and your letter.

By the River, Thursday, Sept. 9th.

I have brought my writing things out here in order to be secure from interruption while I write, and now I am going to answer all the questions you have been asking me. You say in your dear, kind, last letter, that you don't think you have catechised me so much as I have imagined. You simply trusted me to be in all things as frank with you as you would be with me (no woman on earth was ever that, Tony), but that now you do ask me to put still more confidence in you and unburden my mind of all that is troubling it. It is easily said! I know that to you the request seems a simple one, and you cannot know how difficult it is for me to accede. I wanted to be with you when we talked. You and I came together with the suddenness in which all the *real* things happen; we never had time to talk of anything but our love, and besides, there *was* nothing else after that. A few weeks, which did nothing to make the great thing seem less wonderful, and then I was called away here, so abruptly that we had only time to say good-bye, and ever since I have been held fast in my false position, helpless to explain myself to you by letter, unable to see you even for a day, and knowing all the time that you feel me to be lacking in frankness, the one quality that you value most in yourself and in others.

It has been terribly hard, and now comes the hardest thing of all—the task of making myself clear to you by written words, with no chance of making any appeal but that of reason, without even your eyes to reassure me, nothing to tell me how far I am incurring your displeasure—just bidden to tell the "simple" truth—as if the truth were ever simple!

I don't know how I feel to-day, much as if it did not matter what happened, I think. I wrote you yesterday what you must have thought a very superficial letter; but somehow through the long hours of the night I found myself slowly, very slowly, but at the same time quite steadily, as if I were being led by some power outside myself, coming to the conviction that the truth—in so far as truth can ever lie in mere facts—was something you had a right to know. Of course your right has always included everything, but what I mean is that I came to the point where I saw that I must unburden

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my mind of all it contained, and hand the whole over to you to deal with according to your judgment. This may be mere weakness in me, or it may be an awakening regard for what you call truth, a term I am not sure that I understand, but something in me has broken down.

How you should have guessed that I was concealing anything from you I cannot imagine, unless it is that love has made me transparent, but it is true that I have concealed something, and you knew that as you know all things, simply because you are you. I am trusting you to see as I see, and you are under that obligation, are you not, Tony dear? You could not force me to tell you anything that you would suffer to injure me in your eyes.

Well, then, it is a fact (but not *true* if I know what the word means) that before I met you I was engaged to M. H——. I cannot write his whole name in such a connection. It happened last February, the day before my grandmother's will was made. She arranged it with M. in a perfectly coldblooded way, telling him it was her wish that her property should not be divided, nor that portion of it invested in the mills be withdrawn, therefore she would leave all except a few small legacies to me on condition that M. would marry me and assume the guardianship, a legal protectorate over myself and the property. This condition was understood between ourselves, not stipulated in the will itself.

Tony, you *know* that marriages cannot be made in that way, but I did not know it then, nor think about it as it seems to me now any girl of my age and intelligence would inevitably have done. I had never loved any man but my father, and how should I know what was lacking in this man? Moreover I had always been more or less dominated by my grandmother's passion for ruling everything. I knew that M. could never dominate me in that way, and I was not in the least afraid of his lording it over me as he had over poor Nellie. So I consented, lightly enough, as I believe many girls do who have had no previous experience to teach them how to judge a man when he presents himself in the light of a possible husband. I made two or three conditions; first, that the engagement should be kept strictly private until I chose to announce it, and second, that I should be allowed to pay Aunt Letitia a prolonged visit. M. readily consented to both—you can judge how much he *cared*. The principal feature in the whole arrangement was that my grandmother's property would not be divided among several heirs, and so cause inconvenience to his business—I should be such a docile stockholder!

Well, there you have the "truth." This much I will swear to—the word love has never been spoken between us—do I need to tell you any more of him? What does such a man want with a wife at all? It is well for him, indeed, that he is not to have me, for I should lead him a dreadful life, not of deliberate intention, but by reason of the eternal laws that govern attraction and repulsion, the laws that made me turn to you, dear, as the embodiment of all I required in a man—goodness, truth, strength, and sweetness, and that make me turn from him in spite of all there is in his character which one is forced to respect. He is older and wiser than I: he should have known that a woman like me could not be happy with a man like him. No, he is not wiser, for he is without intuition, and it is not with one's *reason* that one perceives the eternal laws. He has no insight. He could give me much that he himself values and consequently thinks would satisfy me, but I, the real Madge, would be forever unknown to him. He asked me because he felt the arrangement to be appropriate. Besides Grandmother Pullen led him up to it, and when Grandmother Pullen leads, the horse not only goes to water, but *drinks*.

Even I was led to the water, but one swallow was enough. And Tony, the moment I saw you, I began to perceive the difference between loving a man and not loving him. Now, you see, here is the distinction between a fact and the truth—I am engaged to M. and I love you. Could there be a simpler illustration? A bare, cold, lifeless fact, and the warm, radiant, living truth. You *see*, do you not?

I know what your next question will be—What am I going to do about it? Dear Tony, I can't do anything just now. To mention the matter to my grandmother would kill her at once, if she un-

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derstood the meaning of what I said at all. So I must be silent for the present. M. will be told at the very earliest opportunity, as soon as this strain of suspense is over. He will be very much displeased and disgusted; will think me fickle and erratic and unaccountable, and will probably tell me so; but he will go his regular way just as he did before, or for that matter, is doing now. Believe me, Tony, he is not in the least like one's fiancé. Of course I should speak out before them all, rather than allow *that!*

Oh, well the thing is off my mind, and I am so glad! Write me a good letter and tell me you love me better for having been honest, then I shall realise, as I cannot now, the advantage in having put into words this most unreal of facts. You see it is not in any degree important, a mere shadowy thing which is soon to fade entirely away in the light of our great love. I have had a sleepless night thinking how I could write so that you would be sure to understand, and now I can only *hope* that I have succeeded. You do understand, Tony, do you not?

I shall be restless until I have your answer to this, then I shall feel comforted. It does free one's mind to tell out what is in it; I think I can realise something of what the confessional is to a good Catholic. Now you know, dearest, all there is to know, and after this we can give our attention solely to ourselves. Will you tell me more about the lectures you are planning to give? You dear, red-handed socialist! But in the next letter write only of the love.

Saturday, September 11th.

I will try to reason as you would have me. You say: "I am glad you have told me all there was to tell. It is what I more than half divined when you first went back to Pullen. My dear girl, I make allowance for our different ways of looking at things, which are natural ones on both sides. For myself I cannot reason along any lines that would justify you in holding your present position with regard to the people there, while you still consider your future to belong to me. Now, do not misunderstand me. I do not for one instant mean to imply that you are deliberately deceiving any one, only that you are deluding yourself in clinging to the belief that you ought for any reason to keep further silence. I am not putting forward any claim for myself, or even for the others. I am thinking solely of you, and your accountability to your own true self. I want you to act from within, because only by your so doing can any of us obtain that part of you which justly belongs to us. I must not advise you; it would only be overruling your will with my own; and to ask you to act from my notions of the right course would be to influence you to do something which was outside your own lines of conduct, and for which you might very justly blame me in the future. It must be Madge who acts. My word to you is, Be honest and straightforward, considering results as little as possible. Confer with the best in yourself—that is the utmost any of us can do."

And that is all—all you have to say to me. I don't know how to answer. I know as well as if you had told me so, that you think I ought to go to Myles and perhaps to my grandmother also, with a plain statement of the whole case, as it stands. Well, perhaps if you had told me to do it, I could do even that, though it would be to take her life in my hands. If you had bidden me, I should feel that I had had the message. But in cold blood, and of myself alone, I cannot do the thing. Once more Tony—oh, I beg of you to think of it in this way!—it cannot be judged from the outside, and according to fixed principles. Everything is modified by surrounding circumstances, is it not so in all your experience of life and conduct? It would have been far better if I had not told you what I did, for you who are outside cannot see, as I from the inside see so plainly, that it makes no difference to anybody whether Myles is enlightened now or a few weeks later. Tony, he does not love me, or even care for me. He is too self-centered to care for anybody. He respects himself first, and his duty because it is a part of himself. Surely you know the type.

Won't you trust me a little longer? You say you leave it all with me. Then wait a little. I cannot, for your sake I cannot, make any change in my position here. All these things will in the end adjust themselves, and along what you call natural lines. How much better to

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let it all be settled that way! If he were in any sense my lover!—but he is not. It would be hard to imagine a man more self-contained. I am doing all I can to divert his alleged interest in me into Miss Burden's direction. I have already told you I mean he shall marry her. I was really serious; the plan is most appropriate and quite feasible. She has no love for her profession, *per se,* and she could not hope to do better than marry Myles. Neither she nor any one else in Pullen outside the three persons immediately concerned, knows of this queer engagement, so to her Myles is simply an eligible man and a possible husband. Depend upon it, she has turned the idea over in her pretty head.

I cannot hope that my reasoning will make any appeal to you. That must be because I have not the ability to make it clear and logical rather than because it is faulty in itself. If you would only tell me what to do—but then I might have to refuse you, and that would kill me. Simply, there is only one course to keep. Oh, it seems incredible that a wretched cobweb should fall between us and look to you like a network of iron, while I am powerless to brush it away!

I walked over to South Pullen yesterday, and there was no letter. I suppose you thought it best not to write until you should have mine of Thursday. Well, all you do is true and right. But your letter has chilled me, and I cannot speak of myself. I know you are greater than I, but it cannot be I am altogether unworthy of you when I love you so.

Tell me what to do!

Friday, September 16th.

Against the inevitable there is no prayer that can prevail. This, then is my last letter to you for the present, perhaps forever. You say you cannot consider yourself to have any claim upon me so long as I am supposed to be engaged to another man, and that with such complications as make it imperative I should act with more than the scrupulousness required in an ordinary case. I have said everything I could say, made every appeal. You can see only one course—absolute, plain, uncompromising truth-telling, and that course I cannot pursue. Therefore you leave me in the silence where you found me, only it is deeper and more intense, because the music has stopped. Not forever; I know it will sound again, and that is why I would not give up my position if I could. You love me, and love never changes. I have learned that, knowing as I do the difference between an eternal love and the earthly substitute that so many women accept because they must fill their lives with something.

I do not understand how it is that I am not unhappy, but such is the strange fact. Nor have I any fear for the future. A wonderful power seems holding me up. It is as if I looked out from a mountain-top, and saw, far off, the peak where I was one day to stand with you. There are valleys between, deep and dark, and I must descend into them, but I am brave and strong, "I am captain of my soul."

Tony, I shall write to you each day just as I have done, and the letters, or diary, if you would rather call it so, will be laid away till the time comes when you wish to see them. These have been five blessed months, in spite of the separation and the misunderstanding and the pain. God bless you, my own Tony. It is not good-bye. I shall feel you near, and I shall come to you in my thoughts. The power that led me to you five months ago will not allow the bond to loosen by absence. And our Day *will* come. Till it does, and forever, I am your own Madge.

Saturday, September 17th.

This is a letter to you, to be written and addressed, and laid away till you can have it. When you read it, I shall be sitting beside you, leaning my head against your shoulder. All the way along as you read you will be stopping and asking me to explain, and as you turn your head your cheek will rest upon my hair. It is only to wait a little while and then I shall come to you with all that belongs to me, and it will be yours. I can tell you now, for you will not see this until all is made right, what my real reason is for not making things plain to the people here.

In the first place, as I have so often said, it is not their affair; but the one thing I am thinking most of is that I must come into possession of my grandmother's property, which in both the legal and moral sense rightfully belongs

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to me. I could not explain this to Myles, for he would say that she had intended the will to be conditional upon our marriage—oh, the word!—and he would never be generous enough to admit that I had any right to the advantage of the will unless I complied with the conditions literally. And heaven knows the place is uncomfortable enough now, with my grandmother grimly silent as if she could help me, but would not; and Myles's exalted air of being the one person about whom the whole situation revolves.

And so, to state the matter plainly, I intend to remain silent until my rights are legalised, when I will at once make myself clear to Myles. He could certainly not wish to take an unwilling wife, and the readjustment will be simple. Now no more of this. I do believe that even before you see me again you will understand me better, so it will be quite unnecessary for me to clear myself to you.

Larry was here last night. I was glad to see him, for I was in a strange condition of mind that made me a little afraid of myself. Not sad in the least—exhilarated, rather, with the kind of solemn joy one feels in dying, I imagine. I did not like it to go too far; I could not feel quite sure what it would do to me, so when he came I let myself be as flippant and inconsequent as any schoolgirl.

He said, "Miss Madge, I have never seen you like this before. You have as many moods as the New England climate."—not bad, was it?

I don't remember whether I thought to mention to you at the time—my mind was always so full of more important things when I was writing to you—that one day when Mr. Norrice and I met in the road he talked to me more seriously than ever before about Larry, begging leave to be perfectly frank with me and going on to ask me "for the boy's own sake," as he said, to be as guarded as possible in my manner with him.

I opened my eyes and said, "I don't quite know what you mean, Mr. Norrice. Do you think me too free?"

By no means, he hastened to say, only—there was a look of consciousness in his eyes, a young man of Larry's age did not always understand a woman's kindness, and might mistake it for something more significant.

I laughed so hilariously that I think he was rather annoyed, and a little disconcerted—it must have been one of my happy days, because there have been days at a time when I couldn't laugh at all. We had met on my way home from South Pullen, and I had a big letter from you in my chatelaine bag—I remember I felt at peace with the world, and in a humour to be amused at anything. It struck me as simply funny that I should be accused of leading Larry on when I had snubbed the boy so unmercifully, sending him away again and again, and forbidding him the house almost.

"I think it is you who are mistaken instead of Larry," I said.

His eyes flashed with a look that made his face for the time being quite interesting; but he bowed as if he would concede the point rather than argue it—with a woman, I suppose he thought.

"I have been with him every day since the first of June," he said, quite firmly and evidently much in earnest. "He is a good fellow, and he has the making of a man. I should consider it very deplorable if at this time in his life he were to come by any experience that should sadden or embitter him."

I wanted to laugh again; Larry, saddened and embittered, was a person difficult to imagine. However, I saw that Mr. Norrice was serious and his feelings were at that time more to be considered than Larry's. He is one of those persons who look at everything in the aspect of its deepest significance, a man you could safely turn to in trouble, but who might be rather out of place when there was any fun going on. However, I had my own dignity to defend, you see. I said, "What are you accusing me of, Mr. Norrice?"

"And I know you would be very sorry afterward if you were unintentionally to mislead him," he went on, very quietly.

Now, it is funny, is it not, that while I was engaged to two men I should be accused of misleading another? What I wanted most at that moment was that Mr. Norrice should go his way and leave me to sit down and read your letter. So I answered, as simply as I knew how:

"Indeed, I should, Mr. Norrice. I don't think I know the first principles of coquetry. There never was a girl, I believe, who was less of a flirt. I like

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Larry just about as I do Maidie, and I think, as you do, that there is the making of a man in him. You know you wanted me to use my influence to get him to study, and I did try to use it, such as it was. I talked to him very seriously. I told him I should be dreadfully disappointed if he failed to pass, and that you and his mother would both feel that it was my fault that he had wasted his time. Wasn't that what you meant I should do?"

He was looking down at the ground with his hands behind him, and he did not raise his eyes for an instant. When he did so, I was surprised to see a humourous twinkle in them.

"Well, something like that. I think you may give yourself the credit of having furnished Lawrence with a motive for work. He has said several times that he would shoot himself before he would go and tell you that he didn't pass."

"That's good. He'll only be here a little while longer, and I'll try not to undo my beautiful work. Where is he this morning, by the way?"

"I left him cutting asters," said Mr. Norrice, dryly, and I knew by his tone that the asters were for me. Sure enough, they arrived in an hour's time, their stalks still wet with the dew.

Now there are no more walks to South Pullen. I don't think I can ever bear to go over that road again—not until I have made my peace with you. I shall avoid walking in that direction, for I must not allow myself to be unhappy. It would make me weak, and I need all my strength for what is before me.

Sunday, September 19th.

I folded yesterday's letter, put it in an envelope and sealed it. I didn't go as far as to put a stamp on, but I wanted it to look like a real letter. It didn't; no letter does without a stamp. After all, I need not keep up such a childish pretense. You will have all that I write some time, and the form will make no difference to you then, and so need not to me now.

This is a lovely September afternoon—or might be under happier circumstances. I did not sleep so very well last night, and feel a bit dull to-day. I have performed my usual duties, and presently will come the inevitable drive. To-morrow Maidie begins school. I wanted her father to let me teach her; it would occupy the time that I don't know what to do with, and be a real pleasure. But he believes in public schools and the stimulating effect of competition, and perhaps it is just as well. I am likely to go away from here almost any time at a week's notice.

I wonder what you are doing this beautiful strange Sunday. Do you miss me? We cannot be really separated, ever, in this world, nor in any other. I have been trying to say some things to you—in the silence, as one talks to God. I close my eyes and sit trying to reach you until I almost lose consciousness of where I am, and then I try to conjure up your face. I am sure you are aware of me, and that in the true sense we are together. Space and time mean nothing except to our poor finite conception. I know you think of me and love me, which means far more than to be with you without the love. As long as you are in the world and love me, I can never be unhappy or really alone.

Tuesday, September 21st.

Would it seem foolish to you if you knew it, my writing to you just as I have been in the habit of doing, and putting the poor little letter away in a drawer to lie in the dark until our own particular Judgment Day? Well, the sun will not be cold, nor the stars old, *then*. It is always possible that to-morrow may bring the Judgment, and that thought upholds me.

Only the inspiration to write seems lacking a little. I have not your reply to anticipate, and that takes away the zest. Still, when the time comes you will want the history of each day. I wish I had asked you for a list of books to read. I have begun *Mill* upon my own recommendation, and I find him fascinating. I keep thinking of questions I want to ask you. I am writing those down in a note book. I shall come back to you bristling with information and queries. How we shall enjoy comparing notes! I am sorry I did not ask you to keep a journal for me,—perhaps you will think to do it. I might write now and suggest it, only I don't quite know whether you would wish to hear from me.

Oh, Tony, how that sounds! After I had written it I sat looking at the sen-

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tence. What can have come between us? Nothing, nothing, nothing.

I have just picked up one of our favourite volumes to divert my mind for a little. And the first thing my eye rested on was something that made me shut the book:

"Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed!"

I don't want to think one thought like that. Nothing is changed. Nothing could be unless the love changed first, and that cannot be. It can never be.

Saturday, September 25th.

I have not been able to write as regularly as I thought I should. The difference between a letter you will read the next day, and one you may never see, is significant to a loving woman whose one wish is to be loved in return for the love she gives. But to-day my spirits are a little lighter. I have not been able to eat or sleep, till last night. I was too worn out to lie awake, and this morning I woke somewhat refreshed.

But, oh, my heavy heart! the days drag slowly! If it were not for Lawrence and Maidie I do not know how this silence and suspense could be borne. They are young and full of the abounding vitality that makes one hopeful for the world, despite one's own bitterness and trouble. Larry has been working hard. He has taken his exams, and will go back to Cambridge next week if he passes. If he does not pass, I don't know what will happen, except that I shall probably be held accountable.

I have had all the week an almost irresistible desire to write you. Nothing but the fear of your displeasure kept me from it, not my pride nor my judgment. I think I have neither where you are concerned. It is a week since you heard one word from me.

Monday, September 27th.

It is all too true. Larry is a goose, and I have really something to answer for, it seems,—poor I, made a criminal in my own despite!

Yesterday was rainy. Maidie was housed with a slight cold. Myles came over in the afternoon, but went home to "tea." At eight Larry's card came up. He had called in the face of my express injunction,—I had told him he was to spend the last evening with his mother. Mr. Norrice has returned to New York, his services being at an end.

Bonnie and I were sitting in my room before a crackling wood fire, listening to the pattering rain and mourning our lost youth. I had a mind to send Bonnie down in my place, she looked so much younger than I felt, in her pale-blue silk jacket trimmed with swansdown. I wore the shirt waist that Bonnie says is unbecoming, and had not done my hair over since morning.

I walked to the door without so much as glancing in the mirror, leaving Bonnie with her eyes bent upon Larry's card, trying to decipher it without her glasses. She was horrified when she found I had really gone down in the objectionable blouse, but then, Bonnie would think it worth while to dress for the grocery man.

Well, it makes little difference to any man, I believe, whether one's costume is becoming or otherwise. Lawrence sat on the music stool looking strung up and, for him, quite miserable. I jumped at the conclusion that he had flunked his Latin after all, but he said no, he had passed that and geometry, too. They had wired him the day before, and he wanted to come right over and tell me, only he saw Havenden's carriage at the door.

I began to congratulate him in guarded terms, with an uncomfortable prescience that Mr. Norrice was coming right.

"And your mother is so gratified, I am sure," I finished, in the most elder-sisterly tone I could assume.

"Yes, she is pleased. You know, I've done all my work in these last three weeks, Miss Madge, since you talked to me so beautifully about it. I told Norrice that if I didn't pass I'd shoot myself."

"Oh!"—rather contemptuously.

"I meant it. I should have done it. You would have thought I was a stupid donkey, and I couldn't have borne that."

"Well, there is no use talking about it. Everything is all right now. You've got rid of your conditions—isn't that good? I feel quite proud to think I had any part in it."

"You did the whole of it. If it hadn't been for——"

"Larry, you absurd boy, trying to flatter me. If you didn't work simply and solely for your own sake and your

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mother's, you ought to be ashamed to tell it. Don't sit perched up on that music stool; my grandmother's easiest chairs are none too comfortable. You mustn't stay long, anyway. And so you are leaving us on Tuesday?"

"I've got to. That's what comes of passing the exams. Miss Madge, you will let me write to you sometimes?"

"I'll see. Perhaps, just to tell me how you are getting on."

"And you'll promise to answer?"

"Oh, no, I never promise anything, I'm so likely to change my mind. I should have nothing to write that would interest you. We only talk of how much nourishment my grandmother has taken, and there won't be anything going on here this winter, will there? I've never been a winter in Pullen before. How your mother will miss you!"

He was walking about the room with his hands in his pockets, and at this he wheeled around and faced me. "I'd give the world to think that you would!"

I was simply vexed with him. I'm so tired of people! Maidie is the only person in the world I really care for, except the one I love. Everybody else only makes trouble for me.

"Oh, Larry," I said, "please don't talk that way. And don't stand there and look at me. If you only knew how tired I am!" And all at once my voice broke.

"Miss Madge!" he said, in tones full of sympathy. I had to lower my eyelids to hide the tears. One did run over, I think, and roll down my cheek.

"Yes, I'm tired. Don't mind. I oughtn't to speak of it to you. We are so miserable and dreary here, and I dread the cold fall days unspeakably. It is morbid, of course. My part is by no means the hardest one. I have my health, and I am not obliged to stay in a sick-room or sit up nights ruining my complexion. Don't imagine I'm in a state of permanent depression." And I tried to laugh the situation off.

But he looked quite serious. He took a chair near me, and bent over with his elbows on his knees looking at the carpet as he spoke.

"Miss Madge," he said, very simply, "there is something I want to say. Not very much, I won't make you uncomfortable. It's just this. In a year and a half I shall come of age, and then I shall have enough money to make me independent. I don't ask anything of you in the meantime, not a word or sign of encouragement; I just want to tell you that when the time comes I shall feel exactly as I do now—that you are the most perfect woman in the world, and I shall be in a position to say to you what I know you would rather I didn't say until then."

Could anything be manlier? He looked so good, so fresh and strong and true. He seemed to have become a man all at once and to be worthy of the consideration one would show to a senior. If I had planned beforehand what to say in reply it would have been something like this: "Oh, Larry, have I been responsible for your getting such a notion into your head? Because you know it can't possibly ever be."

But I didn't say that. I got up, and he was on his feet in an instant, and we were clasping hands.

"Larry, I feel the honor—I do. I know just how much it means. It means that all you have and are is at my service. Thank you, just as much as if I could accept it. *I* know that when you are twenty-one you will realise that I am twenty-six, but you do not know it, and it is because you're not so worldly now as you will be then. I shall be proud to be your friend, and I don't believe the world will change your willingness to take me in that capacity. Now, I'm afraid you must go. Don't come to see me again, but write me as soon as you feel like it. I *promise* I'll answer."

He goes to-morrow, and I shall miss him, but it wouldn't have done to tell him so. It is never best to tell anybody anything. I wonder if that is an epigram. If it is, I am growing old. It's a sign of age and experience to begin to formulate views of life.

Saturday, October 2d.

If I could see it as you do, Tony, the problem would at once solve itself. If from my own conviction I could determine to act as you think it my duty to do, I might in two hours' time be a comparatively happy woman. I find it a strange and puzzling thing that I cannot act thus, simply for your sake. A month ago, I should have said that your wish would have far more power to move

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me than my own. Now I perceive that in at least one matter, it is not so. I should be only too glad if I could act singly, but I do not find it possible. Why, I cannot tell you. It is certainly not that I am setting my own will against yours, —oh, no, the price is too great to pay for a simple indulgence. But there is nothing in *me* which responds to your sense of what in this particular case it would be right to do, and to undertake a great action one must feel the motive power from within. It would not be enough that I knew you were probably right—as indeed I do feel sometimes—I must be right in and of myself.

I cannot see that there is anything for me to do at present. If I break what we for convenience sake will call my engagement with M. there is still the will, upon which the whole matter really rests. I should have no moral right to the money, as he would see it, and yet it would come to me legally, for the will cannot now be changed—unless it were to be destroyed outright, and certainly, you could not expect me to enlighten my grandmother. However I look at the case it only turns over and over like the revolving of a cylinder,—no beginning and no end. There is a chance, meanwhile, that a natural readjustment may come about. M. *may* fall in love with Miss Burden, that is, with her admirable qualities. That would settle it all.

Friday, October 8th.

It is useless to keep up the attempt to write every day. Nothing happens, and my thoughts if put on paper would make but dull reading. I do not get on with Mill. He is so obscure that I do not often understand him, and the things I can understand he reiterates until I am tired of them. I think I will give him up till I am with you again, for I have the impression that you do not agree with him in all points. If you do not, Mill must be wrong, and who knows but I might accept some of the very statements that you disagree with?

There are difficulties in this matter of reading. The poets won't do; they have too much to say of separation, and that brings the thought of fear, for I do not know what is happening to you, now that I no longer have any word from you. Essays are cold reading unless one has a companion. They need to be munched slowly, like walnuts and raisins, with somebody across the table. Emerson I can't read now; he has more philosophy than I want. I would rather suffer than forget how empty life is without you. And Stevenson is too sympathetic. I feel as if I wanted to tell him all about it and have a good cry. He would understand perfectly how I am placed, and why I cannot do as you ask.

I found a set of Lecky in the library, and at present I am reading ten pages a day, and the same of Windelband, which I borrowed from Larry. My grandfather had a very good library, as far as it goes, wholly British and German and American, nothing French, and more history than imagination. The room will be a comfortable place to shut myself in when the winter comes. It gets the morning sun, and there is a big fireplace where I can burn logs from our own woodland. It will be a refuge from Bonnie's prattling, for she regards it as only a degree less dismal than a tomb.

I have a project—to form an evening class of young women for some kind of helpful study. They could bring their work, and I could read to them. They would be working women, of course. I wish I could get your ideas on the subject, you know those people so well. I am not sure that there are many of them in Pullen, though. M. is very sceptical as to my attempt proving successful, but he is not sympathetic in anything, and he believes only in such schemes as can be figured out mathematically. I mean to ask the minister. I want so much to be of service to some one.

Larry is heart and soul in football—bless the boy! He has written me twice, and I am grateful to him for remembering me, and for giving me a glimpse of the world of freedom and activity that lies somewhere outside this place. His letters were frank and friendly, with an interval of two weeks between. The breezes that blow across Soldiers' Field have swept the clouds of sentiment from his brain. That is as it should be. Larry won't forget *me*, he will only forget that he ever thought of me as anything but an agreeable friend.

Friday, November 12th.

It is a long, long time since I wrote,—

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five weeks. Maidie has been very ill with typhoid fever. She was ailing when I wrote last, and a day or two after that I begged M. to let her be brought here. He consented, for which I can never thank him enough. In a week's time she was delirious, and another nurse seemed called for. But Agnes Burden offered to help; she said they really had not enough to do for my grandmother, and so between us we took care of the child. Everybody has been very kind; the maids were devoted, and even Bonnie, after her first panic of terror lest we should all come down with fever, was persuaded to stop wringing her hands and behave sensibly. Of course she deluged herself with disinfectants, and would eat nothing that had not been sterilised.

For three weeks there was no respite from anxiety; the time seems like one long, unbroken day. I suppose Maidie was not in actual danger at any time according to the strict interpretation of symptoms, but one can never be sure in that disease what an hour may develop. We watched the crisis of the fever so eagerly that when the first real hope crept into the fear, it was almost as painful as the suspense had been. Then fear fell into step with hope, and for a few days they walked side by side. We said little, only plied the nourishment and prayed. Myles looked as if he had fasted as well; his features came out sharply, the line of his lips narrowed, and his eyes grew stern with the strain of anxiety. He has a heart, if it is only for Maidie. A note of love and understanding seems to have been struck between them. She turns to him from me when he comes into the room, and he feels, I am sure, as if he had plucked her from the very brink of the grave.

Well, they are here for the winter, in all probability. No one knows how the disease was contracted, and of course the sanitary arrangements come under suspicion. Myles will close his house until spring, when the plumbing is to be overhauled. It is the best plan we could think of, for he has to be here so much, and Maidie needs a woman's care,—she has never had anybody nearer than a housekeeper, poor, dear little girl! So we are gathered together under one roof, and it really makes hardly any difference except at mealtimes, the house is so large.

My grandmother showed no concern whatever throughout all those weeks. Miss Mackillay tried to tell her that Maidie was ill and was to be in the house for a time under my care, but she paid no attention. She seems removed from everything, except for those periods of unrest which still occur at times. Then she will lie for hours at a time staring at the safe; and if M.'s name or mine is mentioned, or if one of us comes into the room, she begins that nervous flutter of her one living hand, and the questioning look comes into her awful eye. I have grown so to dread and fear that look that I shrink when I see it and get out of the room as quickly as possible.

Myles says nothing to me, and Miss Mackillay evidently considers that she has relieved herself of all the responsibility belonging to her, and realises that it would be unwarrantable officiousness to assume any further duty in the matter. For my own part, I understand perfectly that if my grandmother could use her voice she would send for the minister to come and marry me to M. at once. He himself, I have no doubt, divines quite as clearly what is in her mind, but will do nothing to force me to comply or to refuse. It is possible that he has no more inclination to come to the point than I have—how could he look upon me with any wish to possess me?—a colourless, lifeless, sad-eyed image,—no more than a faded copy of the Madge he knew a year ago. I have grown so dull and uninteresting that even Maidie has learned to look to Agnes for entertainment.

Of course it is only for the time being. These conditions will right themselves and I shall come back to you. It will take me perhaps a week to recover my old spirits, then I shall be not the old self, I hope, but something better. At present I feel quite useless in the world. I seem to be one of those creatures to whom happiness is a necessary condition of development. I have returned to my reading, but it is purely mechanical. At night I have very little idea of what I read in the morning. We have had our first snowfall, a soft, slow dropping down of furry flakes that lay on the

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roofs and lawn all the next day. It gave me a shut-in feeling. How am I to bear the winter—how?

Thursday, December 2d.

Larry came home for Thanksgiving, and broke in upon our provincial quiet like a being from another world. It was good to see him. We walked and drove together, nobody making any protest. I think it may at last have dawned upon M. that the life here is wearing upon me. I have found him studying me sometimes lately; and then, too, he has seemed less hard since Maidie's illness. Well, Larry's visit did me a world of good. He was in great spirits, and not in the least sentimental. I wondered if he had forgotten how he *thought* he felt when he went away. He was just like a big, comfortable, strong, healthy, sensible younger brother,—of course I was glad to have him so, only the change came rather quickly and gave me a sensation of having my own prophesy forced down my throat,—I was perfectly willing to swallow it! And so, whatever Larry may be looking forward to when he arrives at his majority, he is not going to spend the interim in mooning and moping. Athletics are over, he tells me, and there is nothing to do from now until time to plug up for the mid-year exams,—except, as I should gather, to join societies. Bonnie and I are talking of going up to Boston some day and having lunch with him. It would be a wild adventure, but I really think no one would object.

After all, the winter will pass, and spring will be here again. One cannot think of spring without hope. By that time, if no change has occurred, I shall come to New York for a little visit to Aunt Letitia, and who knows but I may just chance to meet you? If I did, you would not turn away your face, would you, Tony? Oh, dearie, I shall see you some day, soon,—I feel it. The eternal laws are all the time drawing us together, and these other conditions are gradually giving way. One by one they will yield, and we shall move a little and a little nearer together, until the last step is taken and we stand face to face. Tony, I sometimes feel that I cannot wait. Fears skulk in and rise up to confront me. On cloudy days and at night they are the worst, but when the sun shines it has power to drive them away. And I know always, in spite of the fears, that I am coming through the dark and the loneliness, by way of many turns and by trembling steps, at last, at last, to you.

Wednesday, December 15th.

I have managed to initiate one of my philanthropic plans, on a rather small scale, to be sure, but I hope it will grow. I could only get ten girls together, even with the minister's coöperation; however, that is not so very bad a beginning, and as others hear about our class, I am hoping they will be attracted to it. We met in our library, and they appeared rather frightened. I had asked them to bring some fancy work, thinking they would feel more at ease to be somewhat occupied while I read to them; but only one of them brought anything. It was a piece of crochet edging, and wh she found the others had nothing she seemed anxious to hide it. I found difficulty in getting them to talk about what they would like to take up for a course of reading. Whenever I suggested anything, they only looked at each other and said yes. Two or three of them seemed wanting to laugh all the time,—embarrassment, I suppose. At last I had an inspiration,—Longfellow. Of course you would know, Tony, that it would not have been my choice, and I could not take up a *study* of Longfellow with any enthusiasm, although I like some of his poems. I should have preferred Spencer or Emerson for them, either would have been so helpful. However, when I saw how unenlightened they were I didn't dare mention The Data of Ethics. Some of them have copies of Longfellow, and I could not learn that they had anything else. I shall take up a few of the shorter poems first, and I hope when we begin to read they will show a little interest.

Maidie is absolutely well again, to all appearances, and goes out every day. She would be glad to get back to school, but Myles is suspicious of the sanitation. I don't know what will become of her superfluous activity; she is running wild at present.

And I—I am feeling more alive since Larry's visit. I got rather unstrung during Maidie's illness, and the habit of

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sleeping has not wholly returned. But I'm quite contented. I am so sure that this is only a necessary part of the Plan that was made for our ultimate blessing. It is all working out in its own way, which we shall see to have been the best way when we come to look back upon it as a whole. I have the *Gazer* every day, and it is next to hearing directly from you. I wish you would mark everything of your own in it, but I suppose you never see the copy that comes to me,—I am like any other subscriber. Still, it's something to have the paper. I read it over and try to find you in the different articles. They are not a substitute for your letters, but they do give me the assurance that you are alive and at your post.

Tuesday, December 21st.

My grandmother is having one of her restless days and the whole house is affected by it, not one of us but feels the disturbance. Maidie is cross, Bonnie is tearful, Myles looks stern and says nothing, Agnes Burden does not smile, and the maids break dishes. I ought to have made one exception,—Miss Mackillay; she goes her way unperturbed by personal moods or atmospheric changes. We had at breakfast an account of her patient's wakeful night; how she lay watching the door and making inarticulate sounds in her throat, how once she succeeded in almost lifting her shoulders from the pillow. I turned sick and the food choked me. My grandmother has not slept, so the nurse says, for twenty-four hours. Oh! it is horrible, and I cannot bear it! Why should it come upon me to be the cause of a dumb suffering that I can do nothing to relieve? God knows I would end her anxiety if I could. But it is out of the question.

Myles knows what her trouble is, and he will say nothing to me. If he would only ask me to marry him I could refuse; that would at least be taking a stand. Then he could act if he thought best, at any rate, the responsibility would be partly with him, and not as now, resting its whole horrible weight upon me. Sometimes I think I will give him the facts. He could do no more than cast me off, and that is what I want. Perhaps he would think it impossible to do anything about the will, as my grandmother is incapable of changing it. Yet I dread to speak, and after all there is always the hope that he may come to see what an undesirable wife I should be for him. There is Agnes, a sweet and amiable contrast to be marked every day.

Sometimes, too, I am seized by a fearful impulse to go straight to my grandmother and tell her in plain words that I cannot marry Myles. What then? She would die of the shock, or cause the will to be destroyed, in which event her money would be equally divided among her grandchildren—myself and the offspring of her renegade son and the inferior woman he married. Impossible! It would be a wrong and a shame. I cannot do it. Yet the thought keeps coming back to me, and these restless days of hers set it humming in my head. I am in a cage and there is no way out. Some one must die before I can be free. It will not do to think of any solution; there is too much silence here, and time for brooding. Any thought that takes complete possession of one's mind has power to drive one insane. People have gone mad on the most trivial subjects, and this is not trivial.

This house is one in which a tragedy might naturally occur. Large rooms with deep window seats, where a murderer might hide behind the curtains; heavy mahogany doors, dark with age; thick carpets on which one's footfall makes no sound, sombre furniture, and gloomy old portraits. As I go about the rooms I see in them a certain air of expectancy, like a scene set ready for the actors to come on and play the dreadful story. There is a half-moon over the tall window in the upper hall, just outside my grandmother's door. I hate the sight of that half-moon. It has a wicked look like the old moon itself, three-quarters dead in the early morning sky. It has a shade of green silk drawn tightly into a big rosette at the middle of the bottom; when the afternoon sun shines on it the sashes cast their shadow on the curtain in sinister bars. As a child I was afraid to go near it because it seemed to be frowning at me.

When you read this, Tony, you will laugh, or else you will feel a lump in your throat. I think you will call me a foolish girl, but yet be a little bit sorry for me at the same time. But you left me free to act, you said, withdrawing

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from the position where you might interfere with the absolute freedom of choice you wished me to exercise. I was to choose which I would serve, the Truth, or my own weakness. You did not put it in those words, but that is what you meant. It is three months since I heard from you, and I am weary with the loneliness, but I cannot think what I shall do to end it. At times I doubt whether we have any right to outrage our love to this extent, or whether it can be love that will submit to such an outrage. You remember the Watts picture, Love and Death,—poor Love with his wings crushed against the doorway? But Life can be crueler than Death.

My pitiful though well-meant efforts to organise a reading class have failed dismally. Yes, already. Only five girls came to the second meeting, and one of those told me she should not be able to come again. The store where she worked was going to keep open evenings till after Christmas, and after that she thought she should take lessons in dressmaking. Next time the three bravest came, but they wouldn't take part in the reading, and they didn't ask a single question. I found out there was a dance over at South Pullen that night and that was where the rest of them had gone. The following week it was stormy, and the next meeting hour I passed in the library alone, wondering if there was anything in the world I could do to please anybody, except the one thing that seems impossible.

Miss Mackillay has the truth of it, I guess. She said:

"That kind of girls can't be helped by anybody that is very far outside of their own life. I suppose they were rather afraid of you to begin with, and perhaps they weren't so much interested in the reading as they ought to be. You could see what they needed, but if they didn't know they needed it, all your willingness couldn't give it to them."

I think I said something a good deal like that in one of my letters to you back in the old days. But my heart aches to be of service to somebody.

Larry is not coming to Pullen for the Christmas recess. His mother is in New York, and wishes him to join her there. He is "awfully sorry, you know I am, Miss Madge. New York is a jollier place than Pullen, but there's *one difference,* and if it wasn't for the mater being so disappointed, I'd make a break and come to Pullen, but you know what she is, and I expect I've got to go. When are you coming to Boston for that little lark we were going to have,—you and Mrs. Boniface? I suppose it wouldn't do without a chaperone, eh?" And so on.

I shall not go to Boston, either before Christmas or after. I've no heart for it. Larry won't care. He wrote one letter without mentioning it at all. He had been going through an initiation and had been taken in the evening to call on a girl with his hair all tumbled up, in a collar he had worn three days, with a morning suit on, and no necktie whatever. The girl was a swell, Miss Madge, and awfully pretty, and she was mighty nice to me, by Jove, and treated me better than she did the fellows that were with me.

When Larry comes of age, he will love me in very much the same way he does his mother.

Friday, January 28th.

Something has happened. It was three nights ago, and this is the first time I have been able to write of it. I have not been ill, but I have felt as one does in a dream, everything strange and unnatural about me, and I have drifted through it, having no power to collect my thoughts and recollections into shape. To-day, however, the events of that night appear in a hard clear light, and I will try to give them to you as they happened.

My grandmother had been having another restless day, and we were all responsive to it in our several ways. I went to my room at night, shivering as if I had taken a chill. I told Bonnie, to get rid of her, that I was going straight to bed, but I knew I was too nervous to sleep, so I let down my hair and braided it, got myself into a wrapper, turned out my light and sat down by the window. The sky was clouded over, but the snow made it light outside, and there was a little fire left in the grate.

I sat quite still, with my head leaning against the back of the chair, thinking of the past, and trying to fit the present to it in some natural sequence. Somehow, I have failed thus far to piece the two

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together, there seems a ragged break between them. I can only think that once I was happy, and that now I am forlorn.

All day I had been apprehensive of something about to happen. I started at every unusual sound, and whenever any one looked at me I thought, "Now it is coming, now they are going to say it." It was like the feeling a guilty conscience is said to give, but I have never been on terms of understanding with my conscience, hardly thought whether I had any. I did what seemed best at the time, and troubled myself no more about it.

In the afternoon I went out for a long walk, hoping to get rid of my nervousness, but the moment I set foot in the house again, the horrid, deathlike feeling came over me. At dinner I couldn't eat, and no one, I think, had much appetite. Maidie spilled her glass of water across the table, and cried at her own clumsiness. Agnes was in bed with a headache,—her absence made, as it always does, a sad gap at the table. If she is not very talkative, she is always cheerful, and her very presence is soothing to me. Maidie has been more or less under her charge ever since she got well. They have lessons in the library every morning, and occupy the same room at night, this arrangement having grown out of the child's need of watchful care while she was convalescing. My grandmother's requirements did not really keep two nurses busy, and so, with a little help from Agnes, Miss Mackillay gets along alone. At first, I felt a good many pangs at seeing Maidie pass into other hands than my own; but now, though I don't care what comes of it so far as Myles is concerned, I do feel it to be best for Maidie that she should be out from under the influence of my irritable nerves. Of course I do not mean by this that I am fretful or complaining outwardly, but so much, oh! so much is pent up within me, and how could she help feeling it?

Well, to go on with my story. I sat looking out into the black-and-white night,—black tree trunks against the dead, opaque whiteness of the snow. I wondered if I should ever sink inertly into the place that is waiting for me here, and give up to the sluggish fate that seems to have been slowly paralysing all my faculties of late. I think I fell asleep in my chair, for I came to myself with a start. My own name was ringing in my ears.

I sprang up, not exactly frightened, but bewildered. The fire was all out but one small round patch of glowing coals set in the middle of the heap of ashes. My heart was beating thickly, but I put on a show of bravado for my own sake. I went over and laid some fresh coal on the remnant of fire, lifting each piece carefully with the tongs, so that no sound from outside the room should escape me. I had a vague idea that it was time to go to bed, but I was trembling so that I sat down for a moment on the edge of a chair till my legs should be steadier. As I sat there, the tall clock in the hall began to strike, in the dry, hoarse voice it has since we muffled the striking bell,—just like the noise my grandmother makes in her throat when she tries to speak. It kept on till I thought it would never stop, but I suppose it was only sounding twelve. To me, it seemed to last a long time, and then to cease abruptly, as if its breath was gone.

My door was partly open. I could hear Bonnie snoring steadily. What a blessed thing to be asleep! She seemed a hopeless distance away from me, and I had a horrible consciousness that I was left helpless, and that no one would defend me from what might come. Then I did a strange thing—something I can't account for. I got up and moved toward the door, quite of my own accord and yet in another sense irresistibly drawn. I didn't want to go, and yet I went. Can you understand?

Lights are kept burning dimly in the halls all night since my grandmother's illness. As I stepped outside my own door, I could see quite distinctly the figure of Miss Mackillay standing at the farther end of the hall, right under that frowning window. She was fully dressed as in the daytime, so I knew she had not been in bed. When she saw me she began to walk briskly along the hall in my direction.

I stood a moment as if spellbound. Then there came a frantic impulse to save myself, and I slipped into my room and shut the door. I don't know why I didn't lock it. I suppose I knew it

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would be of no use, but I remember pressing my fingers against it to hold it.

Presently I heard the rustle of her skirts outside, and then a tap, light, but imperative. I did not answer, and she called in a whisper, "Miss Pullen!"

"What do you want?" I said.

"Mr. Havenden asked me to come and tell you that your grandmother wishes to see you."

This time I did not ask her how they could possibly know what my grandmother wanted. I felt cold and hard, more like defying them.

"Tell him I am very sorry I cannot come. I am going to bed."

For a minute she hesitated.

"Well, you see, Miss Pullen, he knows you're up. I told him." She was whispering this with her lips close to the crack of the door. "If your grandmother could get quiet, it would be a blessed thing for the poor old lady. She's been stirring all day. Excuse me, Miss Madge, but I'd come if I were you. Perhaps she won't want you but a minute."

I threw the door open wide, so suddenly that I think she was surprised out of her stolid calm.

"Come in," I said, "if I am to have no peace, either day or night."

I went over to the glass and began to wind up my hair without unbraiding it. There was a Japanese dagger lying on the dressing table, one that Larry had given me. I have never seen one just like it; the handle is red and crusted with green jewels. I suppose its mission in life was to be a paper cutter, but we all wander from our original destinies. I caught it up and thrust it through my hair, letting it cut its way through the thick braid. Miss Mackillay gave a little gasp, but did not speak, and I never looked at her. I picked up a fur-trimmed wrap and threw it over my shoulders.

"Sit here," I said, pointing to a chair, "till I come back." And I went out.

I hurried along the hall, entered my grandmother's room and walked straight up to the bed. Myles stood in the door with his hand raised, but I passed him without paying any heed. The moment toward which we had been rushing for the past seven months had come. I was caught into the whirl of it, and nothing could stop me.

My grandmother seemed to wish me to come nearer, so I knelt. Myles had slowly followed me and when she turned that terrible eye up at him he knelt, too. I don't remember thinking anything except that I should probably never be able to get up again, because my knees were turning to stone.

They had lifted her in bed a little, and had got an extra pillow under her shoulders. Her helpless old head tied up snugly in a nightcap, sagged a little to one side. The useless hand was covered by the bedclothes; the other lay on the counterpane, the fingers moving feebly and purposelessly. I held myself upright; Myles's head was bowed. She fluttered her hand out to mine as well as she could and I raised my own and let her have it. It fell like a piece of clay where hers had been. Then she groped for Myles's. He shrank, I could feel that he did, and no wonder. He knew the inhuman advantage that her helplessness gave her. Talk of the weak ones going to the wall! It is the strong who crush themselves against it, in order that the weak may pass by unharmed.

Her hand slipped over the edge of the bed and fluttered there, and still he did not move. His head was bent, but mine was up, and I watched. I felt no desire to help her, but a grim sense of the awful humour of the situation urged me on to my part in it.

"Let her have her way," I said; "it is fate."

He laid his hand beside mine. Her fingers closed eagerly and tremulously on his wrist, and she tried to pull it towards her, all the time making that whimpering sound and peering with her one eye down across the bedclothes to where my hand lay, heavy with the chill that had crept into my very bones.

The scene was at once tragic and grotesque. Her head had fallen still farther to one side, her eye wandered aimlessly in the attempt to calculate the direction of the movement she was trying to make toward a spot she could not see. Her distress became quite pitiable,—if only my own case had not been more so. In the power of her helplessness she was trying to order my young life for me according to her own selfish will. I wondered as I looked at her how I could ever have been afraid of her even when

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she had had her health and strength. But I had, and she had been hard with me whenever my will had crossed hers, and never in her life had given me a word or look of love. Now all she was concerned about was to have her own way about the disposition of her property. There was no consideration for my happiness in that panic of anxiety to get the thing settled once for all.

At last after a moment of painful effort her fingers came in contact with mine. They were like the tentacles of a cold clammy sea-creature, and their touch almost caused me to scream aloud. I drew my breath in sharply, but I controlled myself. Myles looked up. All sense of the humour of the scene had left me. I could only stare straight before me with my lips shut. I think he put his hand over mine and lifted them both where she could see. I didn't seem to care any more. I had begun to feel strangely, and it was growing difficult to breathe. One of those fugitive winds that come up from nobody knows where, and pass on into the void, swept by the house rattling the blinds and howling over the chimney. As it went, it sucked away the breath from me, and I felt myself growing blind.

"For God's sake end this, Myles," I broke out. Suddenly it seemed as if I were alone in the room. The air had cleared. It was dark and quiet; there was only a gentle ringing in my ears, and I sank into a most heavenly state of rest and peace.

I awoke—after a time, I suppose—to a subdued light and a miserable sense of discomfort. The taste of brandy was in my mouth, and there was something hot at my feet. I discovered myself to be lying on my own bed with Agnes Burden bending over me. I tried to laugh, but the attempt was a failure. All I could says was, "Will you get me some ice, please? I'm horribly sick."

Myles was just outside the door, I think; at any rate the ice came very quickly. Agnes stayed with me the rest of the night. If she had been with my grandmother instead of Miss Mackillay, that wretched scene would never have been enacted. Agnes Burden would have averted the thing by instinct.

(*To be continued.*)

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READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

New York.

American Book Company:

Field and Laboratory Exercises in Physical Geography. By James F. Chamberlain.

A series of laboratory and field exercises designed to lead the pupil to interpret the geographical forms and processes about him, and to give him a practical knowledge of their principles. Each exercise is preceded by a list of necessary materials, which are easily obtainable.

Reynard the Fox. Adapted by E. Louise Smythe.

The latest addition to the well-known series of Eclectic School Readings. It presents the old "Reineke Fuchs" in simplified form for elementary reading.

King Lear. Edited by W. J. Rolfe.

This edition, prepared for use in schools, was first published in 1880. As now revised, it is practically a new edition on the same general plan as the revised "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," and other plays that have preceded it.

Bonnell, Silver and Company:

A Christmas Stocking Being a Stockingfull of Stories of Girls and Boys. By Annie Flint.

A little book for little people.

Brentano's:

Random Verse. By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

The same whimsical charm which illuminates Mr. Vielé's prose work is to be found in this collection of "random verse." Persons who scoff at books of poetry should not turn from this little volume without first having read at least two of the poems: "A Ballade of the Five Wits," and "Borderland," both of which are delightful. After having read these they will not be satisfied until they have read all the others.

Clode:

The Wings of the Morning. By Lewis Tracy.

This is one of the "best-selling" novels of the season, and a review of it appears in another department of the present issue of "The Bookman."

Trelawny. By Holman Freeland.

Trelawny is an artist with Greek features, close-curling hair, and wide grey eyes. Margaret Johnstone, a married woman, with a dull husband, is the woman in the case. A Parisian atelier, a London house, and the Swiss Alps, form the background to the story.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

French and English Furniture. By Esther Singleton.

The publishers have brought out this book in an elaborate manner, with illustrations from original sources by H. D. Nichols. Miss Singleton describes distinctive styles and periods of French and English furniture since the Renaissance. Any one who wishes to furnish and decorate a Louis XV. boudoir, or a Heppelwhite dining-room, or an Empire bedroom, will do well to consult this work.

Fischer's Foreign Letter, Inc.:

Private Lives of William II. and His Consort and Secret History of the Court of Berlin. From the Papers and Diaries Extending Over a Period, Beginning June, 1888, to the Spring of 1898, of Ursula Countess Von Eppinghoven. By Henry W. Fischer. Two volumes.

There is something about these two volumes which recalls to our mind George Reynolds's "The Mysteries of the Court at London," although the series of stories dealing with the third and fourth English Georges was in parts frankly fiction, whereas this purports to be entirely a truthful record of the secret history of the Berlin Court under the present German Emperor and Empress. The style is breezy and journalistic and the books

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make amusing reading for those who take a malicious delight in court scandals.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Esarhaddon and Other Tales. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude.

The three tales in this volume have been contributed by Tolstoy for the benefit of the sufferers at Kishineff and at Gomel. They were intended at first for publication in a Miscellany which was started for the benefit of the Jewish sufferers by a Jewish writer, but it was decided to publish them simultaneously in several languages. All profits from the sales are to be devoted to the cause in question.

Grafton Press:

Woman's Unfitness for Higher Co-Education. By Ely Van de Warker.

The author of this book is a physician, and Commissioner of Schools at Syracuse. In his preface, he writes: "The commingling of the sexes on an educational basis was at one time a matter of education of the higher kind; but so energetically has the idea been forced into college life, and so deeply have thinking people been stirred by a discussion of its relative merits, or possible dangers, that it is now a problem in sociology."

Months and Moods. By Edward Curtis.

This is a fifteen year calendar, versified and diversified. Dr. Curtis was at the deathbed of President Lincoln, and he wrote the music for the Twelfth Night Celebration of the Century Association in New York some years ago. On the opposite page from the verse may be found calendars for every month in the year from 1901 to 1915.

Tamarack Farm. The Story of Rube Wolcott and His Gettysburg Girl. By George Scott.

A semi-biographical story of the author's experience in the Civil War. The book is dedicated to the memory of Miss Jenny Wade, who was killed at the Battle of Gettysburg.

Singoalla. A Romance Written in Swedish by Viktorrydberg and now Translated into English by Axel Josephsson.

A thirteenth-century romance, illustrated by Carl Larsson, the Swedish painter. The heroine is a gypsy, and the action of the story is laid in and around one of the old castles in the Province of Smaland.

Anacaona and Other Poems. By John M. Morse.

There are quite a number of poems in this book, some of them classified as "Devotional," "Voices of the Snow," and "Patriotic."

Health Culture Company:

What Shall We Eat? By Alfred Andrews.

In a sub-title, Mr. Andrews describes his book as follows: "The Food Question from the standpoint of Health, Strength and Economy. Containing numerous tables, showing the Constituent Elements of over three hundred food products and their relations, cost and nutritious values, time digestion, etc., indicating best foods for all classes and conditions." In spite of this lengthy explanation, the average person will very likely go on eating what he feels like eating.

Holmes:

Elsieville. A Tale of Yesterday.

A simple tale of American rural people published by the author, and of which he says: "Many of the incidents mentioned are of actual occurrence, and really happened among the quaint old-fashioned country people, with whom I spent so many happy days."

Knickerbocker Press:

The Gates of Silence with Interludes of Song. By Robert Loveman.

A small book of verse by a Southern poet whose work appears here and there in various magazines.

Lane:

After Sunset. By Rosamund Marriott Estrangement. By William Watson.

A book of poems by the author of A Summer Night and Vespertilia.

For England. Poems Written During Estrangement. By William Watson.

There are twenty-four poems in this collection, most of them having already appeared in the "Daily News," the "Speaker," the "Westminster Gazette," the "Saturday Review," the "Fortnightly Review," and the "Cornhill Magazine." Mr. Watson dedicates these verses to the Right Honourable Leonard Courtney.

The Natural History of Selborne. By Gilbert White. Edited with Notes by Grant Allen.

In his Introduction, Mr. Allen wrote: "Gilbert White was one of the few eighteenth-century naturalists who struck

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the key-note of a higher conception of biology. He was in many ways the forerunner of Darwin and of Müller." The volume is illustrated with line drawings.

Macmillan:

The Art of Cross-Examination. By Francis L. Wellman.

Mr. Wellman is a well-known member of the New York bar, and in his work he gives the cross-examinations of important witnesses in some of the celebrated cases with which his name has been connected. In his preface he says: "In offering this book to the legal profession I do not intend to arrogate to myself any superior knowledge upon the subject, excepting in so far as it may have been gleaned from actual experience. Nor have I attempted to treat the subject in any scientific, elaborate, or exhaustive way; but merely to make some suggestions upon the art of cross-examination, which have been gathered as a result of twenty-five years' court practice, during which time I have examined and cross-examined about fifteen thousand witnesses, drawn from all classes of the community."

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Great Masters. By John La Farge.

A large and beautifully illustrated volume in which Mr. La Farge gives the record of the working life of the great artists, with an explanation of the genius of each. These essays appeared about a year ago in "McClure's Magazine," but in a condensed form.

Outlook Company:

The New American Navy. By John D. Long. Two volumes.

This work is complete in two large volumes, illustrated with drawings by Henry Reuterdahl and with photographs. Mr. Long tells the story of the start and progress of the New Navy, and he gives a pretty adequate idea of the work done in the last half dozen presidential terms by members of Congress, by secretaries of the navy, and by naval officers and seamen. Mr. Long was Secretary of the Navy from the fifth of March, 1897, to the first of May, 1902.

Putnam's Sons:

The Gentle Art of Making Enemies. By J. McNeil Whistler.

An attractive new edition of the work which will be associated with Mr. Whistlers name so long as his reputation lasts. The case of Whistler versus Ruskin, growing out of the defendant's caustic criticism, in which he said "he never had expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face" will always remain one of the great cases in the history of literature and art.

The Odes of Anacreon. Translated by Thomas Moore.

A "Paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth Ode," by Moore, appeared in the "Dublin Magazine" as early as February, 1794. The present edition of the Odes is embellished with designs by Girodet de Roussy.

Scribner:

Donatello. By Lord Balcarres.

An imported volume, in which the author shows the position and character of Donatello's art in relation to that of his contemporaries and successors. He quotes a number of authorities, and in his preface he states that most of the books to which reference is made can be consulted in the Art Library at South Kensington, and in the British Museum.

Thomas Shadwell. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by George Saintsbury.

An imported volume belonging to the "Mermaid Series," which contains four of Shadwell's plays: "The Sullen Lovers," "A True Widow," "The Squire of Alsatia," and "Bury Fair." According to Mr. Saintsbury, this is the only attempt which has been made to give first hand knowledge of Shadwell, by selection of his plays, that has been made since the appearance of the practically unedited collection of his works, now difficult to procure. "I am very glad," writes Mr. Saintsbury, "being a professed servant of Dryden, that it has fallen to my lot to do this service to Dryden's enemy."

William Wycherley. Edited with Introduction and Notes by W. C. Ward.

This is also imported and of the "Mermaid" series. It contains, besides the Introduction and a biographical sketch of Wycherley, four representative plays. "Wycherley was, before Congreve arose to surpass him, the most eminent master of that artificial school of comedy which commenced with the restoration of Charles II., and which may be said to have perished, in a blaze as of a funeral pyre, with Sheridan."

James Shirley. With Introduction by Edmund Gosse, M.A.

The third in the imported Mermaid Series. The five printed herein are: "The

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Witty Fair One," "The Traitor," "Hyde Park," "The Lady of Pleasure," "The Cardinal," and "The Triumph of Peace." Of Shirley, Mr. Gosse says: "As a purely literary poet, although one that went down to address the public on the boards with great skill, he stood aloof from the theatre, and in the retirement of his study he was unaffected by the tempests of the times."

Faust. A Dramatic Mystery. By Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated by John Anster, LL.D.

One of the Pocket Classics imported by the Scribners. It is uniform with "The Cavalier in Exile" and "The Poems of Thomas Gray."

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By James Boswell. Two volumes.

An edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," bound in limp leather and belonging to the Caxton Thin Paper Edition of classics. The books are imported.

The Story of Seville. By Walter M. Gallichan. With Three Chapters on the Artists of Seville, by G. Gasquoine Hartley. Illustrated by Elizabeth Hartley.

An attractive little book with line drawings. In the story of Seville the author's intention is to interest the reader in the associations of the buildings and thoroughfares of the city. The book is one of a series of "Mediæval Towns." (Imported.)

The Plot of the Placards. 1802. (Le Complot Des Libelles.) By Gilbert Augustin-Thierry. Translated by Arthur G. Chater.

The work here offered to the English readers appeared first in the "Reveu des Deux Mondes," October-December, 1902. It forms the first of a series of studies which are to be brought under the general title, "Conspirators and Police Under Napoleon." (Imported.)

Morals: A Treatise on the Psycho-Sociological Bases of Ethics. By Professor G. L. Duprat. Translated by W. J. Greenstreet, M.A., F.R.A.S.

A work which contains a general view of the foundations of ethics and some of the directing ideas of "really human" conduct. The book is imported.

Forerunners of Dante. By Marcus Dods.

An imported volume which gives an account of some of the more important visions of the unseen world, from the earliest times.

Stokes Company:

Friendship. The Good and Perfect Gift. by "Ruth Ogden." (Mrs Charles W. Ide.)

A short essay on Friendship, which Mrs. Ide considers a Christmas message.

The A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition. By Horace Fletcher.

A new volume in the A. B. C. series. The books which have preceded this are "The New Menticulture," "The New Glutton or Epicure," "Happiness," and "That Last Waif, or Social Quarantine."

The Nile Quest. By Sir Harry Johnston.

Sir Harry Johnston, president of the African Society, gives the story of the exploration of the Nile and its basin in a volume which belongs to a series on the history of great geographical discoveries. The book contains a number of maps, as well as drawings and photographs by the author and others.

Taylor and Company:

The Novels and Poems of Charles Kingsley. The "Memoirs" are edited by Mrs. Kingsley.

These are the concluding volumes of the Library edition of Kingsley's works. The "Memoirs" are edited by Mrs. Kingsley, and the introduction is by her son, Maurice Kingsley.

Wessels:

Why Love Grows Cold. By Ellen Burns Sherman.

A collection of essays, in the first one of which Miss Sherman tells a few of the reasons why love does grow cold. Some of the other chapter headings are: "The Salt Lake of Literature," "Ethical Balances," "Several Words to the Wise," "Nature's Economics," "The Devil's Fancy Work," and "The Lifting of Veils in Literature." Miss Sherman is an occasional contributor to the magazines, and several of the articles in this volume have appeared in the "Critic" and the "Lamp."

Boston.

Badger:

Relishes of Rhyme. By James Lincoln.

A collection of poems, which the publisher states is the first to contain "noteworthy echoes in American verse of the Boer War."

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The Grown Baby Book. By F. Strange Kolle.

Verses for children, with six full-page pictures in black and white.

Pot-Pourri. Spice and Rose Leaves. By Miranda Powers Swenson.

A small volume containing about forty poems upon a wide range of subjects.

Footprints on the Sands of Time. By Mary Shaw Baker.

There are over seventy poems in Mrs. Baker's collection, and they are supplemented by an autobiographical sketch of the author. Mrs. Baker began to write verses when she was seven years old, and through a long and varied career she has kept faithfully at her work.

A Spray of Cosmos. By Augusta Cooper Bristol.

A book of poems about "Spirit Hunger," "The Promised Kiss," "Love's Album," "What the Roses Said," and other subjects usually chosen by "poets."

Poems. By Ben Field.

These are poems of California and the West.

In a Poppy Garden. By Charles Francis Saunders.

This is also a book of verse. There seems to be no end to the verse-makers who are being continually introduced to the public by Mr. Badger of Boston.

The Quest. By Edward Salisbury Field.

Voices and Visions. By Franklin Baldwin Wiley.

Both of the above are books of poetry.

At the Rise of the Curtain. By Francis Howard Williams.

There are three "dramatic interludes" in this volume, entitled "Holyrood," "Nemesis," and "Marie del Carmen."

Educational Publishing Company:

Stories of Rocks and Minerals. By Harold W. Fairbanks, Ph.D.

An illustrated school book for use in the grammar grades. The chapters are short and involve no definitions, and there are simple directions for testing rocks and minerals.

Four New York Boys. By John W. Davis.

A story for boys about New York in aboriginal and colonial days.

Bobtail Dixie. By Abbie N. Smith.

Dixie is a fox-terrier, and his story is told in the form of an autobiography.

This is the fourth edition, the book having first appeared in 1901.

Ginn and Company:

Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism. By F. V. N. Painter, A.M., D.D.

A book for schools and colleges which aims to show the student what to look for in the study of any literary work.

Little, Brown and Company:

From Kingdom to Colony. By Mary Devereux.

A new and popular edition of the romantic story of an old Massachusetts town in the early days of the Revolution. The book was first published in 1899.

The Colonel's Opera Cloak. By Christine C. Brush.

A new edition of a story which was first copyrighted in 1879. It has had a steady sale during all these years, and some persons think it the best kind of an antidote for the blues.

Pilgrim Press:

Liturgical Services Containing Prayers, Ancient and Modern, for use in the Churches.

A book of devotion for use, principally, in Congregational Churches. It has been prepared by Reuen Thomas, D.D.

John Robinson. The Pilgrim Pastor. By O. S. Davis.

A biography of one of the leaders of early Congregationalism, who was considered, more than any other, a moulding force in the training of the founders of Plymouth.

Pioneer Days in Kansas. By Richard Cordley, D.D.

A series of sketches illustrating the early times in Kansas. The book was written at odd moments, "snatched from the rush of a busy pastorate."

Sermons on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1904. By the Monday Club.

Sermons for every Sunday in the year, prepared by different clergymen.

The Old Puritanism and the New Age.

A collection of addresses delivered before the Woburn Conference of Congregational Churches at Malden, Massachusetts, April, 1903. The speakers were B. Alfred Dumm, Ph.D., Charles S. Macfarland, Ph.D., Thomas Sims, D.D., and Stephen A. Norton, D.D.

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Events Publishing Company:

By the Way. By Agness Greene Foster.

A small book written in the form of letters. The writer of these letters while travelling from place to place in Europe jots down in a chatty manner her various emotions and experiences.

Chicago.

Green:

My Painted Tree and Other Poems. By Allen Ayrault Green.

A book of rhymes, some of them intended for children, illustrated by the author. Mr. Green has very courteously sent to the Editors of The Bookman an autograph copy.

McClurg:

Sketches. By Hazel Martyn.

A portfolio of sketches by a young artist who has but recently sprung into prominence. It contains ten reproductions by lithography, largely from drawings made in France by Miss Martyn since her exhibition.

Hennepin's "A New Discovery." By Reuben Gold Thwaites. Two volumes.

This is the reprint of the second issue of 1698, with introduction, notes, and an analytical index by Mr. Thwaites. Mr. Thwaites was selected to edit these volumes because of his prominence in all matters connected with the history of the West. The volumes are illustrated and contain two large folding maps.

Rand, McNally:

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stephenson. Edited by Theda Gildemeister.

This edition of Stevenson's story belongs to the Canterbury Classics, which aims to provide good reading for use in schools. Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley College, has written an explanatory introduction to the series.

Stone and Company:

A Book of American Prose Humour. Being a Collection of Humorous and Witty Tales, etc., composed by the Best Known American Writers.

Some of the writers whose humorous sketches have been selected for this collection are: Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, E. W. Townsend, John Kendrick Bangs, Henry M. Blossom, Jr., George Ade, Mr. Dooley, Hayden Carruth, George V. Hobart, and Billie Baxter.

A Book of American Humorous Verse. Being a Collection of Humorous and Witty Verses composed by the Best Known American Writers.

A companion volume to the above, in which over eighty writers of humorous verse are represented.

Dallas, Texas.

Worley and Company:

The Humour of the Court Room. Or Jones vs. Johnson. A Lawful Comedy by Philip Lindsley, Esq.

In a small book, Mr. Lindsley gives the humorous story of Jones versus Johnson and their experiences in a lawsuit. At the back of the volume may be found a number of letters from lawyers, requesting that this "case" be brought out in book form.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Courtship of Miles Sandish. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A holiday edition of Longfellow's poem, illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, a copy of which the Bobbs-Merrill Company have very courteously sent to the Editors of The Bookman.

Ithaca, N. Y.

Andrus and Church:

Sunny Memories and Three Pastorates. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D., L.H.D.

Dr. Griffis offers this work as a "souvenir volume" to his friends and former parishioners in New York, Boston, Schenectady, and Ithaca. In addition to the "Sunny Memories" there may be found sermons and essays which the author has delivered from time to time.

London.

Frowde:

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan.

The drawings in this imported edition of "Pilgrim's Progress" were made by George Cruikshank more than forty years ago and have been in the possession of Edwin Truman for the last thirty-three years. The volume contains a biographical introduction by Edmund Venables, M.A.

Siegle:

The Colour-Prints of Japan. An Appreciation and History. By Edward F. Strange.

A new volume in the Langham Series of Art Monographs, edited by Selwyn Brinton, M.A. Mr. Strange is assistant

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keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum and Member of the Japan Society.

Madison, Wis.

Chase:

Poems. By Wilfred Earl Chase.

A small book, containing six poems, published by the author.

Milwaukee.

Young Churchman Company:

Twenty-Four Sermons from St. Ignatius's Pulpit. By the Reverened Arthur Ritchie.

These are sermons which Father Ritchie, the rector of St. Ignatius's Church, this city, has preached from time to time.

Oxford.

Clarendon Press:

A Brief History of the Indian Peoples. By Sir William Wilson Hunter.

The twenty-third edition of this history, which has been translated into five languages, including a literal rendering in Burmese, and a poetical version in Urdu.

Philadelphia.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

The Book of Psalms.

A pocket edition of the Psalms, bound in limp leather. It belongs to the twenty-four books of the Holy Scriptures, translated from the Massoretic Text for the Jewish Publication Society of America.

Lippincott:

Old Testament History. By Reverend O. R. Barnicott, LL.D.

The Religions of India. Brahmanism and Buddhism. By Reverend Allan Menzies, D.D.

The above are small imported volumes belonging to the Temple Series of Bible Characters and Scripture Handbooks.

Wisdom and the Jewish Apocryphal Writings. Edited by A. H. Sayce, D.D., LL.D.

Wisdom and the Jewish Apocryphal Writings. Edited by W. A. Stevenson, M.A.

These are also imported volumes of pocket-edition size, with frontispiece illustrations reproduced from paintings by Botticelli.

Princeton, N. J.

Princeton Historical Association:

The Poems of Philip Freneau, Poet of the American Revolution. Volume II.

The second volume of Freneau's poems represents his maturer work, from the first poetic period through the era of the "Freeman's Journal," and is representative of his best work.

Rahway, N. J.

Mershon Company:

The Girls of Banshee Castle. By Rosa Mulholland.

A novel of a somewhat melodramatic order, with the scenes laid in an English castle.

One of the Fighting Scouts. By Captain F. S. Brereton.

Boys will enjoy this tale of guerrilla warfare in South Africa.

Under the Star Spangled Banner. By Captain F. S. Brereton.

Another story for boys by the same author. This deals with the period of the Spanish-American War.

The Defense of the Castle. By Tudor Jenks.

A romantic tale of the siege of an English castle in the thirteenth century.

Sweeping the Seas. By Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N.

A story of the cruise of the Alabama by a surgeon in the Royal Navy.

With Boone on the Frontier. By Captain Ralph Bonehill.

A book for boys, which tells of the pioneer days of old Kentucky.

The Secret of The Everglades. By Bessie Marchant.

A tale of adventure for boys and girls with the scenes laid in Florida.

A Popular Girl. By May Baldwin.

A story for girls, the heroine being an American schoolgirl in Germany.

The Rover Boys on Land and Sea, or The Crusoes of Seven Islands. By Arthur M. Winfield.

A story for boys which is complete in itself, although it forms the seventh volume of the "Rover Boys Series for Young Americans."

The Manor School. By L. T. Meade.

The story of a little English girl and her school days.

Richmond, Va.

Presbyterian Committee of Publication:

Pioneering in Central Africa. By the Reverend Samuel Phillips Verner, A.B.

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The author of this book is a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and he was for six years a missionary in Central Africa for the Southern Presbyterian Church. The publishers consider that this work is "an original and powerful addition to the literature on the Dark Continent."

Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney, D.D. LL.D. By the Reverend Thomas Cary Johnson, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. Dabney was a conspicuous figure in Southern affairs from 1845 to 1894, and the story of his life is of especial interest to persons who study the history and development of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

San Francisco.

Whitaker and Ray Company:

Omar and Fitzgerald and Other Poems. By John G. Jury.

In a preface, Mr. Jury explains what suggested the writing of these poems. The "Vignettes" are "little studies of great men, and some of them reflect only uncertain and passing impressions."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between December 10th, 1903, and January 10th, 1904:

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
6. Real Rhymes of Real Children. Goodwin. (Fox, Duffield.) $1.50 net.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Bar Sinister. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
5. Two Little Savages. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
   The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Gentle Reader. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25 net.
3. Autobiography of Seventy Years. Hoar. (Scribner.) $7.50 net.
4. The Life of Gladstone. Morley. (Macmillan.) $10.50 net.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Courtship of Miles Standish Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6 The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.

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2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Adventurers of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. She That Hesitates. Dickson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
5. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
6. New American Navy. Long. (Outlook Co.) $5.00.

Detroit, Mich.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Long Night. Weyman. McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. To-Morrow's Tangle. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
2. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Captain's Daughter. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Life of Gladstone. Morley. (Macmillan.) $10.50 net.
4. The Land of Little Rain. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. A Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
6. The Forest Hearth. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
2. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watanna. (Harper.) $2.00 net.
5. A Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

New Haven, Conn.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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4. A Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
5. Gawayne and the Green Knight. Lewis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00 net.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

New Orleans, La.

1. The Little Chevalier. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. The Weaker Sex. Gibson. (Scribner.) $4.20.
4. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watanna. (Harper.) $2.00.
5. Gayarre's History of Louisiana. (Hansell.) $10.
6. A Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
2. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watanna. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. A Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. The Ultimate Moment. Lighton. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Booklover Press.) $1.50.
4. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Backgrounds of Literature. Mabie. (Outlook Co.) $2.00.
6. The Life of Gladstone. Morley. (Macmillan.) $10.50.

Portland, Me.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Life of Gladstone. Morley. (Macmillan.) $10.50.
4. Reminiscences of the Civil War. Gordon. (Scribner.) $3.00.
5. Old Quebec. Parker. (Macmillan.) $3.75.
6. Autobiography of Seventy Years. Hoar. (Scribner.) $7.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
3. The Yellow Van. Whiteing. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Oregon Literature. Horner. (Gill Co.) $1.00 net.
6. Letters to a Self-Made Merchant. Lorimer. (Sewall, Maynard.) $1.50.

Providence, R. I.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watanna. (Harper.) $2.00 net.
4. Daphne. Sherwood. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6 The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Bending of the Twig. Russell. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00 net.
5. Old Quebec. Parker. (Macmillan.) $3.75 net.
6. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.

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St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. Mississippi Argonauts. Carter. (Dawn Pub. Co.) $1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

Toronto, Can.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. The Forest. White. (Outlook Co.) $1.50.
3. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Bar Sinister. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
   A checked Love Affair. Ford. (Copp-Clark Co.) $2.00.

Tucson, Ariz.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Land of Little Rain. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $2.00 net.
5. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Cynic's Calendar. Herford. (Elder.)
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Lost King. Shackleford. (Brentano.) $1.25.
2. Italy. Gautier. (Brentano.) $3.00 net.
3. The Pikemen. Keightley. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

Worcester, Mass.

1. Autobiography of Seventy Years. Hoar. (Scribner.) $7.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Two Little Savages. Seton. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.75.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any	list receives	10
" "	2d	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.....	234
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.....	163
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan). $1.50.....	96
3. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.	96
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.....	91
6. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.....	43

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